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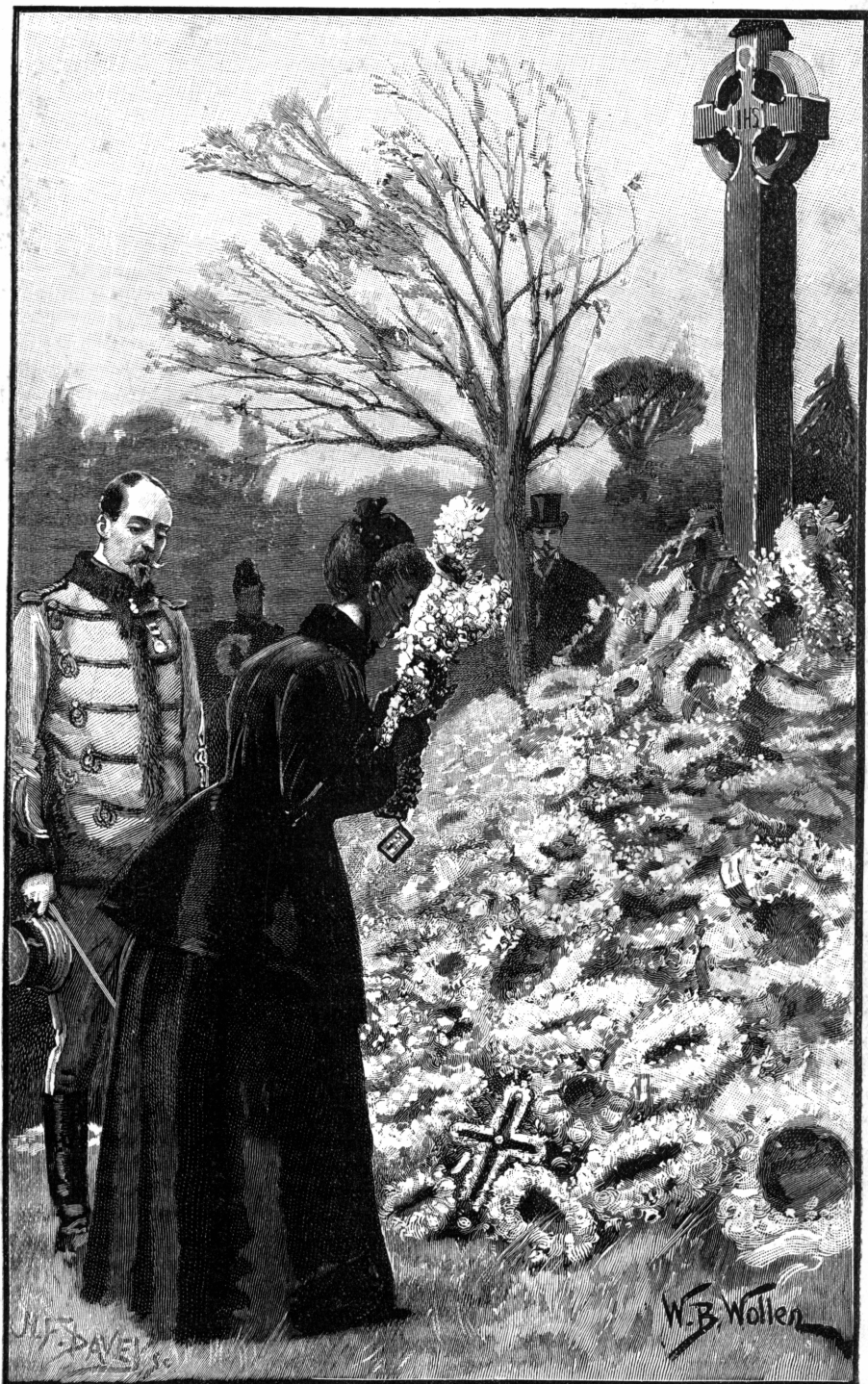
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1895



RAOUL WATCHING RENÉE PLACE THE CROSS OF FLOWERS AS A
TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

(See page 12.)

A Child of the Midi.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALYS HALLARD.



I.

RENÉE DE NERVAL was a true child of the Midi. She had been born in the beautiful Sunny South, and had inherited the quick, impulsive nature and the highly imaginative temperament of her meridional ancestors, who, for generations past, had inhabited the quaint old town of Nerval. Very beautiful was Renée in her seventeenth year, with her dark hair, grey eyes shaded by long, dark lashes, her faultless complexion, and perfect figure. Her life had been one long, happy dream in her little home-world.

Renée had been the spoiled darling of her father and of her three brothers ever since she was a wee, toddling baby child. In vain did her mother expostulate sometimes—declaring that the child would never be fit for the world's rough ways and the coming battle of life, brought up as she was in such a thoughtless, happy fashion; but M. de Nerval would reply: "Let her be happy as long as she can. One never knows what Fate has in store for one's children. The only thing we parents can do is to make their childhood happy, and shelter them from the storms of life as long as we possibly can."

And so things went on in the old way, and Renée grew up adored and teased by her three brothers, indulged by her parents, and almost worshipped by her aristocratic old grandfather, who still wore his knee-breeches, buckles on his shoes, embroidered waistcoats, lace ruffles, and his powdered pig-tail.

Amongst the friends of Victor, her eldest brother—who was an officer in the army—was a certain young lieutenant, Raoul d'Harcourt, who had always been one of Renée's greatest admirers. His parents having died when he was quite young, he had been brought up by his grandfather, who was an old friend of Renée's grandfather; consequently the two families had seen a great deal of each other, and as children Raoul and the De Nervals had always played together.

Renée was extremely high-spirited and had a very strong will, and the most marked trait in her character was a candour and love of truthfulness which could admit of no equivocation whatever.

On her seventeenth birthday, Victor had come home from Paris on a few days' leave, and to her astonishment he was accompanied by his friend, Raoul. After luncheon, all the

young people started off for a ramble, and on the way home again, as Raoul was walking with Renée, she said to him, laughing:—

"And so, Monsieur le Lieutenant, although you are now a military man with all kinds of responsibilities on your shoulders, you can still give yourself a little holiday when you feel inclined?"

"It was very difficult to get off, as it happened, but I wanted so much to come with Victor, Renée," and there was something in the tone of the young officer's voice which made Renée want to break the silence that followed, so she asked:—

"Well, and how did you manage to get off, then, Raoul?"

"On the plea of my grandfather's illness—"

"But is he ill? We did not know——"

"Nor I, either," laughed Raoul, "but it had to be something important——." Here the young man stopped abruptly on seeing the expression on his companion's face.

Renée was looking at him with wide-open, astonished eyes, in which was a flash of angry indignation.

"Do you mean to say that you *lied*, Raoul?"

"I had to," answered the young man; and as he gazed earnestly at the fair, flushed face, he felt a dull, heavy pain at his heart, for something told him that all chance for him was gone.

"I should have thought a man and a soldier would have been above stooping to a lie," exclaimed the girl, with withering scorn.

"Renée," pleaded the young officer, whose manly pride was stung to the quick, "don't be hard on me; it was for your sake that I lied."

"Thank you, I feel honoured," said the girl, but the flash was still in her eyes as she turned them on Raoul.

"Listen, Renée"—and there was a world of tenderness in the young man's voice—"I could not go on any longer in uncertainty, and so I wrote to my grandfather and asked him to speak to your people for me, and let me know whether I dared ask you to be my wife. Your grandfather and M. de Nerval gave their consent, and on getting the letter I was obliged to come at once to learn my fate from you. Renée, be merciful, forgive me, and tell me whether there is any hope!"

"None, Raoul; none whatever," and the girl threw back her head proudly, and looked at her companion with perfect determination written on every line of her beautiful face.

"I thought you could have cared for me, Renée," urged the young man.

"Perhaps I *could* have done—but not now. I would never marry a man who was in the habit of telling lies. I should despise him so——"

"You speak as though you thought I always lied. Renée, it was only in this one instance, and the temptation was so great. Won't you forget it for the sake of our long friendship—and of my love for you?" he added.

"I *could* not forget it: it would always be there between us. No, Raoul, I would rather die than be married to a man whose word I could not trust."

"Is this final?" the young man asked, proudly, almost sternly.

"Quite."

"You are very just, but not generous, Renée."

"That may be."

The two walked on for some minutes in silence, each buried in thought. At length Renée said: "Let us overtake the others," and then, quickening their pace, they soon joined her three brothers.

Victor, who had been in his friend's secret, glanced quickly at Renée, and saw, from her flushed face and quivering lip, that something had gone wrong, and contrived very soon to fall back with Raoul in order to hear the result.

"It's no go, Victor, she has refused me out and out. Don't ask me about it yet. I feel as though I might make a fool of myself."

Victor said nothing, but, as

soon as he could, he managed to get a few words alone with his sister, and he asked her point blank: "Renée, why have you refused Raoul?"

"Don't ask me, please, Victor," answered the girl, "and if you love me, please don't let the others ask me anything about it. I could *never* marry him, *never, never*, and I don't want to be asked any questions," and then, taking Victor's arm, she walked home with him, leaving Raoul to follow with her other brothers.

Victor was at his wits' end, and so indeed were his parents, but as Raoul offered no solution to the mystery, and Renée's wishes were always obeyed, no one was any wiser on the subject, and things went on again in the old way, except that M. de Nerval thought Renée had grown more womanly and had lost much of her old buoyancy. No wonder, for

it had been a terrible blow to the proud girl, this first disillusion, this first awakening to the disappointments of life.

She had felt something of the same sensation, but intensified, as she had felt years before when, on Christmas Eve, she had opened her eyes and seen her father filling her slippers with presents, and had realized for the first time that it was not the little Noël after all who came down the chimney and brought the Christmas gifts.

She had admired Raoul; indeed, the handsome young soldier, so full of life and energy, had been her ideal, and she



"WON'T YOU FORGET IT FOR THE SAKE OF OUR LONG FRIENDSHIP?"

knew that her admiration was very near akin to love; but now it was all over, for at seventeen it is all or nothing. One has not learnt to excuse or to tolerate; consequently, at seventeen one is rarely generous.

II.

A YEAR later Victor was pacing up and down the station platform in Paris with his friend Raoul, who had exchanged regiments in order to get away to Africa, and who was now starting thither.

"Do you really mean it, old fellow? Are we not to write to each other?"

"Yes, Victor, it is better so. I shall write and let you know of my arrival, and after that it is better that we do not correspond. You see, I've got my life to live, unless I have the good luck to be shot down pretty soon, and I don't want to be a weak fool. If we were to write, I should want to hear some news of her; and then, you see, every time I wrote your name it would all come back. The fact is, the love for her is deep down, it has taken root, for I have cared for her all my life. I've got to forget her, though, now," he continued, with energy; "and as my grandfather is gone, and I have no earthly tie, it is better for me to put some distance between us. I've made my plans, Victor; and, hard as it is, old fellow, to give up our friendship, especially when I shall be in exile, still I feel I must do it."

"I understand, Raoul, I understand; but tell me, don't you think Renée will ever change her mind?"

"No, never, and even if she did I'm afraid I am too proud now."

"Whatever was the reason of it all, Raoul? I never asked you again about it, as one does not like to pry into things of that kind, but now that you are going away, can't you tell me?"

"Why, yes; there is no reason why I should not tell you, Victor. I know you will not let it go any further. I let out to her that I had told a lie in order to get leave of absence that day to accompany you."

"And is that the reason of it all?"

"Yes, but it was enough, Victor," and Raoul spoke bitterly. "You know Renée."

"I do; but does she imagine she is going through life like that? Wait till she sees a little more of society. Why, lies are nothing: they are simply passed over as necessary forms of speech nowadays."

"But she has lived in a world apart."

"She can't go on living like that for ever. Mark my words, Raoul, there'll come a day when she'll repent her folly."

"Take care of her, Victor."

"But if the day should come——"

"It will be too late. A man could not ask a woman to marry him after she has told him that she scorns and despises him."

"Did she dare to tell you that?"

"Something very like it. Oh! it's all over now, Victor. Don't worry about me. Take care of her, though!"

The signal was just being given. Raoul stepped into his compartment, grasped his friend's hand, and shook it warmly.

The two men looked into each other's eyes, both thinking it was probably the last time they would meet in this world, and then they shook hands once more as the train moved slowly away.

When Victor de Nerval walked out of the station into the lively Paris streets, he kept his eyes on the ground for some little time, as there was a moisture in them suspiciously like tears, which he felt hardly seemed consistent with his epaulettes and the gold lace on his sleeve

III.

FIVE years passed by, bringing great changes to the De Nerval family. Renée had lost both her parents, and also her grandfather, and was living with her brother Victor in Paris. It was the terrible winter of 1870, and her two younger brothers had been fighting with the French army, whilst Victor was now a captain in the National Guard.

Poor Renée, with her intense sensitiveness and her impressionable nature, had suffered terribly. She was only just beginning to recover from the grief caused by the death of her parents and grandfather, when the war was proclaimed, and her two brothers joined the active army, whilst she went to Paris to live with Victor. Day and night she had been haunted by terrible visions and presentiments. The two brothers who were with the army were never out of her thoughts. She saw them in her dreams, shot down by the Prussians or dying of cold on some dreary battlefield, surrounded by the wounded and dead.

Oh! it had been terrible, terrible, to go on day after day living against hope, dreading everything, shut up in Paris away from her beautiful home amongst the mountains where she had felt so safe, and where life to her had been so peaceful and happy. Then, too, Renée was patriotic, and it was fearful to her to remain quietly at home. The inaction was killing her, until at last Victor had given his consent for her to join the ambulance and learn to nurse the sick and wounded. This had made her realize even more keenly still the horrors of the war, but at any rate it



"THE TWO MEN LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES."

had given her the satisfaction of feeling that she was doing all she could for her country.

Then the news of the death of her youngest brother had come, shot down at Sedan, and soon after her second brother had returned home wounded. Then came the siege, about which so much has been written, but the miseries of which can never be realized by outsiders. The intense cold, the hunger and starvation, the ghastly sights at the ambulances, the fearful suffering of the French at the bare idea of the humiliation of their beloved *patrie*, and then the desolate houses, "where the women were weeping and wringing their hands."

All this poor Renée had witnessed and experienced, and then, finally, during the siege

her second brother had succumbed from the effects of his wound, so that she was left entirely alone with Victor. Truly, anyone who had known the bright, careless, laughing girl, in her happy home in the sunny Midi, would scarcely have recognised the pale, thoughtful woman in the clinging black dress, ministering to the wants of the poor, suffering soldiers.

Poor Renée! When her eyes were not resting with compassionate pity on her charges, there was a proud, stern gleam in them, that told of rebellion, or she was young, and knew nothing of resignation and submission, and to her God's ways appeared unjust.

She had prayed to Him so earnestly in the little chapel of Calvary in the Church of St. Roch. She had knelt there, weeping and praying before the cross, and she had taken flowers to the cave of the sepulchre and, placing them in the hands of the dead Christ, she had prayed with all her soul for her second brother's life, and God had turned a deaf ear to her prayers. Henceforth she would pray no more, she said to herself; and so she went on, untiringly but defiantly, for it seemed to her that she was fighting against a pitiless God for the lives of France's soldiers, who were so sorely needed by

their poor, unfortunate *patrie*.

IV.

FOUR years more passed by, and the Parisians had already commenced repairing the terrible havoc which had been made of their adored capital, whilst the *beau monde* were beginning to fall back into their old habits of luxury and gaiety, as though there had never been anything so disastrous as the winter of '70 and '71 on their calendar.

It was the month of January, and a bright though cold day. It was the first really gay season that there had been since the war, and the various balls and receptions were being discussed by several groups of men at one of the most aristocratic of the Parisian clubs.

A young officer of some thirty years of age, whose bronzed face showed that he had come from warmer climes, was seated apart, looking idly at the newspapers. Two other men were standing with their backs to him, by a window which looked out into the street, and the officer could not help overhearing their conversation. They were neither of them young men, and the elder of the two was singularly handsome and aristocratic-looking. He was apparently about forty-five years of age, had perfectly regular features, and was tall and well-built. His hair was iron-grey, whilst his moustache was still black.

His companion was perhaps some five years younger, and there was a disagreeable expression in his eyes and deep lines about his face which told of an ill-spent life.

"Why on earth you should object to a hand at cards, I cannot think," he was saying. "It is perfectly outrageous the way in which you have cut your old friends since your marriage, Gaston!"

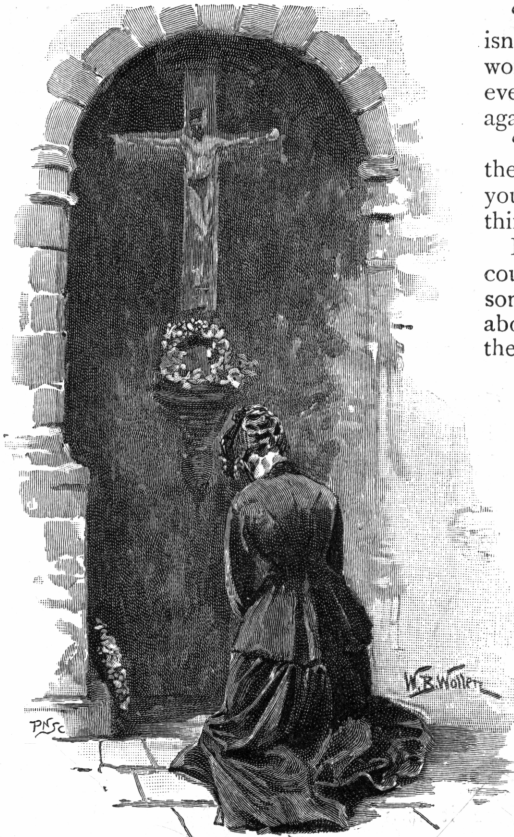
"Why," laughed his friend, "I haven't cut any of you; but, you know, when a man marries he cannot exactly live at his club just as he did before—unless—"

"Unless he happens to have merely married for a *dot* and not for a pretty wife, which is certainly not your case."

"No," answered the other, reflectively.

"There's no mistake about it, half Paris is envying you, old fellow, for of all the beautiful women, your wife certainly takes the palm. But, hang it all, Gaston, you've got everything a man can want: high birth, the loveliest wife in Paris, plenty of the needful—"

"No, there you are mistaken, Georges, I haven't. I really am not wealthy."



"WEeping AND PRAYING."

"Well, at any rate, that isn't the reason why you won't come and spend an evening with us now and again in the old way."

"Look here, I'll tell you the exact truth, and then you'll understand how things are."

Here the young officer coughed, fearing that something private was about to be imparted, but the two men took no notice, and the elder one continued:—

"You know that I have been married just two years."

"I do; I have reason to know it."

"And that before my marriage I went in for pretty high play."

"Yes, I know that too."

"Well, you know the whole story of how I met my wife."

"Saw her at the ambulance—love at first sight—got an introduction to her brother, etc., etc."

"Well, you know that Renée is patriotic to a degree—"

Here the young officer, who had just risen to move away, sat down again, and the conversation continued.

"What the deuce has that to do with your cutting us all?"

"Patience, my dear fellow, patience. When the war was over and France had her debt to pay—the debt imposed by her most magnanimous and honourable conquerors—my wife's indignation knew no bounds. She turned everything which she could dispose of into money, and sent it towards the debt. The following year we were engaged; and one evening, when she, her brother, and I were talking about it all, she announced to me that she wanted to sell all her jewels, for she never intended to wear another ornament until the debt was paid; and Victor, who is almost as impulsive as his sister, decided that he would sell their old home in the Midi—"

"And you, what did you volunteer?" asked the younger man, with a mocking laugh.

"I vowed to Renée that I would give up play, so that we might with certainty set aside something each year."

"To be a drop in the ocean of this infamous debt?"

"Exactly."

"And you've kept your word by playing with me!"

"Well, I have only played very occasionally."

"I see, and as Madame la Marquise was not the loser, that does not count?"

"Precisely."

"Well, then, will you come round to-night?"

"I can't play here, Georges. Don't you see, if De Nerval dropped in and my wife happened to hear of it—why, you see, she has rather straight ideas of some things."

"Well, then, call round for me, and we'll have a stroll to the other end of the Boulevards."

"All right!"

"Nine o'clock sharp, then."

"Yes," and then, soon after, the elder man drew a chair up to the table where the young officer was sitting, and was soon engrossed in the newspapers, whilst Raoul d'Harcourt scanned curiously the face of his successful rival.

V.

"I CAN scarcely believe it is really you, Raoul, even now."

"I am very substantial, nevertheless, and do not look much like a ghost, do I?"

"No, you certainly do not."

"Well, then, Victor, believe your eyesight, man."

"Raoul, are you quite sure you do not mind meeting Renée? Because, even now, we need not go if you have the slightest objection."

The two men were driving up the Champs Elysées in a close carriage. Raoul threw back his head and laughed heartily. "My dear fellow," he said, at length, "I am not a love-sick boy. I can tell you that nine years spent in rough work in Algeria and in Tonquin knock the sentiment

out of a man. It will be odd to see Renée so much older and with a husband, who you say is nearly twice her age, but I can assure you I'm not going to fall in love a second time."

"That's right," said Victor, heartily.

Ten minutes later, and Raoul was shaking hands with the Marquise de Gramont, about whose perfect beauty all Paris had gone wild the previous winter. Very, very lovely was Renée, as she came forward to greet her old friend and playmate, and the bronzed African soldier, who thought he was proof against all sentiment, felt his heart beating more quickly as he thus stood once more in the presence of the one woman he had loved.

Very gracefully did the fair hostess perform all her duties, and Raoul saw that society had not succeeded in putting its yoke upon Renée, for she was just as natural and as simple and straightforward as ever. One great change, however, he saw: there was a steadfast look in her beautiful eyes which had never been there in the olden days, and there seemed to be a whole world of strength in the curved lips which were formerly so proud.



"SHE CAME FORWARD TO GREET HER OLD FRIEND."

When the Marquis de Gramont was introduced, he said he felt sure he had seen Raoul somewhere, but the latter did not enlighten him by mentioning the fact that it was at the club that he had seen him. During dinner Renée asked Raoul many questions about his life in Africa, and seemed to take the greatest interest in hearing about everything.

Raoul on his side was observing very carefully the husband and wife, and wondering whether Renée had realized in her husband the ideal of her girlhood. The Marquis appeared to be devoted to his beautiful wife, and one could see his evident pride in her, whilst Renée was very animated, and appeared to be perfectly content with her lot in life.

Once or twice, however, as he watched her face in repose, it seemed to Raoul that her buoyant spirits were being kept up with an effort, and yet she was too natural to be acting a part, and, after all, why should she not be quite happy, surrounded as she was by every luxury, fêted by all the *beau monde* of the gay capital, and adored by her husband and brother?

VI.

TWELVE months later, Raoul was lying back one evening in a comfortable easy chair, before a huge wood fire in one of the smaller rooms belonging to the same club where he had heard the conversation between the Marquis de Gramont and his friend.

Raoul was now a member of the club, and spent a great deal of his time there. He had thoroughly appreciated a year's rest and life of luxury after the time he had spent roughing it in Africa, and he had been made a great deal of in the aristocratic circles which he frequented.

The handsome African soldier had been quite one of the lions of the season, and as he lay back gazing idly into the fire, he was wondering whether, after all, he had done wisely in withdrawing from the army. He had had serious thoughts of joining a party of explorers who were setting out the following week for Africa, but he had finally decided to give himself, at any rate, one more year of luxury and idleness, if, indeed, his manner of spending his days could be considered idle, for never was there a man more active and energetic than Raoul d'Harcourt.

Another smaller room led out of the one where he was now sitting; the doorway was covered with a curtain, but the door stood open. Suddenly he heard voices in the other

room, and one which he thought he recognised was saying: "You've got the amount down there in black and white. Remember that on Saturday it must be paid. The fellow has waited and waited, but this time you see he's got your signature and the date, and you must meet it, for it is out of my hands entirely."

"I cannot meet it," and Raoul on recognising the voice started from his seat.

"You must apply to your brother-in-law."

"Never, I would die first."

"That sounds very fine!" said the other, sneeringly; "but the money must be there by Saturday, the day after to-morrow."

"But it is monstrous, this amount. It means ruin, absolute ruin, and I could not anyhow realize the money in so short a time!"

"*Que voulez-vous, mon cher?* You have played and played, and you have borrowed to pay your debts. Money-lenders don't supply you with the needful for the simple pleasure and philanthropy of the thing. They require interest, and interest mounts up."

"But, Georges, this amount really is monstrous."

"All the same, it has got to be met. I'm in as big a hole as you are."

"But you are not married."

"No, worse luck, for if I had a brother-in-law, I should apply to him."

"Listen, Georges: I am utterly ruined."

"It's no good repeating the fact, Gaston. It's not pleasant information. The only thing I can recommend you to do is to borrow the tin from M. de Nerval. Now take the paper, and *remember Saturday*. I must go now. *Au revoir*."

Raoul was standing up facing the door. He saw the curtain move, and, before he had time to think what he should do, the Marquis de Gramont appeared before him. He was holding in his hand a stamped paper, his face was terribly pale, and his lips were quivering with emotion. On seeing Raoul, he stepped back involuntarily, then, drawing himself up haughtily, he advanced and said, scornfully:—

"You have heard all, I presume?"

"I have," answered Raoul, sternly.

"Allow me to congratulate you on what you have gained by eavesdropping."

"This is the second time, Marquis, that I have become acquainted with your private affairs in this way. It is certainly imprudent to discuss them without making sure that you are alone."

"And the other time?"

"Was a year ago, when you confided to

the man who has just left you *why* you had renounced play. I did not know you then."

"But now, as you do know me, and as you are a friend of my brother-in-law, you will perhaps consider it your duty to inform him of the facts with which you have just become acquainted?"

"Marquis, may I remind you that I have been a French soldier, and as such have learnt the meaning of the word 'honour'? I have accidentally overheard your conversation, and as the thing cannot now be altered, it seems to me useless to stand here and insult each other. As a friend of the De Nervals, Marquis, I cannot be indifferent to anything which touches them. I do not ask you from motives of curiosity, but on account of my friendship for them. Will you tell me what you purpose doing?"

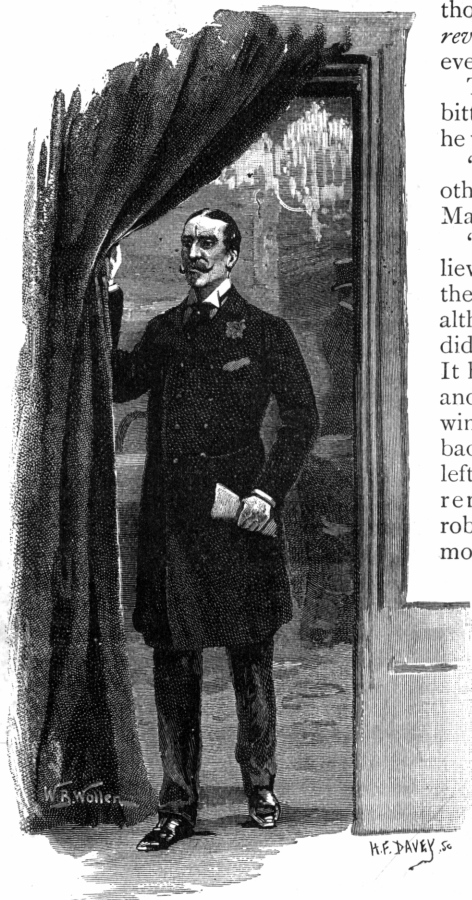
The Marquis came near to the fire, and leaning his elbow on the chimney-piece and playing idly with the piece of paper in his hand, he looked steadily at Raoul and replied:—

"I purpose shooting myself."

Raoul started, and for a second a feeling of triumph, almost of satisfaction, flashed through his mind. Here was his successful rival, Renée's ideal, disgraced, dishonoured, and she would soon know that for the last twelve months his life had been one long lie. Renée would be free again, and perhaps after all—— He did not let himself finish his reflections, and a flash of indignant scorn at the baseness of such thoughts gleamed for a moment in his eyes.

The Marquis, who was looking at him, saw it and said, sarcastically:—

"You think suicide despicable, eh, my young friend? Believe me, it needs some courage when one has ties—and no religion, no faith, no belief whatever in another life: when one thinks that the adieu once said to



"HIS FACE WAS TERRIBLY PALE."

those one loves is not *au revoir*, but farewell forever——"

The Marquis spoke bitterly, and Raoul knew he was thinking of Renée.

"There must be some other course open to you, Marquis."

"There is none. Believe me, I have thought the problem well out, although until to-day I did not know the amount. It has gone on increasing, and I have trusted to winning and so paying it back; but my luck has left me, and the figures remain. They have robbed me, these cursed money-lenders, and I

believe my *friend* is in league with them. Look at the figures, since you know the rest."

Raoul glanced at the paper. The amount was indeed alarming.

"But, Victor? He would do all in his power."

"I shall not ask him. I know he would do what he

could, and he will have to do it later on for my wife. This, however, is quite beyond his means. He and my wife have given all they could for *la belle France*. The whole of this money would have to be here on Saturday, or the thing is public. I have borrowed everywhere I can through my famous friend Georges, and now this bill is the amount of all my debts which this precious money-lender undertook to clear for me; so that I am entirely in his hands. You see, it is hopeless."

"But your shooting yourself will not pay the debt."

"It will prevent my explaining all to my wife."

"And her grief——"

"For my death will be less than her grief for my dishonour. I could not meet her when she knows. I am not a coward. I faced the shells during the siege and I faced the Communists after, but my wife's grief I *could not face*—you don't know Renée."

"I do, Marquis."

There was something in Raoul's voice which made the Marquis look at him questioningly, and he continued, smiling bitterly: "You forget, I knew her before you did, aye, and I loved her, too, before you did."

The Marquis started slightly.

"Oh, never fear," continued Raoul. "I never won her love as you have done—I had the misfortune to tell a lie for her sake, and she scorned me for it. She refused me and despised me. You have had more luck than I, for in spite of your twelve months' lying you have kept her love. Take care, though, for I know your wife. She told *me* that she could *never* forget; perhaps in that too, though, you will have more luck."

"I shall not try the experiment: my resolution is taken."

"And the disgrace to her?"

"Oh, God! don't taunt me with it. I cannot avoid it now. It has to come. Whether I am there or not, the disgrace will have to fall. If, as I say, the money is not there on Saturday, why, there is no help for it: the thing is public."

"Poor Renée!" burst involuntarily from Raoul's lips.

"Aye, poor Renée!" and the Marquis held out his hand to the man to whom, five minutes before, he had spoken with such withering scorn.

Raoul grasped it cordially, and the two men remained silent for a minute, neither of them venturing to speak. They understood each other though, and each knew that if there were one pure feeling in the other's heart, it was that of reverence for the woman they both loved. At last, the Marquis, looking full at Raoul, said, with a feeble attempt at a smile: "It is too late for me to be jealous now," and then he added, earnestly: "Tell her, after Saturday, that my last prayer was not for God's forgiveness, but for hers. Tell her I shot myself because I thought she would think more mercifully of me dead than living. Tell her that, whatever have been my shortcomings, my love for her has been pure and true; and listen"—the Marquis stepped nearer to Raoul—"this is the hardest thing of all for me to say. You love her and have always loved her; she admires you perhaps more than she does any man. Try again and win her love and give her your name as soon as possible—that she may not have to bear the disgrace of mine."

The temptation for a moment was terrible, but only for a moment, then Raoul's mind was made up. He had laughed a year ago

when talking to Victor at the idea of falling in love a second time with Renée. He had seen a great deal of her during the past twelve months, and he had found out that the love of his boyhood had never died away, and that he loved her now with all the strength and passion of his manhood.

He loved her, though, too well to allow a shadow of disgrace to fall upon her, a disgrace which he knew would be to her proud nature terrible to bear. The thought of helping her, of consoling her, of being near her in her trouble was very tempting, but he put it away from him sternly as unworthy, because of its very selfishness.

There was silence again while Raoul was steeling himself for his great sacrifice. At last he raised his eyes from the crackling wood in the fire-place, and looking steadily at the Marquis, said, firmly:—

"No, it cannot be. I will not deny that I love her. I do, more than my life—and with a love that will endure until my death. You love her, too, and you have every right to, while I have none. Take care of her, Marquis, and do not let her suffer disgrace; it would kill her."

"Alas! there is no help for it."

"Yes! there is. On Saturday you shall have the money——"

"What? you——"

"I have not spent much," said Raoul, briefly, "and what I had has accumulated. I have still my estate in the Midi, which will suffice for my future wants. All the rest I shall put entirely at your disposal. After your debts are paid you cannot be penniless, and——"

"I cannot accept this."

"Put pride aside," said Raoul, smiling sadly, "or if it hurts you, why, do not accept it. Let me have this one satisfaction in my life, I have had so much disappointment. Let me feel it is for her."

"It *is* for her, otherwise I *could not* accept it. But, no! I *cannot* accept it. What should you do? You cannot live on nothing!"

"I have the estate, and, besides, I shall go back to Africa."

"What! exile yourself for me, a comparative stranger?"

"No, for her," said Raoul, smiling again. "I shall join the exploring expedition which starts next week."

"I don't know which of the two alternatives is the harder to accept," said the Marquis, bitterly.

"You must sacrifice your pride, which is a

harder thing to do sometimes than to sacrifice one's life. But you must remember that it is for her, and that after all you are giving me the only real happiness I have had for ten long years."

The Marquis pressed Raoul's outstretched hand in both of his, and said, while tears rolled down his cheeks: "God reward you for saving my honour, and with it my Renée's peace of mind. I ought to say *our* Renée, for you have saved her from what to her would be far worse than death. Oh! but it is hard on you, to exile yourself just in the prime of your life. I cannot thank you, words are too feeble. What can I say?"

"Nothing," said Raoul, trying to smile. Soon after, the two men went out together and strolled arm in arm up the Champs Elysées, as far as the Avenue du Bois, where the Marquis lived.

Raoul hailed a cab afterwards and drove home to his luxurious apartments, where he spent the night arranging his papers, for he was too excited to sleep until the dawn began to break. He threw himself on his bed then, exhausted with conflicting emotions.

VII.

It was the "Jour des Morts" in Paris, and rich and poor, old and young, were all on the way to the cemetery, carrying with them their tribute of flowers to offer to their dead. At the gate of Montmartre Cemetery there was such a crowd, that everyone had to wait some time before they could get through the entrance.

A distinguished-looking man of some thirty-eight or forty years of age, who had been idly following the crowd, turned into the cemetery and strolled along, stopping from time to time to watch some little family group, or to admire some tastefully-arranged flowers or read an inscription on a tomb.

He wandered up and down the various walks, apparently having no aim or object in his visit to the cemetery. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, for he turned round and walked quickly along in an opposite direction, until he came to a magnificent tomb with a little chapel in marble. There was a fresh wreath, which had evidently only just been brought and laid at the door of this chapel, and stepping nearer and kneeling down, he read the inscription on the wreath. "To my husband," were the words he read, and then, getting up, he went round to the other side of the tomb, where he saw a name carved on the stone with the date of two years before.

It was very evident that the name was known to him, for involuntarily he took off his hat, and stood there with bowed head, lost in thought, until the sound of children's voices near recalled him to himself, and he walked on again towards the gateway of the cemetery.

Before going away he stood for a moment near the opening that leads to the common grave, and which is marked by a high cross. It is just a simple cross rising from a grassy mound, and rich and poor meet here together to bring their flowers, in memory of those whose graves are, perhaps, in distant lands, or, perhaps, in the deep sea. The wreaths are very soon piled up yards high, and there are flowers of all kinds, from the delicate hot-house blossoms to the humble little penny bunch of violets, which, perhaps, some poor, hard-working mother has brought in memory of her dead soldier-son.

The traveller (for one could see from the bronzed complexion of the strongly-built man that he had come from a sunnier country) stood again here to watch the various people offering up their flowers, when, suddenly, a lady dressed in black, and accompanied by an officer of some forty years of age, emerged from one of the by-paths and passed through the little opening to the common grave. The lady was carrying an exquisite cross made of violets and white flowers. The man who was watching saw her press it for a moment to her lips, and then placing it gently on the other flowers she knelt down and closed her eyes for a moment in prayer. The officer stood behind her, bareheaded, and an expression of intense sorrow was on his handsome face.

The man who was watching stood back behind a tree until they had moved away, then he stepped forward, and, going close to the cross, he read the inscription on the flowers just deposited there. What he saw was just one word in a woman's handwriting on a black-edged card, and the word was a man's name: "Raoul." He stood for a moment like one in a dream, and then he hurried after the officer and the lady he had just been watching. He overtook them in a lonely avenue, which they had taken evidently to avoid the crowd, for the lady was leaning on the officer's arm, and they were both very silent and evidently very much moved.

When the man who was following them was near enough he just said "Victor!" and the officer, starting, turned round, gazed earnestly at the stranger, and then, stepping forward, took both his hands in his, exclaiming "Raoul!"

As for the lady, she stepped back and looked at the new-comer with an almost terrified gaze; then, turning deadly white and trembling all over, so that her brother put his arms round her for support, she said:—

"Oh, Raoul, we thought you were dead!"

"No; I am very much alive, you see, and more and more like a coffee-berry."

"But we heard nothing of you, nothing, nothing," she murmured, reproachfully; "and you had said you would write if you were alive in five years."

"Who told you that?" asked Raoul, quickly.

"My husband," replied Renée, the colour coming back to her cheeks.

There was silence for a moment, and then she continued, "Raoul, I know all. I cannot thank you, for it was too much for thanks."

"But *why* were you told?"

"Don't talk of it all now, and here,"

interrupted Victor. "Come back with us, Raoul, to dinner, and we can tell you all this evening afterwards."

It was to Victor's home that they went, for on the death of the Marquis de Gramont Renée had gone back to live with her brother, giving up her luxuries, retiring from society, and living henceforth a very quiet life.

"It had been entirely a love match," the world had said, with its usual perspicacity, "and the poor young Marquise de Gramont will never get over her grief for her husband."

After dinner, when all three were sitting together, with the lamps throwing their rosy shade over the whole room and the fire crackling in the fire-place, for November had announced itself in a cold, chilly way, Renée began again the subject she had touched on in the cemetery.

"Raoul, my husband told me everything when he was on his death-bed. He died from the effects of a fall from his horse when riding in the Bois."

There was silence for a minute, then Raoul said, quietly: "It was a pity that he told you."

"No! it was right I should know. Raoul, can you ever forgive me?"

"I—I have nothing to forgive! What do you mean, Renée?"

"I mean that in those old days I dared to reproach you, I dared to scorn the love of a man, whose equal I believe now, Raoul, has never lived. I learned to appreciate you, learned it by a terrible lesson, and by comparing you with the other men I met. Oh, Raoul! believe me, my remorse has been terrible, but I have been punished, for I have been humiliated to the very dust," and Renée's eyes shone while her lips quivered.

"But you were so happy, Renée, when I was here last, and you might have gone on being so if only no one had told you."

"You thought I was happy? No, I was then living one long, long lie. I thought I loved my husband when I married, but very soon I found out that I had made a fatal mistake. He loved



"WILL YOU TAKE ME NOW?"

me, though, to the very last, and I, at first, through pride, and later on for a better and more unselfish motive, went on appearing happy. I deceived the world and my husband. Victor only understood, and consequently only Victor knows how great my punishment has been."

Her brother, who was sitting near her, took her hand in his and said: "Renée, don't dwell on all this, child. Raoul forgave you years ago. Let bygones be bygones. Raoul is too old a friend to imagine that we could be ungrateful. He knows that you and I thank him from the depths of our hearts. Now try and make his evening a little pleasanter, or he'll be sorry he came," and the brother drew the beautiful face nearer and kissed the fair white forehead.

"Yes, I am indeed a bad hostess," said Renée, and then, getting up, she walked across to Raoul, who stood up as she approached, and putting both her hands into his, she said: "I won't thank you, then, Raoul," but she looked up into his eyes with her own beautiful ones full of tears, and then, hastening out of the room, she left the two men alone.

They had a long explanation then, Raoul asking all the questions he had been wishing to.

"Poor Renée!" said Victor. "I should say never did a girl have so happy a beginning or a woman so hard an ending."

"Why *did* he tell her about it?"

"He was dying, and you remember you had told him that if you were alive in five years, you would write. No letters came, and so we all thought you were dead. Why didn't you write, though, Raoul?"

"I thought it was better not. I wanted to forget and be forgotten. You know the weak spot has been there all my life."

"Is it there still?"

"Yes, I gave up years ago trying to crush it out of my life."

"That's right. Oh, Raoul, if you do still love her, why should you not even now be happy, both of you?"

"You forget, Victor," said Raoul, lifting his head with a proud movement.

"No, I don't forget; but, Raoul, you surely won't let pride stand in the way now? You own that you have always loved her. You haven't a soul on earth in the way of a relation: why should you wish to be solitary to the end?"

"I am used to it now," said Raoul, wearily, "and then, too," he added, "she might refuse me again. She is grateful now, but I don't want gratitude."

At this moment the door opened and Renée re-appeared. "I am a bad hostess," she said, "to leave my guest like this," and she moved forward and took her seat again on the low arm-chair in front of the fire. Her eyes showed signs of tears, and her voice was not very firm. Raoul, who had risen as she came in, thinking to intercept her passage, stood before her, and looking down into the sweet, refined face, said: "Renée, if I asked you the same question I asked you years ago at Nerval, would you give me the same answer? Will you take me now, Renée, a worn-out old traveller?"

"Oh! Raoul," said she, rising, "then you *have* forgiven me, quite, quite?" looking pleadingly up into his dark, handsome eyes.

"No, not quite," he said, smiling, "because I have missed so many years with you," and then, taking her in his arms, he kissed her beautiful hair and her eyes still wet with tears.

"It seems to me that you forget I am here," remarked Victor, standing up and poking the fire into a fresh blaze.

"No, we don't," said Renée. "Kiss me, too, Victor; you have been so good to me all my life. You have always taken care of me."

"Simply out of consideration to my old friend," said her brother, laying his hand on Raoul's shoulder. "When he went off to Africa that first time, his last words to me as I stood on the platform were: 'Take care of her!'"

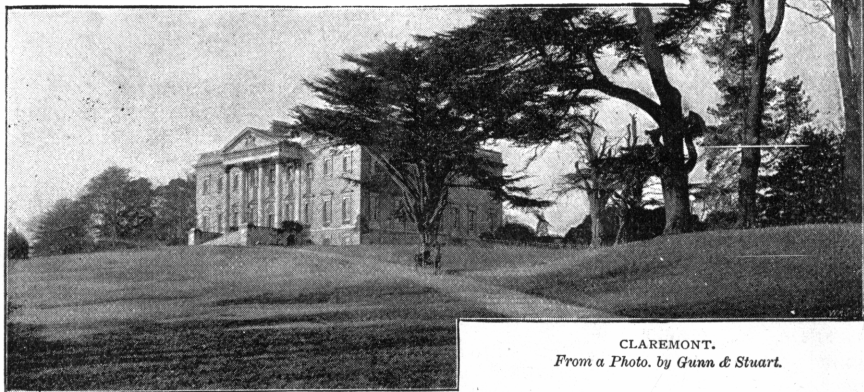
"Were they, really?" asked Renée, looking up at Raoul with very misty eyes.

"I believe they were," answered Raoul, laughing; "and now, Victor and I will go shares for the future in taking care of you."

H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany.

BY MARY SPENCER-WARREN.

(With the special permission and approval of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany.)



CLAREMONT.

From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.



SEARCH where you will, you will not readily find a quieter and prettier spot than Claremont: right away from busy town or noisy railway, having its approach through a sleepy, quaint old village, that carries one back to the days of our great-grandmothers, when the one event of the day was the dashing through of the stage coach with its team of spanking greys, and its red-coated guard with his merry horn. And so little have things altered there with the march of civilization, that I feel almost as though I have taken a leap backwards, for there on the green stands a stage coach; there is "mine host" at the door of a real old country inn, and here are the little cottages, with the women in white caps and aprons looking out of the doors, the ducks and fowls, and all the usual sights of a quiet hamlet.

A little farther on, and I drive through some handsome gates—swung open by a keeper in the Queen's scarlet—on past the pretty lodge, past the farm buildings, the obelisk, the entrances to stables and gardens, and on up the smooth drive, to alight in front of the mansion.

It is a place with many interesting associations, both romantic and saddening. Here kings, queens, princes, and nobles have lived their various lives; some chequered and disappointed ones, while for others there have been seasons of unalloyed happiness; but this is to anticipate.

Louis Philippe and Marie Amèlie found

shelter here for many years, shorn of crown and devoid of kingdom, to die amongst the people with whom they had found a "city of refuge."

Meanwhile, our beloved Queen—then the Princess Victoria—had often stayed here; had played in the rooms, and on terrace and lawn; and in the grounds had taken her first lessons in sketching from Nature. At a later epoch in her life she came again, this time with husband and children, and as she watched the latter at play, lived her young life over again.

Then one of the children, the Princess Louise, comes here for a quiet retreat after the State wedding at Windsor; and still later, the youngest, Prince Leopold, brings his bride here to her home.

It would only be painful to dwell on the sorrow that so soon cast its shadow over this happy household; rather let us rejoice that the Royal widow is not left alone. Consolation is accorded in children's happy voices ringing through house and grounds, their presence bringing sunshine and dispelling grief.

Just as I am about to mount the steps, the two children rush down, laden with barrows and dolls, for their morning gambols on the grass. The little Duke waves his hat, in response to my greeting, as he flies over the terraces, closely followed by his sister; and I stand a minute or two watching them, and right happy-looking children they are, near enough of an age to be real playmates, and to thoroughly enjoy each other's society.



THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY WITH HER CHILDREN—PRINCESS ALICE AND THE DUKE OF ALBANY.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.

Standing thus at the summit of the hill, and the foot of the broad flight of steps, from which a good view of the Surrey Hills and the Epsom Downs is obtained, the mansion appears to be about the centre of the park. It is an oblong, square building; brick, with stone dressings, fronted with a Corinthian portico, and surmounted with a pediment containing the Clive arms carved in the centre; for here, during some time, Lord Clive passed a most misanthropic existence. From this portico I step through the half-glass doors direct into the entrance-hall: a spacious and lofty apartment, supported with columns of scagliola marble, having an oblong ceiling decorated

with plaster relief, and walls panelled in devices of low-relief. The floor—a marble one—has an oblong centre corresponding with the roof. In the middle of the hall stands a fine billiard table, placed there by the late Duke, which is kept covered with a very handsome hand-worked cloth. A row of well-cushioned basket chairs faces the entrance, making a cool and comfortable lounge on a summer's day. China vases containing palms, carved antique chairs and tables, swan screens, Oriental hanging lamps, busts, portraits, bronzes, and other objects of interest abound; while over by the marble fireplace is something much treasured by the little Duke, namely, a suit of armour sent him by his aunt,



From a Photo. by]

THE HALL.

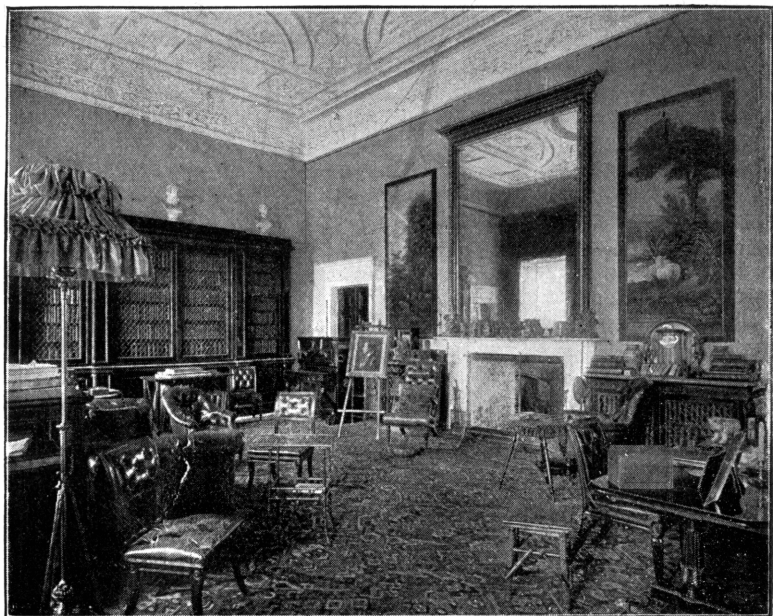
[Gunn & Stuart.

the Queen Regent of Holland. Certainly it looks a little ponderous for His Royal Highness at present, but perhaps he will fill it better a little later, and a gay figure he will cut with helmet and flowing white plumes. In this hall I was present at quite a merry and happy family scene. The Duchess had graciously promised me special sittings of herself and children for *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*, and so a corner was fitted up for the occasion, and here the three grouped themselves in front of the camera, groups evidently being preferable to the Duchess; indeed, as she remarked, "she was seldom without her children, and liked all to be photographed together." This photograph is the one here reproduced.

One can see at
*Vol. ix.—3.

at an end, and so we will proceed to view the house.

Many doors open from the hall; the first I use is that leading to the library. Its electric blue walls are well lined with lettered bookcases containing much sound English literature; and on either side of the fireplace



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Gunn & Stuart.

a glance what a true mother Her Royal Highness is, and how the children adore her; and who could help smiling when they popped their happy faces round the screen with the evident intention of making their mother laugh when she was being taken alone, or when they shouted with laughter when the entire group nearly subsided, on a support in the rear being inadvertently moved? But the portrait-taking is

is a splendid piece of tapestry from the Windsor School, of which the late Duke of Albany was President; these Her Royal Highness herself pointed out to me as being quite of the best specimens the school had turned out. Some massive side-tables are also laden with books; and on a little table near the fire I note some scholastic works, with places marked for lessons to be presently imparted to the Duke by a tutor. Over at one side stands a French piano, which you can either manipulate in the ordinary way, or by turning a handle; just a huge source of delight to children, and the evidences of children are in every room at Claremont. I once heard it said that the entire place is like a mausoleum to the late Princess Charlotte; well, there are certainly many reminders of that lady; but what I chiefly noticed was "something for the little ones," whichever way I turned.

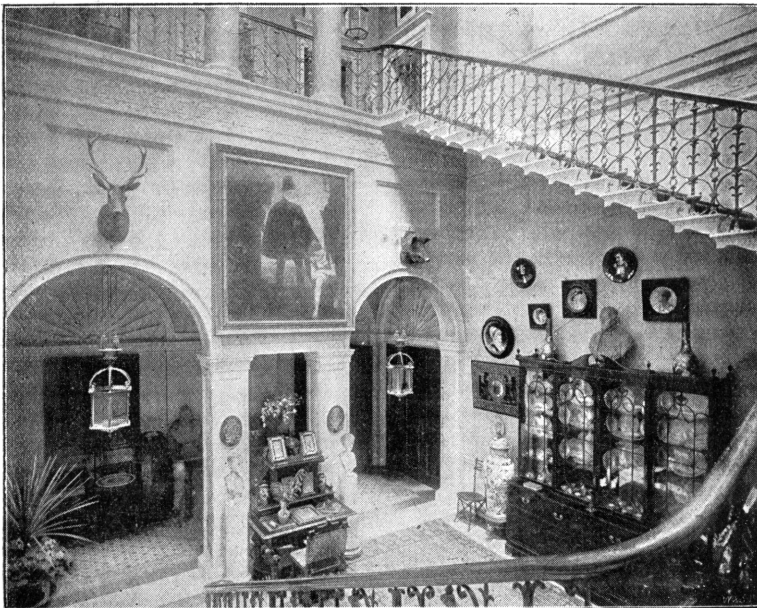
On an easel you may observe a good portrait of the late Duke, and on the top of the bookcases are several busts of Royal personages. Various writing-tables hold framed portraits, books of views, etc. The floor is carpeted in Turkish, the windows handsomely curtained in crimson and drab, the furniture being the usual leather-covered.

Next I go to the inner hall: from here the staircase opens, thus it is effectively lighted direct from the roof of the building. It has a good marble floor, plentifully scattered with Persian rugs, and here and

there stands and baskets of choice palms and lilies. A magnificent specimen of wood carving is here to be seen in a table and cabinet, a wedding present from the Queen of Roumania. On the wall facing the entrance is a painting by Titian of Philip II. of Spain, on the left stands a large cabinet of beautiful china, while opposite is another mechanical piano, having its handle at a particularly convenient and inviting place for little folks. I had a turn myself, but it responded so loudly that I let go quickly in sheer self-defence. If you study the photograph here introduced, you will notice some exquisite sculptured work. A "mural decoration" by Williamson, a sculptor who resides at Esher, has much of his work at Claremont, and has perhaps had more Royal commissions than has fallen to the lot of any other member of his profession. This particular work is in three divisions, and was erected in memory of the former residence of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. The middle tablet typifies their life there, having representation of aid to the widows and orphans, and underneath an inscription, "They visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction." The tablet on the left represents the apotheosis of the wife, the inscription being, "Sorrow not as a man without hope, for her who sleeps in Jesus." On the right we see the crown of Belgium offered to the Prince, with the words underneath, "Seek the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." A little higher

up the staircase is a bust by Sir Edgar Boehm of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne; it is a speaking likeness, and a fine example of delicacy of detail. The columns and pilasters of Siena marble give a solid and costly appearance to a staircase that is exceptionally fine.

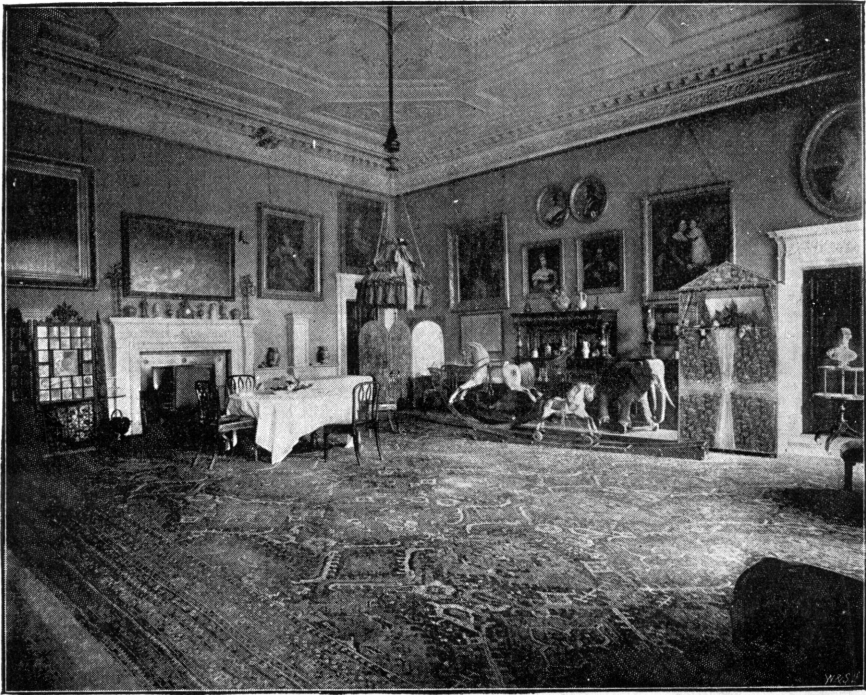
In one corner is a door opening to the dining-room, where your attention is immediately attracted to the number of grand works in oil adorning the walls. Some



From a Photo. by]

INNER HALL AND STAIRCASE.

[Gunn & Stuart.



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Gunn & Stuart-

of them are full length, one being Her Majesty the Queen: on one side of her the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in uniform, and on the other the Princess Charlotte in high-waisted black velvet, ruffs and puffings of white satin, with her light brown hair dressed in coils on the top. Other paintings in the room are George III., the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Prince Consort, the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria (seemingly not more than three years of age), one or two landscapes, etc. The room is of splendid proportions, and the really good-sized dining-table, standing at one end, looks quite tiny. It has a well executed cream ceiling, an old oaken floor, covered in the centre with a Turkey carpet, crimson curtains, and a crimson leather-covered suite of furniture. There are some massive marble-topped side-tables, with rare china vases on them, on one being also a marble bust of Her Majesty the Queen, presented to the infant Duke in 1884.

On the walls may also be seen some fine old china and some quaint pieces of armour. Various busts, bronze figures, and other curios are scattered here and there, one of which is a Kaffir "jowala" bowl, a present to the late Duke. Then there are some more

things, which are not generally recognised as dining-room furniture, namely, a Punch-and-Judy show, with any amount of puppets, a monster toy elephant, and two rocking-horses. To all intents and purposes, this is a spacious and warm playground for bad weather. Over near the marble mantel is a curious and antiquated-looking carved screen, filled with photographs, chiefly of Royalty, most of them being of a period remote enough to make them a quaint and interesting study, both for the dresses and the photography.

The drawing-room contains very many things over which one is disposed to linger. Some have histories: the carpet, for instance, an Eastern one of nondescript pattern, blue and pink. It was taken from some Indian Princes by Lord Clive, who brought it over to put in the new mansion he purposed to build. It was not the shape and size for a room of ordinary appearance, and far too costly to cut up, but conquerors of countries are not to be beaten by a carpet! So when the house was put up, a room was specially constructed for it. So, instead of making a carpet for a room, a room was built for a carpet! Unique, I thought; at any rate, I have never met with a similar instance.

Then there is a piano, which is worth seeing; it is an exact copy of Beethoven's.

It was constructed in 1817, by John Broadwood and Sons, for H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and was renovated in 1874 by command of the Queen. Having very much the appearance of the ancient harpsichord, it has a beautiful silvery tone and clear, delicate expression. The marble mantelpiece is most exquisitely carved, and said to be worth over £1,000, on either side of it standing some large and almost priceless vases—also brought from India by Lord Clive. There are some choice old cabinets in various parts of the room; two of them are Indian ones.

There are some fine paintings on the silk brocaded walls, notably one each of the late Duke and the Duchess. On an easel stands

strawberry (hand-embroidered), and gold and tapestry, with hangings of plush and silk to match; some costly miniatures, some rare old china, a framed copy of the signatures to the Berlin Treaty, and (the children again) an assortment of valuable mechanical toys are all good to behold; as is the pale blue and cream "Adams" decoration of ceiling and fresco. One chair in the room I must make special mention of; it is a *chef d'œuvre* from the before-noted Windsor School of Tapestry, has a perfect picture in silk of Windsor Castle on it, was made specially for, and presented to, the President on his marriage.

Next comes the Duchess's boudoir. I shall always have a vivid recollection of this



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

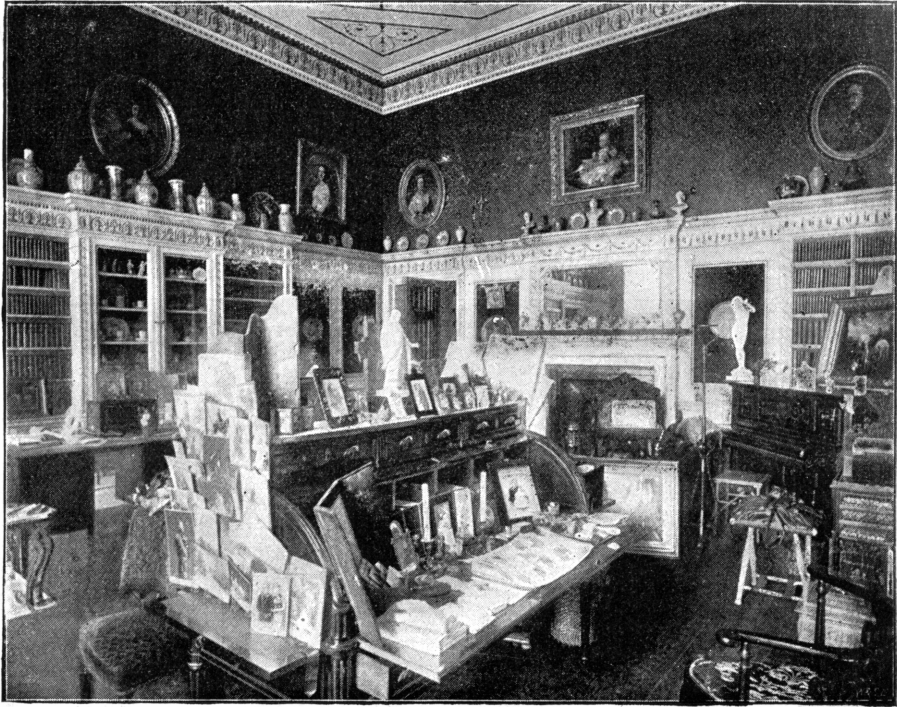
[Gunn & Stuart.

one of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, by Richmond. On pedestals are some valuable bronze vases, and on buhl and other tables are many pieces of bijouterie, some books, busts, and framed portraits; one frame contains "Arolsen," the early home of the Duchess; and a folding leather case near has in it no fewer than twenty-four portraits of the late Duke—from earliest childhood until nearly the close of his life. Three or four very handsome screens—one or two hand-painted; furniture of gold and

room, for I spent some considerable time there: one day having a quiet look round, and another day being graciously received by Her Royal Highness, who favoured me with some considerable portion of her time, looking over some photographs I had of the Royal Palaces of the Queen of Holland (you remember that the Queen Regent and the Duchess of Albany are sisters), talking of magazines and journals, and those who write for them, and arranging for the promised sittings, etc. I have no intention of enlarging

upon the appearance or manner of the Duchess; everybody knows how kind and amiable she is, because they hear it so often; and I should imagine that she must get just as tired of the class of writers who con-

sorts, most of them being of great value. The prevailing decorative tones are cream, gold, and ruby, presenting a very effective whole, the ruby being introduced in panels, on which some costly china is effectively



From a Photo. by]

THE BOUDOIR.

[Gunn & Stuart.

tinually laud her amiability as she is with the opposite faction, who contribute to some of the society papers gossip which is as undignified as it is untrue. If I tell you what chiefly impressed *me* respecting the Duchess, it is the fact of what a model mother she is.

You cannot be in the house long without noticing how she loves and cares for her children, and how closely she watches over their welfare: not indulgence—but firm kindness; and how those children do respond to it! What perfect sympathy there seems to be between them all. The eldest one, the Princess Alice, looks to be robust; she has pleasing ways, and bears a wonderful likeness to our Royal Family. Her Royal Highness is now eleven years of age, her brother (the Duke) being nine. He is a bright, cheerful boy, with a clever-looking face, and just as brimful of fun as boys generally are.

As you will see in the photograph, the boudoir is very full of knick-knacks of divers

displayed. On the walls are several of Winterhalter's paintings, chiefly of the Royal Family; and in various parts of the room are busts, chiefly by Williamson. There are some well-filled bookshelves of English and French literature, the works of well-known authors: a careful selection of rather deep reading; but the room was formerly the sitting-room of the late Duke, and it is not necessary for me to say one word of the literary abilities and qualifications of the most scholarly of the Queen's sons. Evidently the Duchess has similar tastes, for I notice a ponderous and abstruse work lying beside the chair from which she has just risen.

In the centre of the bookshelves is a glass-fronted cupboard, full of rare old china, much of it having been wedding presents. One service of Sèvres I particularly noticed, given by the Earl and Countess Beauchamp. I should not like to have to tell you how many photographs there are in the room; but it is the same in every Royal

house, photographs shower in from all directions. Of course, the family faces predominate on both sides.

Here is a basket that might very well be labelled "Spare moments," for that is just what it represents: it is full of various articles in process of knitting; is taken up every odd moment, and grows to an astonishing amount in a very little time. Busy and active fingers has the Duchess, and I am told by one of the ladies of the household how articles are knitted for the "Guild," and how complete outfits are made for young girls just going out into life, how weekly working meetings are held in the library, and how, when the periodical collection of Guild work comes on, the Duchess works from early morning until late at night, sorting, labelling, packing, and doing the hundred and one duties that the work brings day after day, with a cheerful word and a smiling face for everybody.

Near at hand is a Brinsmead piano, where recreation or practice can go on, and over in a corner is an easel holding a drawing just commenced by the Princess Alice. The very handsome writing-table in the centre

—a wedding present to the late Duke from the residents of Boyton Manor—has on it, amongst other things, a fine statuary group, a gold battered bowl from the Queen, and a china dish from an old nurse. Under one of the windows is a glass case containing many curios, gold caskets, gold keys, and a gold medal—one of twelve, ten of which were silver—struck in commemoration of the decapitation of Charles I.

The school-room is next, and a delightful apartment it is—a ceiling richly decorated in cream and gold, and walls in electric blue brocade of fern-leaf pattern, these having on them some family portraits, some landscapes, some antique pieces of armour, and some old

china. Busts of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany and the Grand Duchess of Hesse stand in arched recesses, while numerous portraits of the Royal children, and their cousin, the Queen of the Netherlands, may be seen in various directions. One is especially striking: it is the little Duke in the uniform of his father's regiment, handsomely framed, standing on a table in the foreground. Globes, maps, writing-tables, patent desks and seats, and all the usual school books are well to the fore; while flags, bats, balls, etc., are plentiful—in fact, one corner of the room is a perfect toy store, called, I believe, "Toy Corner": there is quite a wonderful arrangement of them, of every



From a Photo. by

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

[Gunn & Stuart.

shape, sort, and size conceivable. Then there are flowers, ferns, and singing birds in their cages, making the place look particularly bright and cheerful, and very unlike the abode of dreariness that distinguishes *some* school-rooms. The presiding genius of the room is Miss Potts, a pleasant-faced, practical lady, with whom I enjoyed one or two brief chats. This is the apartment in which the Princess Charlotte died, and it was quite undisturbed, and shut up, for some considerable time after that sad event.

Now I walk through some of the dressing and bed-rooms, those that are on the ground floor. They are all much of a muchness for decoration and fittings. Here is a picture of



From a Photo. by]

THE DUCHESS'S DRESSING-ROOM.

[Gunn & Stuart.

the dressing-room of Her Royal Highness the Duchess. It is very effectively decorated, ceiling and fresco in cream and gold, with walls of pink and gold. The furniture is white-wood with hand-painting and brass mounts. On the walls are some family likenesses and some modern pictures, on the floor a rich red carpet. A good bust of the late Duke stands on the chest of drawers, the dressing-table showing a French time-piece, some silver-mounted glass, and an abundance of choice flowers. The Duchess is very fond of flowers, and has plenty of them all over the house.

Opening from here is the bedroom, decorated in the same style. The wardrobe shows some very beautiful painted panels, and is surmounted with the crown and banners. On one side of the room is the small bed used by the Princess Alice, who, I was told, had slept in the same room as the Duchess ever since some burglars had selected Claremont for a Christmas raid. It seems they had planted a ladder against an upstairs window, and had actually entered a room where the children were. They, being then very little, and firm believers in the "Santa Claus" visits peculiar to the season, were not at all alarmed: thought, no doubt, that was the proper entrance for strangers, who *might* be fairies in disguise. Fortunately a servant appeared, who estimated Mr. William Sikes at his

proper value, gave the alarm, and the downward journey on the ladder was quicker than the upward one.

The Duke's dressing and bed-rooms are near at hand, and I first go through them and note the general effect, which is plain though good; and then I go upstairs to the suite of apartments known as the Queen's Rooms. They are very quietly furnished, much more so than the rooms of thousands of Her Majesty's

subjects: plain plaster ceilings, with walls papered in grey and blue, on them being many prints and engravings, family portraits, and horses and dogs that were favourites of the Queen. Over one mantelpiece is one of Landseer's best. In the sitting-room some of the furniture is gold burnished or mahogany frame with upholstery of plush or tapestry with floral needlework. One of John Broadwood's pianos stands at one side, an old favourite, used times and often by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort. In front of the fireplace is a rich needlework screen, and over against one of the windows is a fine specimen of painted insects on porcelain, intersected with pressed ferns. The prevailing fittings of the entire suite of rooms are rosewood, and green and white chintz; all the Brussels carpets being the same colour ground-work, with fern-leaf and floral design.

There now only remain two other rooms to see—the Princess Beatrice's bedroom, and one of the visitors' rooms—as a type of a suite of such. The first room is, if anything, the plainer of the two. Plaster ceiling, flock papered walls, green carpet, rosewood furniture (with chintz covers), an ordinary brass bedstead, and chiffonnier, over which is a plain bookcase.

Before going downstairs, the Duchess kindly allows me to see a small room, which is called the "Museum." It is so small that



From a Photo. by]

THE MUSEUM.

[Gunn & Stuart.

an adequate photograph is impossible; but contains a great deal that is of much interest—articles that are dearly cherished by the Duchess. A large carved oak wardrobe with sliding panels, and some regimental cases on the top, contain the uniforms and guns, swords, etc., worn and used by the late Duke; a glass-fronted cupboard has in it various documents and books, and a number of walking-sticks are arranged above each other on the wall near the entrance. Many of these were doubtless presents, for I noticed labels attached, one of them bearing the name of Garibaldi.

Downstairs I walk through the vaulted passages and kitchens; then out into the magnificent grounds, and over the conservatories to see the multiplicity of choice camellias, orange trees, etc., through the acres of flower and kitchen gardens—where a special feature is a large number of azaleas—and then on to see the Mausoleum. This was originally intended for an alcove for the Princess Charlotte, commenced during her residence by her husband. When she died, he finished it in a much more costly manner. It is

Pointed architecture, the interior having a groined ceiling with rich tracery, and stained glass windows. One of the best views in the grounds is to be obtained here: the position is very elevated, the lake winding in and out far below, giant trees and clusters of rhododendrons interspersed. I must not forget to say that the children's gardens are just in front, the same wonderful arrangement of plants and seeds that little fingers always get; with the same little prim borders marking outline and division. While I stand looking I hear their young voices in the distance, and descry them scampering down the drive carrying a birdcage between them. I inwardly wonder if it has an inhabitant, and whether, if so, it is accustomed to that shaky travelling.

The first sight I had of Claremont, they were in the foreground, and when I leave on the last day, I catch sight of their bright young faces watching from a window; and my last impressions are, perhaps, more particularly of a happy home than they are of a stately Royal residence.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XVII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

FEW things are more notable
THE in recent Parliamentary history
CLOSURE. than the failure of the Closure.

When it was introduced by a Conservative Government, even those who found it convenient to criticise it as an infringement of the liberty of debate secretly recognised in it a beneficent instrument for forwarding business, public and private. Mr.



"ON THE POUNCE."

W. H. Smith took to its use with remarkable avidity. During his leadership, more especially in its earlier Sessions, he was, as Mr. Tim Healy irreverently put it, ever "on the pounce." The House soon grew familiar with the figure of its esteemed Leader sitting forward on the extreme edge of the Treasury Bench, with hands on his knees, his eye resting anxiously on the face of the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees. He waited thus till a moment favourable for interposing presented itself. Then, rising, he said, in a voice hardly raised above reverential whisper, "I move that the question be now put."

Vol. ix.—4.

Sometimes, not often, the Speaker refused to put the question. Whereat there were triumphant shouts of derision from the Irish camp. Mr. Smith's white teeth gleamed in responsive though spasmodic merriment, and he subsided for another hour. Then he was up again, unabashed by earlier rebuff, and, like the importunate widow in Scripture, he finally succeeded in bringing a particular episode to a conclusion.

With the return to power of a Liberal Ministry matters in this respect have distinctly changed. The horror of the Constitutional Party at the proposal to apply the Closure is so genuine and so passionate, that the present occupants of the Treasury Bench shrink from exciting it save under the greatest provocation. What was with Mr. W. H. Smith not even a choleric word is with Sir William Harcourt flat blasphemy. Moreover, some members on the Liberal side maintain whilst their friends are in office that objection to the Closure they expressed when in Opposition. There are two or three sitting below the Gangway on the Ministerial side who walk out without voting when a division on the Closure is challenged.



"WALKING OUT."

As far as I remember, Mr. Gladstone, whilst Leader of the House, moved the Closure only once, and that in circum-

stances of undisguised obstruction. Sir William Harcourt is not enamoured of the practice, and postpones its adoption as long as possible. Last Session the Closure was moved only thirty-six times, and of that number the Leader of the House was responsible for only six applications. Mr. John Morley moved it twice; Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Herbert Gardner, in charge of Bills, severally on single occasions invoking the assistance of the Standing Order. Thus in the aggregate Ministers only ten times through the Session interfered with the object of bringing discussion to a close.

THE
SPEAKER
AND THE
CHAIRMAN
OF COM-
MITTEES.

Of the thirty-six motions, twenty were made whilst the Speaker was in the Chair and sixteen under the presidency of the Chairman of Committees. By a curious coincidence both right hon. gentlemen consented to put the question exactly half as many times as it was pressed upon them. The Speaker put the Closure ten times, and the Chairman of Committees eight. This proportion of consent goes a long way towards accounting for the gradual disuse of the Closure. When a member jumps up to move that the question be now put, and the Speaker declines to submit the proposal, a snub is inflicted the severity of which is not easily got over. For a Minister such a repulse is a serious matter, and right honourable gentlemen on the Treasury Bench invoke the Closure only when they are practically certain that the Speaker or the Chairman is prepared to submit the question.

That the President for the time being should be placed in a position of deciding whether the House or the Committee shall have the opportunity of saying whether or not it has heard enough of the current debate is the weak point in the scheme which has predestined it to failure. This stipulation was a concession to the well-meant objection on the part of an influential minority to take any step that tended to infringe freedom of debate. The duty is imposed upon the Speaker, but that does not lessen his dislike for it, nor incline him to take upon himself more responsibility than he can avoid. It is understood that the system Mr. Peel has laid down for his guidance in this matter is not to submit the Closure as long as there is shown in any quarter of the House a disposition by a minority of respectable dimensions to continue the debate. This being known, or surmised, the control of events is in the

hands of adroit obstruction. It only requires that when one member sits down half-a-dozen others shall spring up, eager to catch the Speaker's eye, and the hapless Minister in charge of the Bill knows it would be useless for him to move the Closure.

Mr. Mellor has his plan, which is equally effective in minimizing the responsibility cast upon the Chair in this matter. The Chairman of Committees is understood to hold the view that if the Leader of the House, or the Minister in charge of a Bill, takes upon himself to move the Closure, the Chairman is bound forthwith to put the question. With private members he may be guided by circumstances. These plans, like Trochu's at the siege of Paris, are admirable in their way. But the nett result is that the Closure has practically become a dead letter.

This panacea from which so much was hoped, and which at the outset did passably well, having failed, the authorities are beginning to cast about for some new device. The business of the House of Commons increases every year, and as Session follows Session the inadequateness of the existing forms of procedure is demonstrated. When Mr. Chamberlain's friends were in office, he, going to the point in his usual direct and vigorous fashion, propounded a scheme whereby a certain specified time should be set apart for the discussion of particular stages of Bills, and when that was reached a division should automatically ensue. In Committee on the Irish Home Rule Bill in 1893, and again in Committee on the Budget Bill last Session, this suggestion was adopted by the Government. In the first case it resulted in the famous free fight on the floor of the House. In the second Mr. Chamberlain and the Opposition generally withdrew in high dudgeon, declaring that they would not even be passive participants in this attack on freedom of debate in the Mother of Parliaments.

These historical instances are cited to show how difficult is the question. There is all the difference of viewing it from the Opposition Benches and from those on the right hand of the Speaker. Nevertheless, the difficulty will have to be faced, and, probably, something will be heard at no distant time of a proposition to appoint a Committee representing all sections of Party in the House, which shall consider Government Bills when they are brought in, and decide what number of days shall be set aside for successive stages, the limit fixed by them, in no case, to be overstepped. Another suggestion made is

that there shall be a limit to the duration of speeches. This, at least, has the advantage of having been tested in practice, it being the only means by which some of the Congresses, meeting in various parts of the country, get through their work within reasonable time.

There is one eccentricity of Parliamentary procedure that might BUSINESS. well be disposed of whilst weightier matters are being further cogitated. In the early days of municipal activity and private industrial enterprise it was found convenient to set aside the first half-hour of sittings of the House of Commons on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, to consider what is known as private business—that is to say, Bills promoted by corporations, public companies, or individuals. As the performance is (or should be) perfunctory, since this class of legislation comes before the House only after it has been thoroughly thrashed out in Select Committee, there were no restrictions as to the date or order in which promoters of private Bills might claim the attention of the House of Commons. A private member in charge of a measure disestablishing a Church, or extending the franchise, is obliged to take his chance at the ballot for opportunity of furthering his object. He may get a favourable position on the Order Book, or may fix on a date so remote as to preclude possibility of his Bill making headway in the current Session. But if the object of the measure he is concerned for be the making of a sewer, the provision of a local water supply, or the extension of a railway, he is absolutely master of the situation. He can put it down for any day he pleases, and the House of Commons will be obliged, not only to enter upon its discussion, but to set aside all other business till this local question has been talked out and, if necessary, divided upon.

At present, the Speaker takes the chair at three o'clock on the four days named. At half-past three public business commences, the interven-

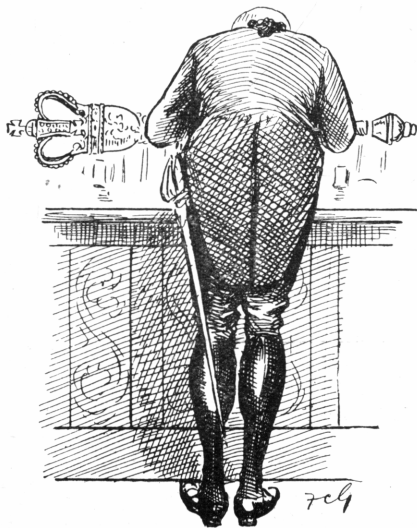
ing space having been devoted to private Bills, should there be any on the Orders. If not, the Speaker sits in the chair, the Clerks at the table, the Serjeant-at-Arms by the cross-benches, and members hang about waiting for the half-hour to strike. If, on the other hand, the report stage of a private Bill affecting keenly fought interests is down, discussion upon it may go on till five or six o'clock, or even later, public business, meanwhile, being shunted. Last Session the progress of the Budget was more than once seriously hampered by the incursion of a private Bill.

The existing arrangement was well enough when private business was limited in amount, and the House was content to accept the decision of its own Committee to which it had referred the inquiry, and which had probably spent some weeks in thoroughly sifting the matter. Now that a different order of things is established, it seems preposterous that the tyranny of private business should be permitted to prevail.

LORD
DENMAN.

Since the House of Lords met at the end of last Session a picturesque presence has vanished. No longer will the gaunt figure of Lord Denman flit about the corridors of the House crowned with a plain-coloured skull cap, carrying in one hand a shabby hat, and in the other a stout stick. I never spoke to Lord Denman, though I was, for a long time previous to his death, the recipient of constant correspondence, written in his school-boy hand, evidently with a very bad pen.

This incomplete personal acquaintance began in odd fashion. Some years ago I wrote in one of the monthly magazines an article on the House of Lords. In the course of passing descriptions of peers, I alluded to Lord Denman as "a harmless, elderly gentleman, something of the Mr. Dick type." This, though not exactly complimentary, was not ill-naturedly meant, and so greatly pleased Lord Denman that he wrote to me saying he had bought up every



"THE SPEAKER TAKES THE CHAIR."



LORD DENMAN.

available copy of the magazine, and sent them to particular friends. One night he took the number down to the House and proposed to read the article, an opportunity of which, I regret to say, their lordships declined to avail themselves.

Looking over some notes made from time to time with respect to Lord Denman's public appearances, I find one of his many letters. It is a fair sample of the charming incoherency of style which suggested the reference to Mr. Dick. I do not remember what called forth this particular letter, but fancy from the context it refers to an occasion when Lord Denman insisted upon sitting with the Law Lords, actually joining in their deliberations on some important case, and delivering a separate judgment.

"Dear Mr. Lucy," he writes from the Midland Grand Hotel, under date 27th April, 1888, "I am glad that your journal states, even with a sneer, that the House of Lords cannot 'even repress me!' In 1884, the day of great Demonstration, the proposer of the Houses of Parliament said the great use of that demonstration would be the power to create Life Peers, and Dr. Carpenter (who died in a bath) and Dr. B. W. Richard should be the first L. P. I wish M.D.'s were made Hereditary Peers, but even Life Peers would find that 'My Lord' is expected to contribute to a great many charities and public objects.

"The 3 Life Peers might be Ld. C. Justices of C. P. in England and Ireland and L. C. Baron in England. There are 8 hereditary Law Lords—2 ex-Chancellors bound to

attend—L. Selborne, Herschell, Bramwell, Esher, Coleridge, Moncreiffe, Hobhouse, Halsbury.

"I wish the Committee on Reporting would examine me.—Yours truly,

"DENMAN.

"Dr. Richardson is a lengthy speaker. Mr. Atkinson, M.P. for Boston, presses his Bill on Duration of Speeches."

The member for Boston alluded MR. FARMER to in the postscript is the gentle ATKINSON. man later known as Mr. Farmer

Atkinson. He was Lord Denman's great political and Parliamentary ally. Whilst he still sat in the Commons, Lord Denman was a frequent visitor to the lobby, where the twain held long consultations. They had struck up an alliance designed by its operations and influence to curb insolent majorities in either House, and to lower the crest of haughty Ministers. Lord Denman's favourite measure—he had quite a batch—was designed to extend the Parliamentary suffrage to women. Mr. Atkinson had drafted a Bill limiting the duration of speeches, a proposal much laughed at; but, as will appear from what is



MR. FARMER ATKINSON.

set forth in an earlier page, the member for Boston was apparently only ahead of his time. Lord Denman undertook, when the Bill had passed the Commons, to pilot it through the Lords, Mr. Atkinson on his part undertaking to carry through the

Commons his noble friend's measure on woman's suffrage. As neither passed either House, there was no call to fulfil this mutual pledge. Still, the prospect led to many important and interesting colloquies between the two statesmen, regarded by the party Whips with gallant appearance of amusement.

LORD
DENMAN
SCORES. The peers
had a short
way with
poor Lord

Denman and his efforts to advance his Bills by a stage. Any peer may bring in a Bill, have it read a first time as a matter of course, and printed at the expense of the nation. This Lord Denman did Session after Session with his Woman's Suffrage Bill. But he never got it read a second time. What happened on such occasions was that some noble lord connected with the Government rose and moved that the Bill be read a second time on that day six months. No one showed a disposition to discuss the matter, and in a few moments the Bill was shelved.

Once Lord Denman had the best of this joke. In the Session of 1888, he early in the year brought on his Woman's Suffrage Bill. As usual, it was agreed to read it a second time on that day six months, a formula which confidently implied that when that period was reached Parliament would have been prorogued. It happened in this particular year that the Session was so prolonged that the House of Lords was still sitting six months after Lord Denman had moved his resolution. He had not forgotten the date, if others had. Upon its occurrence he rose, reminded their lordships that they had unanimously agreed on that very day to read his Bill a second time, and claimed fulfilment of the undertaking. The peers backed out of the situation, leaving Lord Denman with the second reading of his hapless Bill carefully relegated to that day three months, a date when it was more than ever certain the House would not be sitting.

When, next Session, he brought in the Bill, Lord Cranbrook made the usual motion.

Lord Denman, appearing at the table, said: "My Lords, will the noble Viscount state whether, in moving that the second reading shall be taken on this day six months, he means six lunar months or six calendar months?"

There is nothing like being precise, and the few days' difference between an aggregation of six lunar or six calendar months might make all the difference in his chance of finding the House again sitting.

Lord Salisbury was, perhaps, a little peremptory with a weaker brother. If Lord Denman rose with another peer and declined to give way, Lord Salisbury promptly moved that the other peer be heard.

When the Small Holdings Bill of 1892 came on for consideration on third reading, Lord

Denman moved its rejection. At the end of ten minutes Lord Salisbury, interposing, declared that his remarks, inaudible on most benches, had no bearing on the Bill before the House. The crushed worm will turn at last. Lord Denman had frequently suffered from the impatience of the Premier.



LORD CRANBROOK.



LORD SALISBURY'S ATTITUDE.

He now turned on Lord Salisbury, and personally rated him for some moments, concluding by striking the table with clenched

first and resuming his seat, whilst Lord Salisbury stonily stared into space across the table.

Lord Denman was a profound student of Parliamentary precedents, and occasionally flashed one upon the Lords, whose novelty disturbed their habitual and well-trained imperturbability. When Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Bill, coming up from the Commons, had been grudgingly passed by their lordships, Lord Denman brought in a Bill for its repeal. This courageous effort met with the customary fate. Its introduction was not refused, and the Bill was printed. But a second reading was curtly refused.

There was supposed to be an end of the matter. But a few nights later Lord Denman came up smiling with another Bill, designed to effect the purpose of the first. He admitted that this course was unusual. But he had found a precedent in the year 1754 connected with an Act for the naturalization of the Jews. "I have been thirty-four years in this House," he added, parenthetically, "and am entitled to speak in every month except October."

Why October, the peers, being after all human, were curious to know. But they mastered the weakness and sat silent, whilst Lord Denman, raising his musical

voice to tones of passionate entreaty, besought them in the name of the liberties of England to read his Bill a first time.

What followed illustrates the difference of habit on the part of the Lords and Commons in dealing with cases like this. Had Lord Denman risen upon such an errand in the Commons, he would have been greeted with uproarious laughter and cheering, the scene closing by the stern interference of the Speaker. In the Lords he talked on amid perfect silence till he had quite finished. Then the Lord Chancellor, taking no more notice of him than if he had been a blue-bottle fly buzzing round the chandelier, went on with the next business.

His last interposition in the business of the House of Lords BISHOPS. was most dramatic. The peers to the number of twenty or thirty were discussing some Bill, the name of which does not dwell in the memory. Suddenly appeared in their midst the tall, gaunt figure of Lord Denman, with skull cap on his head, his left hand clutching a bundle of papers, his right pointing to the Front Bench above the gangway, where ex-Ministers sit.

"My Lords," he said, interrupting the peer who was in possession of the House, "there are no Bishops present. I move that this House do now adjourn."

No notice was taken of the interruption, and after a while Lord Denman, gathering up his papers, hurried from the House. Other peers might discuss miscellaneous Bills in the absence of the Bishops. He would not share their responsibility.



"THERE ARE NO BISHOPS PRESENT."

MY
LETTER-
BOX.

The wide range of THE STRAND MAGAZINE over the English-speaking world brings me letters from various parts, near and remote, following up topics here touched upon. One writes from Bombay: "Passing through London on my way to five years' exile, I spent a night in the House of Commons, and was much com-

forted. It may at times be dull here, but for absolute, soul-depressing dullness, I never saw anything like the centre of attraction for denizens of a scattered Empire. When, from month to month, I read 'From Behind the Speaker's Chair,' I wonder that you, who seem to spend your days and nights in the House, still survive. Are you not really bored to death? Is not flesh a weariness and the grasshopper a burden?"

We have no grasshoppers in the House of Commons, though last Session a mouse looked in and momentarily concentrated upon itself the attention of a crowded Legislature. Towards the end of a prolonged Session—and



"A GRASSHOPPER."

last August, with brief intermission, the House of Commons counted twenty months' hard labour—things don't look so bright as they did. But for a sufficiently good reason the House of Commons never palls upon me beyond the influence of a passing hour of dreariness. The reason is that, like the sea, it is never to be counted upon for prolongation of a particular mood or a current aspect. At one moment it may be in a condition depicted by the disappointed visitor on his way to Bombay. The next it may break forth into a burst of merry laughter; may be moved to enthusiastic cheering or shouts of execration; may even be lashed into a state of tumult such as that which made memorable a night in June in the Home Rule Session of 1893. At its best the House of Commons in dramatic qualities exceeds any Assembly in the world. At its worst it is, in truth, deadly dull. But even in the depths of dullness, the seeing eye may discern some touch of human interest.

Here is a note from Mr. Archibald Forbes, whose knowledge is extensive and peculiar. It relates to a House of Commons' story, told in a former number, wherein a Conservative member, living in Whitehall Court, endeavoured to obtain permission to drive through the Horse Guards archway. According to the smoking-room story, he was told that that was impossible, the privilege being reserved for Royalty and a few highly-placed personages connected with the War Office. But he might be made an Irish peer.

"The actual story," writes Mr. Forbes, "is of the George III. period. Robert Smith, the banker, and ancestor of the present Lord Carrington, had a house whose back, with the usual garden in front of it, faced the Green Park on its eastern side. He desired to have an entrance into the park from his garden, and petitioned the King to that effect through the proper channel. 'I cannot grant him this privilege,' said old George, 'but I shall be very glad to make him an Irish peer instead.' So Smith became Lord Carrington in the Irish peerage, and a year later received a peerage of U.K."

Another correspondent on the same subject writes to say that he first heard the story twenty-seven years ago.

Mr. William Lincoln sends from Ely a note which seems to settle an important controversy. Was the Brobdingnagian check pattern of Lord Brougham's trousers a figment of the fancy of Mr. *Punch*, or did they actually exist? Says Mr. Lincoln:—

"Among his lordship's enthusiastic admirers was a Huddersfield manufacturer, who, having turned out a remarkably good shepherd's plaid trousering, sent him a piece with compliments. He had a pair of trousers made from it, and when these were worn out, having the cloth still by him, he just had another pair, and so on to the end of his days. My informant, a friend of thirty-five years' standing, was a Huddersfield man, and what may be still more to the purpose, I saw his lordship wearing a pair during what must have been his last public appearance on a platform at Newcastle some time in the sixties. He was then a mild-mannered, genial old gentleman, and as I listened to his old man's saws, it was hard to believe he could ever have been the fiery advocate of Queen Caroline, the indomitable Henry Brougham! *Sed quantum mutatus ab illo.*

"The enormous pattern was just the 'touch of exaggeration essential to success in caricature,' but the basis was shepherd's plaid."

THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE HOUSE. It seems a quite unnecessary task to impose upon the over-burdened Speaker the necessity of waiting about to whatever hour of night or morning may be necessary in order to declare the adjournment of the House of Commons. When the House is in Committee upon a large and intricate measure, such as the Home Rule Bill

or the Budget Bill, the Chairman of Committees takes the chair immediately after questions are disposed of—that is, between four and five in the afternoon—and remains at his post till midnight. Thereupon, under existing rules, progress is reported, the Chairman leaves the chair, the Speaker is brought in, and the Chairman, standing by the steps of the chair, reports progress. As with certain exceptions no opposed business may be taken after midnight, all the Speaker has to do is to run through the orders of the day (that is, to read the list of Bills put down for the sitting), and, these being severally postponed, the House is adjourned within a space of five minutes.

“Why,” common persons would inquire, “should the Speaker, in such circumstances, not be free for the whole of the evening—at liberty to go to bed when he pleases?” The reason is the uncertainty of what may momentarily arise in the House of Commons. Not only does the Speaker await the midnight call to proceed to the adjournment, but he does not feel himself at liberty to leave his House all through the long hours the Committee is pegging away under the presidency of the Chairman.

The necessity for this hard-and-fast line was demonstrated on the occasion of the great fight on the Closure in Committee on the Home Rule Bill. That sprang up like a whirlwind. Had the Speaker not been within call when a messenger was sent to summon him, a deplorable scene must have reached still lower depths.

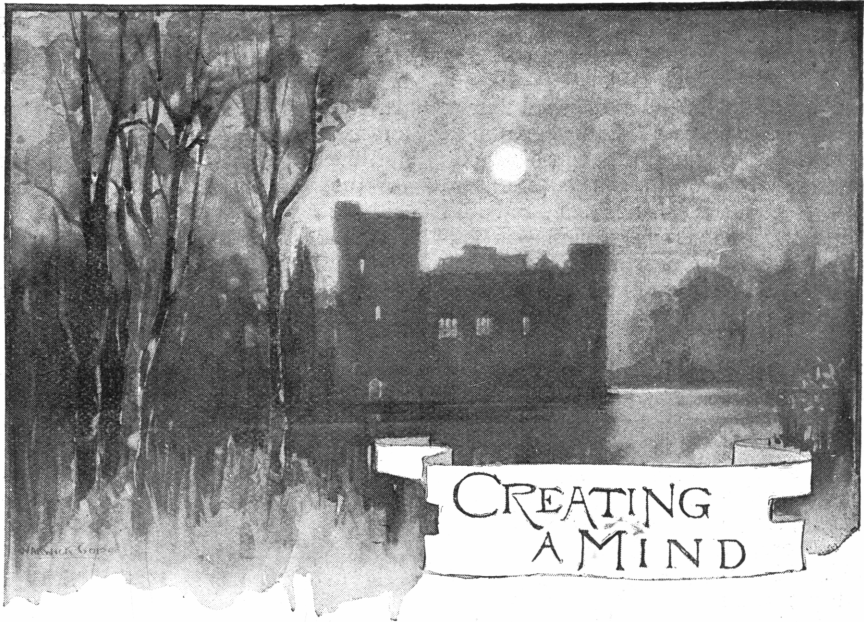
As it was, the call was so sudden and the hurry so urgent, that when the Speaker took the chair he had no definite knowledge of the circumstances that led up to the tumult, a condition of things Mr. Peel, with his customary presence of mind and infinite skill, put to ready use. When members showed a disposition to go back on what had immediately followed upon the interruption of Mr. Chamberlain’s speech, the Speaker said he had no information on the subject, and declined to permit discussion.

That was an exceptional case; but it is an exception which achieves the customary function of proving the rule. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the Speaker might finally retire from the scene when the House resumes Committee on a big Government Bill. On the hundredth his return to the chair is imperatively needed.



Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.



HARTLEY CASTLE.

BY L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

THE extraordinary story which I am about to tell happened a few years ago. I was staying for a short time in a small village in Warwickshire, and was called up suddenly one evening to see the Squire of the place, who had met with a bad accident and was lying in an almost unconscious condition at his own house. The local doctor happened to be away, and my services were eagerly demanded. Under the circumstances, there was nothing for it but to comply. I stepped into the brougham sent for me to the village inn, and, after a very short drive, found myself at Hartley Castle. It was an ancient, castellated pile, and village gossip had already informed me that it had been the property of the Norreys family for hundreds of years. The night was a bright and moonlight one in July, and as I drove down the straight avenue and passed under a deep archway into a large courtyard, I caught my first distinct view of the house.

As soon as ever the carriage drew up at the front door an old servant in livery flung it open, and I saw in the background a lady waiting with some nervousness to receive me.

She came forward at once, and held out her hand.

"Dr. Halifax, I presume?"

I bowed.

"I have heard of you," she said. "It is a lucky chance for us that brings you to Hartley just now. I am Miss Norreys. My father was thrown from his horse two hours ago. He seems to be very ill, and is unable to move. When he was first discovered lying in the avenue he was unconscious, but he is able to speak now, and knows what is going on—he seems, however, to be in great discomfort, in short—" she broke off abruptly, and her thin, colourless face turned paler.

"Can I see the patient?" I interrupted.

"Oh, yes," she replied; "I will take you to him immediately—come this way, please."

I followed Miss Norreys up some shallow stairs, which led into the Squire's bedroom.

I found my patient stretched flat in the centre of the bed. A manservant and an elderly woman, whom Miss Norreys addressed as Connor, were standing at a little distance. One of the windows was thrown open for air, and the bed-curtains were flung back.

When I approached him, Squire Norreys

fixed two rather fierce and strained black eyes upon my face—he was breathing with extreme difficulty, and it required but a brief glance to show me that he was suffering from injury to the spinal cord.

I bent over my patient and asked him a few questions. He replied to them in a perfectly rational manner, although his words came out slowly and with effort. He gave me a brief account of the accident, and said that his last conscious impression was falling somewhat heavily near the nape of the neck. When he recovered consciousness, he found himself lying in bed.

"What is the matter with me?" he asked, when he had finished making his brief statement.

"You are suffering from injury to the spinal cord," I answered. "I cannot tell yet what the extent of your injuries may be, but I hope they are not very serious, and that after a time your most uncomfortable symptoms will abate."

"I find it hard—to breathe," he said, with a gasp. Then he closed his eyes, being evidently too exhausted for further conversation.

Miss Norreys asked me to come with her into another room. I did so, and when there briefly described the case to her.

"My opinion is, that the paralysis will pass off before long," I said. "I do not think that any serious effusion of blood into the spinal cord has taken place. The brain, too, is absolutely clear, which is an excellent symptom. Of course, if the Squire is not better to-morrow, I should like to consult a specialist—now there is nothing to be done but to apply the simple remedies which I have ordered, and to watch him."

"I will sit up," said Miss Norreys.

"You must do as you please, of course,"

I replied; "but as I am here, it is scarcely necessary."

"I should prefer it," she answered.

I did not argue the point with her, and half an hour later took my place by my patient's bedside. Miss Norreys occupied an easy chair in a distant part of the room, and the old servant, Connor, sat within call in the dressing-room. The night passed without any special incident—the patient was restless and suffered much from thirst and want of breath. Towards morning he dropped off into an uneasy sleep—from this he awoke with a sudden sharp cry.

"Where am I?"

he asked, in a husky whisper.

I bent over him instantly.

"In bed," I answered. "You have had a fall and have hurt yourself—I am sitting with you."

"I remember now," he said: "you are a doctor, are you not?"

"Yes—my name is Halifax—I am taking care of you for the present; Dr. Richards, your family doctor, being away. Drink this, please, and lie still. You will soon, I trust, be much better."

I held a drink to the Squire's thirsty lips. He drained it off eagerly, then looked past me into the dark recesses of the room.

"Is that Orian in that chair?" he asked, a queer, startled quiver coming into his voice.

"No, father, it's me," replied Miss Norreys, alarm in her tone.

"I made a mistake," he answered. He closed his eyes, giving vent as he did so to a heavy sigh. A moment or two later he fell into a natural sleep.

In the morning I thought him better, and told Miss Norreys so.

"I am convinced," I said, "that the injury is only slight, and that the symptoms of



"'WHERE AM I?' HE ASKED."

paralysis will diminish instead of increasing. There is no present necessity for calling in a specialist, but I should like your father's family physician, Dr. Richards, to be telegraphed for. He knows his constitution and, in any case, ought to be here to take charge of his patient."

"I will telegraph for him," said Miss Norreys; "but I hope, Dr. Halifax," she continued after a pause, "that you will not resign the care of my father for the present."

"I will remain with your father, with pleasure," I replied; "but it is only just to Dr. Richards to consult him, and I should like him to be telegraphed for."

Miss Norreys promised to see to this immediately: the telegram was sent off, and a reply reached us within an hour or two. The family doctor was laid up with a severe chill in a distant part of the country, and could not return to Hartley for another day at least.

"That settles the matter, then," said Miss Norreys, with a sigh of relief. She was a wiry-looking woman, with a nervous expression of face. Her age might have been forty: her hair was thin, her brow deeply furrowed. It was easy to guess that trouble had visited this poor lady, and that even now she lived under its shadow.

The special nature of that trouble I was quickly to learn.

As the day advanced Squire Norreys grew distinctly better. His upper limbs were still completely paralyzed, but his breathing was less laboured, and the expression of anxiety and apprehension on his face less marked. When the evening arrived I was able to give a good report of my patient to his daughter.

"I have every hope that your father will completely recover," I said. "The effusion of blood into the cord, which is the symptom most to be dreaded in such an accident, is slight, and is being quickly absorbed. Of course, it will be necessary for a long time to keep the patient free from the slightest care or worry."

I paused here. Squire Norrey's face was not a placid one. There were fretful lines round the mouth, and many furrows surrounded the deeply set and piercing eyes. I remembered, too, the name he had spoken suddenly in the night, and the tone of consternation in which his daughter had assured him of his mistake.

"Undue excitement, worry, indiscretion of any sort, would be bad for him now," I said, "and might easily lead to dangerous symptoms."

Miss Norreys, who had been looking at me fixedly while I was speaking, turned very pale. She was silent for a moment, then she said, with passion:—

"It is so easy for doctors to order a sort of paradise for their patients—it is so difficult on this earth to secure it for them. How can I guarantee that my father will not be worried? Nay——" she stopped—a flood of crimson swept over her face—"I know he will be worried. Worry, care, sorrow, are the lot of all. If worry, care, and sorrow are to cause dangerous symptoms, then he is a doomed man."

"I am sorry to hear you speak so," I replied. "Your words seem to point to some special trouble—can nothing be done to remove it?"

"Nothing," she answered, shutting up her lips tightly. She moved away as she spoke, and I returned to my patient.

The following night Squire Norreys and I again spent together. He was restless and there was a certain amount of fever. Soon after midnight, however, he quieted down and sank into heavy slumber. About three in the morning, I was sitting, half dozing, by his bedside, when something made me start up wide awake. I saw that the Squire's eyes were open—a second glance showed me, however, that though the eyes were open, the man himself was still in the shadowy land of dreams—he looked past me without seeing me—his eyes smiled, his strong under-lip shook.

"Is that you, Orian?" he said. "Come and kiss me, child—ah, that's right. You have been a long time away—kiss me again—I have missed you—yes, a good bit—yes, yes——" He closed his eyes, continuing his dream with satisfaction reflected all over his face.

Who was Orian? It was not difficult to guess that, whoever she was, she had something to do with the Squire's too evident distress of mind. In the morning, as my custom was, I resolved to take the bull by the horns. I should be in a better position to help my patient if I knew exactly what ailed him—I determined to speak openly to Miss Norreys.

"Your father is going on well," I said, "but his improvement would be even more marked if his mind were at rest."

"What do you mean?" she stammered.

"You gave me a hint yesterday," I said—"you hinted at something being wrong. In the night the Squire had a dream—he spoke in his dream with great passion and feeling

to someone whom he called Orian—he seemed to find great relief in her presence. Is that your name?”

Miss Norreys was standing when I spoke to her—she now clutched hold of the back of the nearest chair to support herself.

“My name is Agnes,” she replied. “I knew, I guessed,” she continued—“I guessed, I hoped, that the old love was not dead. Did he speak to her, to Orian, as if he still loved her, Dr. Halifax?”

“Yes,” I replied. “Who is she?”

“I will tell you—come into my boudoir.”

She led me down a corridor and into a quaint little room furnished in old-fashioned style. Her movements were quick, her manner full of agitation. She hastily opened a davenport which stood against one of the walls, and took out a photograph in a velvet case.

“That is Orian’s picture,” she said, placing the photograph in my hand. “You will see for yourself that there is not much likeness between that young girl and me.”

I looked at the photograph with interest. It represented a tall, finely-made girl. Her face was dark, her eyes brilliant—the expression of her face was full of fire and spirit—her lips were beautifully curved, and were just touched with the dawn of a radiant smile. A glance was sufficient to show me that her beauty was of a remarkable and distinguished order.

“I will tell you Orian’s story in as few words as I possibly can,” said Miss Norreys. She sank down into a low chair as she spoke, and clasped her hands on her knees. I laid the photograph back on the table.

“We are step-sisters,” she began. “Orian’s mother died at her birth—she asked me to be a mother to her. I loved my step-mother, and the baby became like my own child. She grew up in this house as gay and bright and fresh as girl could be. From her earliest days, she was my father’s special darling and idol. It would have been impossible anywhere to meet a more winsome, daring, fascinating creature. The Squire is kind at heart—yes, I will always maintain that; but he has a somewhat fierce and overbearing manner—at times also his temper is irritable. Most people show a little fear of the Squire. Orian never feared anybody, and her father least of all. She would go about the place hanging on his arm. She would sit on his knee in the evening; she would ride with him all over the property—those two were scarcely ever apart, and a look, a glance from Orian would

soothe the old man in his most irritable moods. Her entrance into the room was like a ray of sunshine to my father.

“We all felt her influence,” continued Miss Norreys, with a heavy sigh; “her brightness made the old place gay; she was liked by young and old, rich and poor alike. Never was there a more warm-hearted, spirited, and brilliant girl. She could sing like a lark, and had also a considerable talent for art. My father would not allow her to go to school, but the best masters from Leamington used to come here to instruct her.

“Amongst them was a young man of the name of Seymour: he was an artist, and seemed to have talent above the average. He came here once a week to give Orian lessons, and he and she, in my company, used to go out to sketch. I liked him and was interested in his future; he expected to do great things with his art by-and-by. Orian and I were both interested in his day-dreams. Although poor, he was quite a gentleman, and was good-looking and refined in appearance.

“When my sister was nearly eighteen, my father came to me one day in order to make a confidence. There was no male heir to inherit the estates, but the property was not entailed, and the Squire could leave it to whom he pleased. He knew that I inherited a considerable fortune from my mother, also that I had no wish for matrimony. My father told me on this occasion that he wished Orian to marry well and young, and that he intended her eldest son to take the name of Norreys and be his heir. He further told me that he had fixed upon the man who was to be the child’s husband—a Sir Hugo Price, whose property adjoins ours. Sir Hugo had fallen in love with Orian, and a day or two before this conversation had asked my father’s permission to woo her and win her if he could.

“I was startled, and begged for longer time—my father, who never could brook the slightest opposition, became indignant, and firmly declared that the marriage should take place before the year was out. I thought Orian would settle matters by refusing to have anything to do with Sir Hugo Price, who was considerably her senior, and whom she never had shown the least partiality for. To my surprise, however, she made little or no opposition. She consented to be engaged to Sir Hugo, and the wedding was to take place immediately after her eighteenth birthday. The whole county was invited to Orian’s wedding—no prepara-

tions were too great to do honour to such a bridal.

"The night before, however, quite late, the bride stole into my room; she flung her arms round my neck, kissed me, and burst into violent weeping. I guessed at once that she was in trouble, but she would not confide in me. I could do nothing but soothe and pet



"I GUESSED AT ONCE SHE WAS IN TROUBLE."

her, and after a time she wiped away her tears, kissed me again, and went away.

"The next morning, you can imagine our consternation—the house was full of wedding guests, the bridegroom arrived in good time, but there was no bride for him to marry. My sister could not be found—she had left Hartley Castle, how and when no one seemed to know. I learned long afterwards that our old servant Connor was in the secret, but nothing would have induced her to breathe a word which might injure her darling. I can never tell you what that terrible day was like. The next morning a letter in Orian's handwriting arrived by post—it bore a London post-mark, and was addressed to my father. He read it standing by the hearth in this room. When he had finished it, he placed it in my hands, and said, abruptly:—

"She has made her bed and she shall lie on it. I forbid you to mention your sister's name again to me, Agnes."

"He left the room as he spoke; when he had gone I read the poor child's brief words. She was now, she said, the wife of Charles Seymour, the young artist who had given her drawing lessons the previous summer, and to whom she had long been secretly and passionately attached. Nothing, she said, could bring her to marry Sir Hugo Price, but as she knew that her father would never consent to her engagement to Mr. Seymour, she was forced to take this cowardly way of securing her own happiness.

"Yes," she said, in conclusion, "I know what I have done is cowardly, and I fear it will be a long time before you forgive me; still, I do not repent."

"There was no address on poor Orian's letter. I offered to return it to my father—he took it from my hands with a great oath, and, tearing it into shreds, flung the pieces on the fire.

"I forbid you to mention your sister's name to me," he said, "and, what is more, I lay my commands on you never to write to her or to have any further dealings with her of any sort whatsoever—if you do, you can also go."

"Of course I could not leave my father—he wanted me during those fearful days of suffering more than he had any idea of.

"A year after the marriage the birth of Orian's son was announced in the *Times*. My father was the first to see the announcement. He pointed it out to me with a trembling finger. He had aged greatly during the year, and his temper, always irritable, was sometimes almost unbearable. He showed me the announcement of the child's birth now, and abruptly left the breakfast-table.

"That evening, however, to my great surprise, he came and spoke to me.

"I never go back on my word," he said. "Orian is exactly to me as if she were dead. She gave me up, and I give her up, but there is no reason why her son should not inherit the property."

"My heart gave a leap at the words.

"What do you mean, father?" I asked.

"What I say," he replied. "Orian has a son: he can take our name, he can be educated here—I can make him my heir, and he can inherit Hartley Castle after me—that is, if he is in all respects presentable—strong in limb and sound in intellect. Write to your sister, Agnes, and tell her to

send the child here for me to see when he is a year old—write to-night, do you hear me?’

“I promised gladly—that evening my letter was posted. I begged of my poor sister to consider the splendid prospect for her child, and to think well before she refused the Squire’s offer. Her answer came back within a fortnight.

“‘I was glad to hear from you again,’ she said; ‘your letter satisfied some of my heart hunger, but not all. Only a letter from my father himself could do that. I have called the boy Cyril, after my father—he is in every respect a noble child. I should like him to inherit the old place. If my father will allow me to bring him myself to Hartley Castle, when he is a year old, and if at the same time he will forgive me for having married the man whom I really love, my baby Cyril shall be his heir—if not, my husband and I would prefer to keep our boy to ourselves.’

“I showed this letter to the Squire, whose face turned crimson as he read it.

“‘I never go back on my word,’ he said, ‘tell her that from me. If the boy is presentable I’ll have him, but I’ll have nothing to do with her, or the miserable pauper whom she has married.’

“I was obliged to write to Orian to tell her that there was no chance of a reconciliation for her or her husband. She never answered my letter. Months went by; the boy’s first birthday passed without my sister making any sign. Then, one day, I had a short letter from Orian. It ran as follows:—

“‘My husband is ill; I am in great anxiety. If my father still wishes to see little Cyril, I will send him to Hartley Castle when he is two years old.’

“I showed the letter to the Squire.

“‘Aye, tell her to send him,’ he responded.

“‘Won’t you give her a kind word, father? She is in dreadful trouble,’ I pleaded.

“‘I have nothing to do with her,’ he answered; ‘she is dead to me.’ He turned on his heel as he spoke, slamming the door after him.

“I wrote to my sister, telling her to send the child as soon as she could. My father never mentioned him again, but I saw by the expression in his eyes and by the eager way in which he watched when the post arrived each morning, that in reality he was always thinking of the child. One day I saw the announcement of Charles Seymour’s death in the *Times*. I rushed into my father’s study, holding the open paper in my hands.

“‘I know what you are going to tell me,’ he exclaimed when he saw me. ‘I looked

at the *Times* before breakfast—the fellow’s death is nothing to me.’

“‘But Orian,’ I interrupted.

“‘How often am I to tell you that she is dead to me?’ he replied.

“I turned away. As I was leaving the room he called after me.

“‘When do you expect that child to be sent here, Agnes?’

“‘He was to have come after his second birthday,’ I answered, ‘but it is scarcely likely that poor Orian will find herself able to part with him now.’

“My father stared at me when I said this; then, whistling to one of his dogs, he walked out of the room. On the child’s birthday a letter arrived from his mother. It contained a photograph of the boy and a few words.

“‘I am sending baby’s photograph,’ she wrote. ‘Perhaps my father will be able to judge by it whether the child is sufficiently presentable to inherit the property. At any rate, I cannot spare the boy himself for the present.’

“She made no allusion whatever to her husband’s death. I took the photograph and letter to my father. He read the letter through and then scanned the photograph eagerly.

“‘As far as I can see there is nothing amiss with the little chap,’ he said; ‘but you don’t suppose, Agnes, I am such a fool as to choose my heir from a photograph. Tell your sister to send the boy here with his nurse—I will defray the expense. After I have seen him, his mother can have him back again if she fancies it, until he is five or six years of age. If I adopt him as my heir, I will give a suitable allowance for his maintenance. You can mention that when you write.’

“I took the photograph and letter away with me, and wrote as I was bidden. A reply came within a week.

“‘I cannot fix any date for sending the child to Hartley Castle,’ wrote my sister. ‘As I said in my last letter, I do not wish to part with him at present. It is possible that I may send him in a few months for my father to see, but I do not make any definite promise.’

“That letter arrived about six months ago—the boy is now two and a half years of age, and we have not yet seen him. My father, I can see, lives in a constant state of fret and irritation. He often threatens to make his will, leaving the property to a distant relation, but for some unaccountable reason he never takes any active steps in the matter. You



"HE SCANNED THE PHOTOGRAPH EAGERLY."

speak of this anxiety being bad for him—what can I possibly do to remove it?"

"I should recommend you to see Mrs. Seymour," I replied, "and to find out for yourself what is her real objection to sending the boy here. I am firmly convinced that at bottom your father still retains a real and deep affection for her. I have known characters like his before. Such men will rather die than allow their indomitable pride to be conquered. The presence of the child might work wonders, and for every reason he ought to be sent for immediately."

Miss Norreys stood up in great anxiety and indecision.

"If I only dared to do it," I heard her murmur under her breath.

She had scarcely said these words when a rustling noise in the passage caused Miss Norreys to turn her head quickly—a look of eager and startled expectation suddenly filled her eyes. The next instant the room door was flung hastily open, and the disturbed face of the old servant, Connor, appeared—she rushed into the room, exclaiming, in an agitated way:—

"Oh, Miss Norreys, I hope you'll forgive me—I never, never thought she'd be so mad

and wilful. What is to be done, miss? Oh, suppose the Squire finds out!"

Before Miss Norreys had time to utter a word a tall, gracefully-made young woman, in deep widow's mourning, followed her into the room; behind the young widow came a nurse carrying a child. One glance told me who the widow and child were.

"Oh, Miss Orian, you shouldn't have come back like this," called out the old servant.

"Nonsense, Connor," she replied, in an imperious but sweet voice; "could I stay away, when you telegraphed that my father was so ill? Give me baby, nurse, and go away, please. Aggie, this is baby—this is little Cyril—I have brought him at last, and I have come myself. Connor telegraphed to me yesterday about my father's accident—she said his life was in danger. Aggie, kiss me. Oh, I have been so hungry for you, and for the old house, and for my dear father most of all. I

was too proud to come to him until yesterday—but now—now—yes he *shall* forgive me—I'll go on my knees to him—I'll—Oh, Aggie, don't look at me with such startled eyes—I have suffered—I do suffer horribly. Aggie, I am desolate—and—and—*here is baby.*"

There was a wild sort of entreaty in her words and in the way she held the child out as she spoke. He was a heavy boy, but her young arms seemed made of iron. As to poor Miss Norreys, she was too stunned to reply. She stood with clasped hands gazing up pitifully at her sister.

"Take baby, Connor," said the younger woman. "Oh, Aggie, how old and worn you are. There, come to me, come into my arms." In a moment her strong young arms were swept round Miss Norreys' slight figure. She took the little lady into her embrace as though she were a child. Her long black widow's dress swept round her sister as she held her head on her breast.

Presently I went upstairs to sit with my patient. The improvement which I have already spoken of was more marked each time I saw him. The Squire's eyes were bright, and I saw by their expression that his mind was actively at work.



"SHE TOOK THE LITTLE LADY INTO HER EMBRACE."

"I fancied I heard carriage wheels," he said; "has anyone come?"

I was about to make a soothing reply, which should lead his thoughts from dangerous ground, when, to my extreme consternation and amazement, Miss Norreys entered the room, carrying her sister's little boy in her arms. I would have motioned her back if I could, but I was too late—the Squire had seen the boy—I saw him start violently—all the upper part of his body was still completely paralyzed, but the features of his face worked with agitation, and a wave of crimson mounted to his brow.

"Keep yourself calm," I said to him in a firm voice. "I cannot answer for the consequences if you allow yourself to get excited. Miss Norreys, you ought not to have brought that child into the room without my permission."

The poor lady gave me a piteous glance; her eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

"Let me see the youngster," exclaimed the Squire. "Bring him over to the bed, Agnes. I know who he is—he is Orian's boy—she has sent him here at last. Heavens! what a

look of the family the little chap has—he is a Norreys, not a doubt of that."

Miss Norreys stood with her back to the light.

"Bring him round to the other side of the bed," said the Squire, "and let me have a good look at him."

Miss Norreys obeyed with some unwillingness.

The full light now streamed on the child's face—it was beautiful enough to please anyone—the features were perfect, the contour aristocratic—the full eyes were lovely in colouring and shape; and yet—and yet it needed but one glance to tell me that no soul looked from the little fellow's tranquil gaze, that, in short, the mind in that poor little casket was a sealed book. The beautiful boy was looking at no one: he was gazing straight out of the window up at the sky. Presently the faintest of smiles trembled round his lips, but did not reach his serene eyes.

"He's a fine little chap," said the Squire, "but—" there was a fearful pause. "How old is he, Agnes?"

"Quite a baby, as you can see," said Miss Norreys.

"Folly," said the Squire; "he's over two—put him on the bed."

Miss Norreys obeyed.

The boy sat upright where he was placed, he never glanced at his grandfather, but his eyes followed the light.

"He's a fine little chap," repeated the old man; "very like us, but—when did you say he came, Agnes?"

"About half an hour ago," she replied, with firmness. "He's a lovely boy," she repeated; "he is as beautiful as an angel."

The Squire knit his brows—his face was getting flushed, his keen, sharp eyes looked from the crown of the child's head to his daintily clothed feet.

"Take him away," he said, suddenly. His voice was harsh, there was a tremble in it.

I motioned to Miss Norreys to obey. She lifted the little fellow into her arms again, and carried him out of the room.

The moment the door closed behind them, Squire Norreys turned to me.

"You are a doctor," he said, "and you know what's up."

I made no reply.

"That boy's an idiot," said the Squire—"he's a beautiful idiot—he's no heir for me—don't mention him again."

"There is something the matter with the child," I said; "what, I cannot exactly tell you without giving him an examination. As

he is in the house, I should like to go carefully into his case, and will let you know my true opinion as soon as possible."

"Aye, do," said the Squire; "but you know just as well as I do, Halifax, that the unfortunate child has got no mind—that accounts—that accounts——" he paused—the pink spots grew brighter on his cheeks.

"I must send for my man of business," he said, speaking with great excitement, "I cannot rest until I have made a suitable disposal of my property—the dream about that child inheriting it is at an end."

"Now listen to me," I said, in a firm voice; "unless you wish your heir, whoever he may be, to step into possession at once, you are to attend to no business at present. You have met with a serious accident—a very little more, and your life would have been the forfeit—as it is, you are making a splendid recovery, but excitement and worry will throw you back. In short, if you do not remain quiet, I cannot be answerable for the consequences. With care and prudence, you may live to manage your own property for many years. I am very sorry that you saw that little fellow to-day—the thing was done without my permission. I am going downstairs, however, to examine him thoroughly, and will give you my verdict on his case when next I see you. Now you are to take your medicine and go to sleep. Nurse, come into the room, please."

The professional nurse whom I had engaged to help me entered from the dressing-room. I gave her some directions, desired her to admit no one, and went downstairs.

Miss Norreys was anxiously waiting for me—she came out of her boudoir to meet me.

"Is my father worse?" she asked.

"I hope not," I replied; "but why did you bring that child into his room without my permission, Miss Norreys?"

"Oh, it was Orian," she replied; "she would not be reasonable—she seemed carried out of herself by excitement and distress. It was as much as I could do to keep her from bringing the boy to my father herself. Of course, I know *now* why she kept him away all these months; but she thought—she hoped—that my father might not notice how things were with the child while he was so ill himself."

"You both did very wrong," I answered. "Of course, Mr. Norreys could not fail to observe the child's strange condition. By the way, I should like to see the boy again."

"Orian is only too anxious to consult you

about him," replied Miss Norreys. "Will you come in here?"

She led me again into her boudoir, said, in a husky voice, "I have brought Dr. Halifax to see you, Orian," and closed the door behind us.

Mrs. Seymour was standing near one of the windows—the boy sat on a sofa facing the light. He was looking as usual up at the sky. The mother started when she heard my name, and gave me a quick glance.

"Come here," she said; "you can see him well from here. He won't mind—he never notices, never—he loves the light, he hates the dark—he has no other loves or hatreds. It's easy to satisfy him, isn't it?"

She glanced at me again as she said the last words, tears brimming over in her eyes.

"My sister tells me that you know something of my story, Dr. Halifax," she continued. "I have heard of your name, and I am glad to make your acquaintance. Agnes wishes me to consult you about the boy, but I do not think there is anything to consult about. Anyone can see what is wrong—he has no mind. He is just beautiful, and he is alive. Even the cleverest doctors cannot give baby a mind, can they?"

"I should like to ask you a few questions about him," I said in reply.

I sat down as I spoke and took the boy on my knee. He did not make the slightest objection to my handling him, but when I turned his face away for a moment from the bright light which streamed in from the window, a spasm of unrest seemed to pass over it. I felt the little head carefully; there was no doubt whatever that the child's intellect was terribly impaired: one arm and one foot also turned inwards—an invariable sign of idiocy.

While I examined the child the mother stood perfectly still. Her hands were locked tightly together; her attitude was almost as impassive as that of the baby himself.

She had expressed no hope a moment before, but when I looked up at her now, her "Well?" came in a hoarse and eager whisper.

"I can tell you exactly what is the matter," I said; "the state of the child's head makes the case abundantly clear. He is a very finely made child—see his shoulders, and the size of his limbs generally—observe, however, how small his head is in proportion to the rest of his frame. That smallness is at the root of the mischief. The little fellow is suffering from premature ossification of the cranial bones. In short, his brain is imprisoned behind those hard bones and cannot

grow. The bones I refer to should, at his tender age, be *open*, to allow proper expansion of the growing brain."

"He was born like that," said Mrs. Seymour. "The nurse told me so when he was a few days old. She said that most babies have a soft spot on the top of the head, but my boy had none."

"When he was quite an infant, did you notice anything peculiar about him?"

"He was very bright and intelligent until he was three or four months old."

"Yes," I continued: "and after that?"

"One day he was taken with a violent attack of screaming, which ended in a sort of fit—we sent for a doctor, who attributed the convulsions to teething, but after that the child's mind seemed to make no progress. He still knew me, however, and used to smile faintly when I approached him. This continued for some time, but of late he has ceased to notice anyone—in fact, as I said just now, the only pleasure he has is in turning to the light. Oh, his case is hopeless, and," she added, with passion, "he is all I have got."

Tears gathered in her eyes, but none fell—she turned her head away to hide her emotion. When she looked at me again her manner was quite quiet.

"My father has offered to make the little fellow his heir," she said; "but, of course, after to-day, he will put such an idea out of his head. I do not think I care very much now whether Cyril is his heir or not, but I should be glad, if in any way possible, to have a reconciliation with my father."

"I am afraid you must not see him to-day," I answered; "it would never do for him to know that you are in the house. He is going on well, so you need not be anxious about him, but you must have patience with regard to seeing him. As to the child," I continued, "most people would consider his case hopeless, but I am not at all sure that I do."

"What can you mean?" she exclaimed.



"WELL?"

"Cyril's case not hopeless! Surely I don't hear you aright—not hopeless! Speak, Dr. Halifax—your words excite me—speak, tell me what you mean."

"I will tell you after I have considered matters a little," I said. "An idea has occurred to me—it is a daring one; when you hear of the thought which has visited me, you may recoil from it in horror, but I cannot divulge it, even to you, until I have thought it over carefully. I will see you again on the subject in an hour or two."

A brilliant rose-colour had come into Mrs. Seymour's cheeks, her beautiful eyes grew full of light.

"You think that I won't consent," she said, "to *anything* that offers a gleam of hope! Oh, think out your plan as quickly as possible and let me know."

I said I would do so—my heart ached with profound pity for her. I went out of the house and took a long walk. During the walk my idea took shape and form. The child's case was so hopeless that, surely, strong measures were justifiable which had even the most remote possibility of giving him relief. I felt inclined to do what had not to my knowledge been yet attempted, namely, to try to give release to the imprisoned brain.

When I entered the house the Squire was awake, and was asking to see me. I went up to him at once. He was no worse, and the eagerness which filled his eyes to learn my news with regard to the boy made me resolve to speak to him quite openly on the subject. I gave him a brief account of what I considered the state of the case—then I told him what I wished my line of treatment to be.

"I propose," I said, standing up as I spoke, for the thought of what I was about to do filled my mind with profound interest—"I propose to open the casket where the child's mind is now tightly bound up, and so to give the brain a chance of expansion."

"I don't understand you," said the Squire.

"It is difficult for me to explain to you

the exact nature of the operation which I hope his mother may permit me to perform," I continued. "I admit that it is an experiment, and a tremendous one; but I know a clever surgeon who can give me invaluable assistance, and, in short, I am prepared to undertake it."

"Suppose you don't succeed," said the Squire, "then the child——"

"The child may die under the operation," I said, "or he may live as he now is."

"And if successful?" continued Squire Norreys.

"Then he will be as other children."

The Squire was silent. After a long pause he said "And you think the mother will consent to such a risk?"

"I can but ask her," I responded; "I am inclined to believe that she will consent."

"You are a queer fellow, Halifax; your enthusiasm excites even my admiration; but pray, why do you tell me all this?"

"Because I want you to abide the result of the operation."

"How long, supposing everything goes well, shall I have to wait?"

"Between three and six months."

"I may be in my grave before then."

"Not likely—you are already better. Nothing will be so good for you as hope. Live on hope for the next six months, and give your heir a chance."

"You're a queer man," repeated the Squire. He said nothing further, but I knew by his manner that he was prepared to abide by the issue of the operation.

I saw Mrs. Seymour soon afterwards, and explained to her as fully as I could the idea which had taken possession of me.

My few words of the morning had already given her hope. She listened to me now with an enthusiasm which gave me as much pain as pleasure—her longings, her passionate desires, had already swept fear out of sight—

she was eager, excited, restless, longing for me to try my skill upon the child. I told her that my idea was to divide certain portions of bone in the skull, so as to allow the closed-in brain to expand properly.

"It seems to me," I said, "the common-sense view of the matter to take some steps to give the cramped brain room for expansion. The child is healthy. With extreme care, and with all that surgical skill can devise, I cannot see why such an operation should not succeed. At the same time I must

not mince the matter; if it fails, there is danger, great danger, to life."

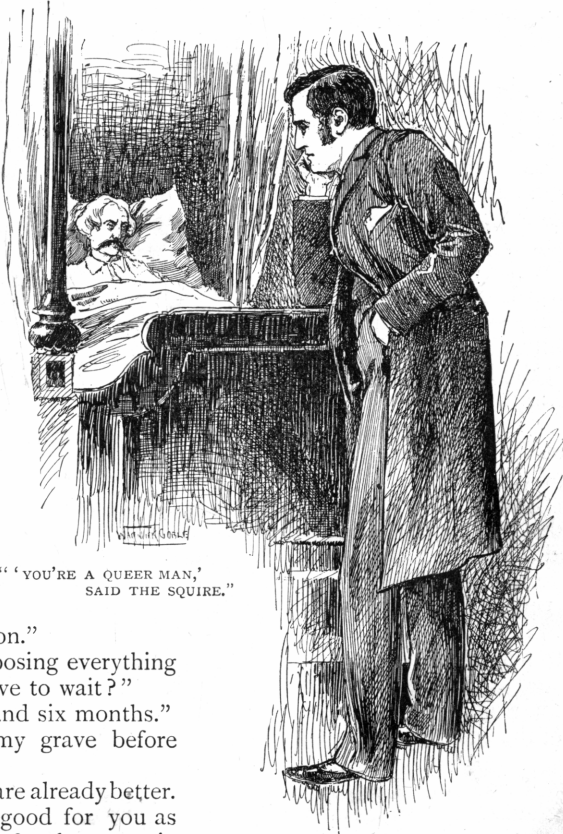
The boy was seated in a perfectly impassive attitude on his mother's knee. She squeezed him close to her when I said this, and gave me a quick glance from an eye of fire.

"The operation will not fail," she said.

"I believe it will succeed," I answered her. "In any case, I should advise it. The child's present case is so hopeless and deplorable that, in my opinion, very great risk is justifiable in any surgical interference which offers even a hope of cure."

"I consent," she exclaimed—she sprang up as she spoke, and still holding the boy to her breast, pulled one of his little arms round her neck—"I consent," she repeated. "If his father were alive, he would wish it. When can the operation be performed, Dr. Halifax?"

"As soon as possible," I answered. "Your father is now out of danger. Granted nothing unforeseen arises, he will completely recover from his accident—there is nothing to prevent my leaving him, more particularly as a telegram has arrived from Dr. Richards,



"'YOU'RE A QUEER MAN,' SAID THE SQUIRE."

who hopes to reach here this evening. I propose, therefore, that you and your boy return to London with me to-night. I can see Terrel, the surgeon whose assistance I wish to secure, to-morrow morning, and all arrangements for the operation can be quickly made."

"Very well," she replied, "I will be ready."

That night Mrs. Seymour, her nurse, and the boy accompanied me to London. We arrived there soon after midnight. Mrs. Seymour had rooms in Baker Street; and, when I saw her into a cab at Euston, I promised to call there at an early hour on the following morning.

I went to my own house to spend an almost sleepless night. Soon after eight o'clock on the following day I went off to see Terrel. He was one of the cleverest surgeons of my acquaintance, and I was anxious to talk the matter over with him in all its bearings. He was startled and amazed at what I proposed to do, but after much argument and consultation, admitted that my plan was feasible. The obvious common-sense view of opening the skull to give the imprisoned brain room for expansion appealed to him forcibly. He offered to give me all the help in his power, and we decided to perform the operation the following day.

I went straight from Terrel's house to Mrs. Seymour's lodgings, and told her of the arrangements we had made. She came to greet me with extended hands of welcome. The brightness of renewed hope still filled her eyes, but something in the expression of her face showed me that she had also passed a sleepless night.

Having described to her what preparations she ought to make, and further telling her that I would send in a good professional nurse to take charge of the case that evening, I went away.

The next morning Terrel and I, accompanied by the anæsthetist, arrived at the house. All was in readiness for the operation, and when we entered the bedroom where it was to take place, Mrs. Seymour appeared almost immediately, carrying the little boy in her arms.

"Kiss me," she said to him, eagerly—there was such passion in those words, that any spirit less firmly imprisoned must have responded to them. But light—light, was all that baby needed just then; as usual, his eyes turned to it. The mother pressed him to her heart, printed two kisses on his brow, and put him into my arms. Her look of eloquent pain and hope almost unmanned



"THE MOTHER PRESSED HIM TO HER HEART."

me. As she was leaving the room I had to turn my head aside.

Doctors, however, are a race of men who have little time to give way to mere sentiment. I soon turned with eagerness to the delicate task which lay before me. The baby was put immediately under an anæsthetic, and when he was unconscious I proceeded quickly with the operation. Briefly, what I did was somewhat as follows: Having laid back the coverings of the skull over those parts where I proposed to divide the bone, the long openings and the shorter transverses were successfully accomplished without injury to the delicate membranes underneath them, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the trenches which I had formed widening under my manipulation. Every detail of antiseptic dressing was carried out with scrupulous care, and the operation was finished without any untoward event. It took altogether an hour and a half. When I laid the little fellow back in his cot, and called the mother into the room, I felt sure that she knew by my face how hopeful I felt with regard to the result. She was white to the lips, however, and quite incapable of speech.

I left the house with the most extraordi-

narly mingled sensations of relief, triumph, and anxiety which I have ever experienced.

The suspense of the next few days can better be imagined than described. The gradual but sure dawning of hope, the fact that no bad symptoms appeared, the joy with which we noticed that the child rallied well! In three days my fears had nearly vanished. There was already an improvement in the child's intelligence—in a week's time this improvement was decisive. He no longer sat absolutely still—he began to take notice like other children—he ate and slept fairly well.

On the tenth day I dressed the wound, which was healing fast.

One month after the operation I heard the boy laugh—he turned his head away, too, when I entered the room, and hid his face shyly against his mother's breast. His behaviour, in short, was that of an ordinary infant of from six to eight months of age. Mrs. Seymour looked up at me on this occasion—my thoughts must have been plainly written on my face—for the first time during all these trying days she burst into tears.

"I cry because I am happy," she said, with a gasp in her voice. "He knows me, Dr. Halifax—baby knows his mother—you have seen for yourself how he has just distinguished between me and a comparative stranger."

"I congratulate you from my heart," I replied. "So far the success of the operation has been magnificent, but I should like to wait a little longer before I say anything to the Squire."

The months went by—the improvement in the child continued—the imprisoned brain developed with rapidity—the intellect seemed to expand with leaps and bounds. I saw the boy on his third birthday, and in every respect he was almost up to the average child of his age. I had made up my mind that the time had come to see Squire Norreys, when one day, a foggy one in late November, his card was put into my hand. I had just seen the last of my morning's patients, and was preparing to go out. I desired the servant to show the Squire into my consulting-room immediately. I could not help starting when he entered the room. He was a splendid-looking man of a type fast dying out. His olive complexion, his black eyes, and sweeping black moustache were in strong contrast to his abundant white hair, which was cut close to his head. There was no trace of weakness or illness about him now—he

walked into the room with a firm step, carrying his great height well. He gave me one of his keen glances and held out his hand.

"How do you do?" he said. "I happened to be in town, so I thought I'd call. I am, as you see, quite myself again."

"I am delighted to see that you are," I answered. "It needs but a glance to tell me that you have made a splendid recovery. Won't you sit down?"

"I am rather in a hurry," he replied. He took a seat nevertheless and looked at me. I saw the question in his eyes which his lips refused to ask.

"I am particularly glad to see you," I said. "The fact is, I was just about to write to you."

"It occurred to me that I might hear from you about now," he answered, in a would-be careless tone.

"Yes," I said, "I was going to propose to come to see you."

"Then," said the Squire, his voice getting a little rough, "you have news about—about my grandson?"

"Yes," I said; "I should like you to see him."

"Look here, Halifax," he exclaimed, eagerly, "is there any use in it? With all your cleverness, you know, you can't give a child like that a mind. I came here to-day because I gave you a sort of tacit promise that I would take no steps with regard to my property for a few months' time, but this kind of thing can't go on. I don't wish to lay up anxieties for a future death-bed: all must be settled now."

"All shall be settled now," I said. "Will you stay here, or will you come back again within an hour?"

"What do you mean? What folly is this?"

"Will you come back here within an hour and see your grandson? After seeing him you can then decide at once and for ever the question which worries you."

"You think him better, then?"

"I do."

"Remember, no half-witted person shall inherit Hartley Castle."

"The matter will lie in your own hands," I replied. "I should like you to see your grandson. I can bring him here within an hour; will you wait to see him?"

"All right," he replied.

My carriage was at the door—I jumped into it and drove straight to Baker Street. Mrs. Seymour was in. The boy was playing vigorously with a wooden cart and horse. He was using manly and emphatic action

with his wooden steed—he was, in fact, quite noisy and obstreperous. No trace of any wound disfigured his face—his wealth of beautiful curls was flung back from a white brow.

"Capital," I said, as I entered. "Now, Mrs. Seymour, I want to borrow this boy for an hour."

"Why?" she asked.

"His grandfather is waiting to see him at my house."

"Oh, then, I'm coming too," she said at once. "My father shan't have Cyril without me—I am resolved."

I stared at her for a moment—then I said: "Very well; get ready as fast as you can."

In three minutes' time we were driving back to Harley Street. The boy could not speak much yet, but he called his mother "Mummie," and constantly turned to look at her with eyes brim full of love. We entered the house, and I took the two straight into my consulting-room. The Squire started up when he saw them; a look which I can scarcely find words to describe filled his eyes—a sort of starved look, of sudden rapture; he scarcely glanced at the child, who walked as upright as a little soldier by his mother's side; all his gaze was given to her; he made an effort to frown and to be severe, but it was a poor pretence, after all.

"Cyril, this is your grandfather," said Mrs. Seymour. "Come and speak to him at once."

The Squire sank down again in his chair—he was almost weak from emotion—not a single word, good or bad, had yet passed his lips. Mrs. Seymour took the child and placed him on his grandfather's knee.

The little fellow turned and looked full up into the stern old face; the mother knelt on the floor at his side. The boy's brow

puckered—his lips pouted for a moment as if he would cry, then something bright attracted his eyes—he made a violent tug at his grandfather's chain, and pulled his watch out of his pocket. With a laugh he turned to his mother, and held the watch to her ear.

"Tick, tick, mummie," he said.

"'Pon my word, I'm blest," exclaimed the Squire.

When he said these words I left the room.



"'TICK, TICK, MUMMIE,' HE SAID."

It goes without saying that all went right after that. When last I heard of Squire Norreys, I was given to understand that he was much bullied by his grandson, who, in short, rules everyone at Hartley Castle. Mrs. Seymour, who, of course, is completely reconciled to her father, told me this in her last letter.

Some Curiosities of Modern Photography.

I.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



F all the applications of modern science, none is more interesting than the use of the camera as an aid to the detective. Here, to begin with, is an instance at once simple and amusing, showing how a suspicious photomaniac at Margate photographed his joint of mutton in order to confound his pilfering landlady (Figs. 1 and 2).

The secret of the daring and successful forgeries on Glyn's Bank was, as we all know, revealed by photography. The draft was made out for £48, but words, figures, and even perforations were punched clean out of the paper, and new pulp made and inserted. The human eye was absolutely unable to detect that the draft had been tampered with, yet a photograph showed the faint lines of the new pulp quite plainly. The forged draft was for £4,800.

Putty used by burglars in removing panes of glass; sections of banisters; drinking glasses and newspapers have been photographically treated, the finger impressions being carefully compared with those of suspects in every case. I am bound to say, however, that in this country we are slow to introduce the marvels of modern science into our warfare against the expert criminal. We have no eminent chemist like Dr. Jeserich, of Berlin, who has for more than thirteen years been engaged in continuous conflict with the enemies of society. Like his learned predecessor and teacher, Professor Sonnenschein, Dr. Jeserich takes rank among the greatest photographic detectives of the civilized world; and I propose to give as briefly as possible a few of the curious cases that have come under his notice.

Dr. Jeserich resorted to photography, or photo-

micrography, in order to have the whip-hand of other experts who disputed his microscopical observations. Eleven years ago a peculiarly atrocious murder was committed in Westphalia, and a small white hair was forwarded to Dr. Jeserich for examination. This hair was found upon the body of the victim—a girl—and was held to be of great importance, seeing that the accused murderer was a grey haired and bearded man. A hair from the beard of the latter was also forwarded for comparison.

The photo-micrographs certainly showed that the hairs were in some respects alike. Both had the same pith in the centre; both had the same air-channels, scales, and hollow spaces, and a certain fine structure of surface was common to both hairs under examination. For all that, the expert, looking at his photos., pronounced the hair found on the body to be that of an animal, solely because the pith extended to nearly the whole width of the shaft.

But what animal? Further experiments showed that the hair had been plucked from a dog: in every case photo-micrographs were compared; and, this fact ascertained, the case grew with amazing swiftness in the expert's hands.

From its colour the hair belonged to a yellow dog that was growing old; its circular section and smoothness showed that it belonged to a smooth-haired dog; and from the unclipped point it was deduced that the animal's hair had never been cut. Thus a description of the dog was worded as follows: "An old, yellow, unshaven, smooth-haired, and comparatively short-haired dog."

The man under arrest for this murder was liberated on Dr. Jeserich's evidence. Barely a year later suspicion fell upon another person, who possessed a dog exactly

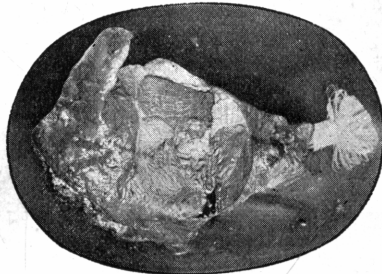


FIG. 1.—JOINT OF MUTTON AS TAKEN DOWNSTAIRS BY THE LANDLADY.

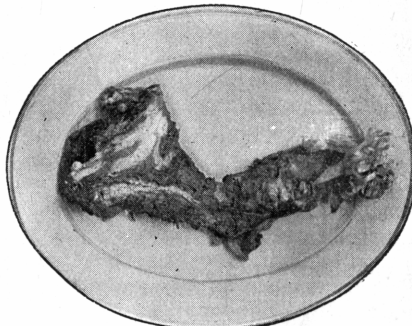


FIG. 2.—THE SAME JOINT AS THE LANDLADY BROUGHT IT UP AGAIN.

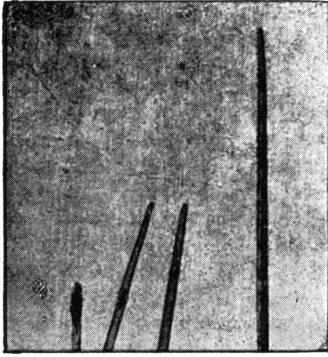


FIG. 3.—HAIR CUT AND RE-GROWN, AND UNCUT HAIRS.

coinciding with the above description. More scientific investigations followed, and about two months after his arrest the man confessed that he had murdered the girl.

That it is possible to see from the point of a hair that it has never been cut is shown by Fig. 3, which is a reproduction of the cut and re-grown point of a human hair, the three hairs at the right of it having never been cut. The photograph shown in Fig. 4 was prepared from the hairs of the victim (a woman) in another murder case. On the clothes of the two men arrested on suspicion were found certain hairs, and it was Dr. Jeserich's duty to ascertain whether these hairs corresponded with hairs taken from the head of the murdered woman.

A photograph of the point of a hair found

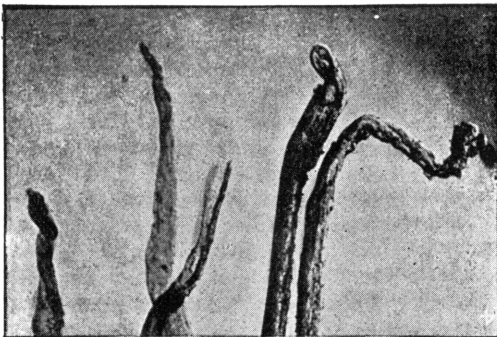


FIG. 4.—HAIR OF MURDERED WOMAN.

on one of the accused demonstrated scientifically that it had been taken from the victim's head. Indeed, not only was the point identical, but the shaft and root also coincided. Fig. 5 shows the well-defined, club-like root of this hair—a little thing, indeed, on which to decide life or death.

Fig. 6 shows the root of the hair found

upon the second suspect. One more photomicrographic experiment convinced Dr. Jeserich that this was the man's own hair. As illustrating the wondrous accuracy of these investigations, it is interesting to learn that suspect number one confessed his crime a few hours before his death on the scaffold.

"Are the spots upon the clothes blood?" asks the Court of the expert; "and, moreover, is it human blood?" Here again microscopic photographs of bloodstains are made, and handed round in order that judge and jury may have ocular demonstration of the difference between the blood of birds, amphibia, and fishes, and that of animals and human beings. The corpuscles of the

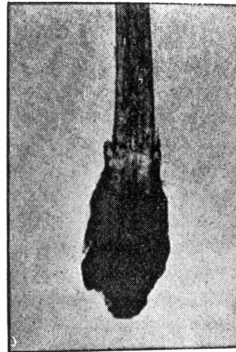


FIG. 5.—ROOT OF MURDERED WOMAN'S HAIR.

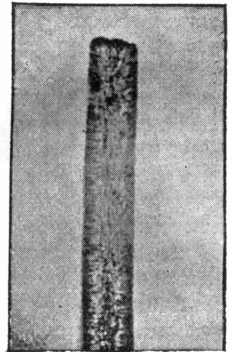


FIG. 6.—ROOT OF SUSPECTED MAN'S HAIR.

former are long and elliptical in shape, whilst those of the latter are circular (Fig. 7). The difference between the blood corpuscles of animals and men must be inferred from the size, and not from the shape. Photomicrography has revealed that there are about 150 million corpuscles in a drop of human blood, each corpuscle having an appreciable diameter of 80-10,000th of a millimetre. Of domesticated animals, the blood of a dog shows the next largest

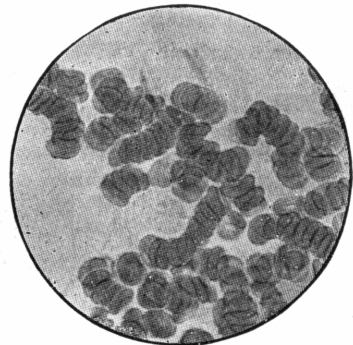


FIG. 7.—CORPUSCLES OF HUMAN BLOOD.

corpuscles, their diameter being 68-10,000th of a millimetre.

Here is another of Dr. Jeserich's cases. A murderer, upon whose axe marks of blood had been found, declared he had killed a goat eight days before his arrest; human blood corpuscles, however, were found upon the axe, and were photographically compared with authentic goat's blood. In this case, photography, besides plainly showing the difference between the corpuscles, brought other evidence by proclaiming that the axe had been wiped after the deed. One photograph, produced at the trial, showed a place in point—much magnified—on the steel of the axe. It indicated plainly the streaks caused by wiping.

The practical application of photography to the detection of the falsification of handwriting is extremely interesting. In enlarged photographic pictures, erasures, alterations, and subtle differences in inks are clearly defined.

Fig. 8 shows a portion of a bill of exchange. No special difference in the writing is noticeable, not even in the word "April." The ink appears to be everywhere of the same colour, and this photo. appears to the eye to be identical with the original itself.

The expert, however, has photographed the word "April" (Fig. 9) by means of colour

another on a bill; manipulations of figures upon cheques have been proved on several occasions; and even tricky Austro-Prussian drovers, who alter dates on their cattle quarantine permits, are bowled out while they are chuckling over their own astuteness.

One more instance, showing how photography cleared an innocent man. A forester was found dead in a wood, and by his side was found part of a vulcanite match-box, which bore certain scratches suggestive of letters. The Public Prosecutor arrested one Gottlieb Graeber, and sent the box to Dr. Jeserich to see if that expert could decipher the name of the suspected man thereon. The eminent chemist powdered the match-box with fine lycopodium and then wiped it carefully, so that the fine white particles remained in the scratches. An enlarged photograph of the box in this condition showed that the name engraved was not Gottlieb Graeber, but Adolf Langer. The latter worthy was subsequently hanged.

Dr. Jeserich was once called upon to say whether a certain old man, whose charred remains were found in the ruins of his house, had been alive when the house took fire. It was something of a poser; but after procuring a bare ten drops of blood from the old man's heart, the chemist tested them spectroscopically and found no trace of carbonic

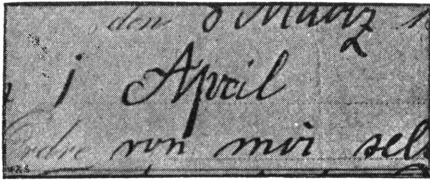


FIG. 8.—ORDINARY PHOTO. OF THE WORD "APRIL."



FIG. 9.—COLOUR-SENSITIVE PHOTO. OF SAME.

sensitive plates, which intensify the difference of colour in inks. Here one can plainly see that a falsification has taken place at the word "April," and it is possible to follow, line by line, the various kinds of ink used. The cross line of the "A"; the upper corner as well as the down-stroke of the "p"; the whole of the curved part of the "p," and the first part of the "r"; the dot of the "i"; and the down-stroke of the "l," have been made with a different ink and added to the original writing.

It is evident that instead of April, the word "Mai" (May) was originally written. In this case it was the forger's intention to make the bill payable at an earlier date.

Dr. Jeserich has had many cases of this kind. One name has been found under

oxide in the blood; consequently the old man must have been dead when the fire broke out.

I may say that the forger can never hope to baffle photography. Captain Abney, C.B., the vice-president of the Royal Photographic Society, was once requested to examine an engraving for a famous and titled collector. By means of photography, he brought out the original signature under a spurious one, which had been added to increase the value.

Nor is it generally known that at Waterlow's, the famous bank-note and cheque printers, there is a staff of photographic experts, who practically defend the Governments of the world against the skilful forger. This being so, it was clearly my duty to call upon Waterlow's chief expert, Mr. J. D.

Geddes, and this gentleman I have to thank for much valuable information.

I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Phillip Waterlow for the accompanying reproductions, showing bank-notes with and without a protective printing (Fig. 10). The illustration shows two note designs cut in half diagonally and joined. The upper portion shows effective photographing of the design when no protective printing is employed. The lower half shows non-effective attempt to photograph the same design when protected against photographic copying. It is by no means generally known that our own Bank of England notes can be reproduced in absolute facsimile—even to the watermarks—

the Bank's sheet-anchor, and, I venture to say, a very reliable one at that.

Foreign Governments frequently send specimens of new issues of bank-notes to Waterlow's, in order that the experts may find by photography whether it is possible to forge such notes. A fourth-rate Continental Power recently ordered a series of bank-notes from an Austrian firm, and after having been assured that they were not forgeable, even by photography, the notes were put in circulation.

Presently the whole country was inundated with bogus notes of marvellously clever design, whereupon the entire issue was called in, and a few specimens forwarded to Messrs.

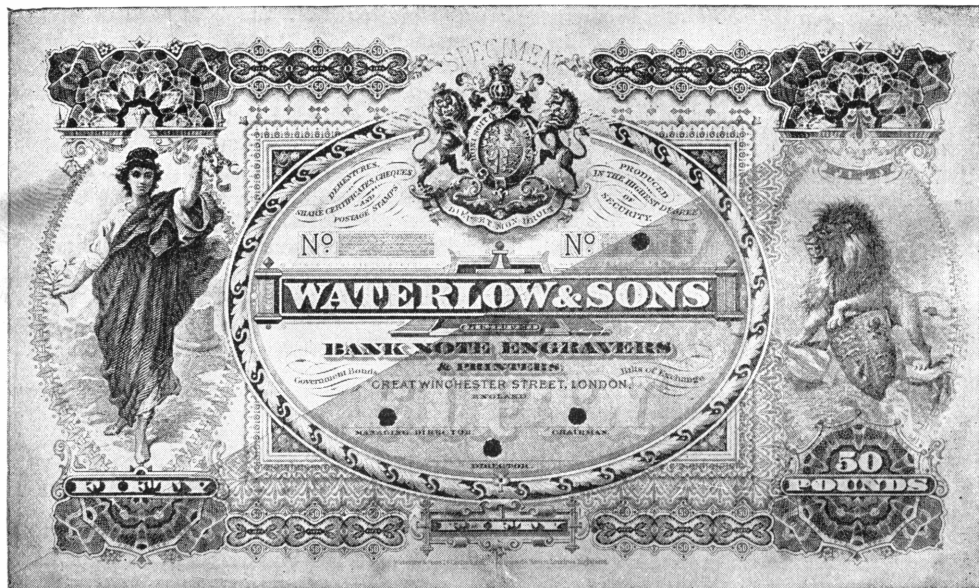


FIG. 10.—HALVES OF BANK-NOTE DESIGNS, WITH AND WITHOUT PROTECTIVE PRINTING.

by means of photography. Mr. J. Traill Taylor, editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, than whom, by the way, there is no more eminent expert in the world, tells me he was once sent for by the chief engraver at the Bank of England.

The latter gentleman placed men, materials, and, above all, paper, at Mr. Taylor's disposal, and requested him to produce a few photographically forged five-pound notes, which would subsequently be tendered at the Bank counter. When the amiable Scotsman had finished, however, the last-named test was deemed wholly unnecessary, so perfectly accurate were the photographic notes. "Our sole protection," murmured the chief engraver, "lies in our paper." The paper, indeed, is

Waterlow, to see if, after all, the note could really be reproduced by photography.

The result was interesting. The note had a violet surface with a so-called protective under-printing of orange, meant to baffle the camera. Nevertheless, the London firm's expert staff quickly "got behind" the protection by using—as the forgers must have done—colour-blind plates. Specimens and photographic reproductions were then sent to the aggrieved Government, who subsequently requested Messrs. Waterlow to prepare an absolutely unforgeable note, if such a thing were possible, and forward samples.

The note produced in answer to this appeal must have been a disagreeable surprise to many expert forgers. By means of print-

ing in certain salts of iron and other chemicals, the word "Counterfeit" appeared right across the face of every one photographed; yet on any one original it was impossible to detect anything unusual.

Banks occasionally send in cheques to Waterlow's photographic staff for investigation. No matter how well words and figures have been obliterated by means of chloride of lime and oxalic acid, the searching eye of the camera, appealed to by the iron in the original ink, brings out the visually invisible characters. Even when Chinese white pigment is used for obliterating purposes, the photographic eye pierces through. The French Government, I learn, suffered severely until it adopted a special paper into which

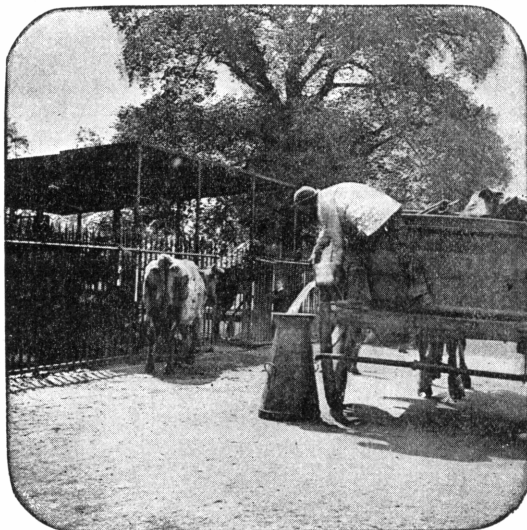


FIG. 11.—ADULTERATING MILK: A DETECTIVE SNAP-SHOT.

strong fibre-like hair is woven. This again defeats the photographic forger, since the hairs are so strongly marked in facsimiles, that a child could detect the fraud.

Fig. 11 shows a milkman in St. James's Park caught in the very act of adulterating his milk. This is a snap-shot taken by Mr. T. C. Hepworth, of the *Photographic News*. Fig. 12 shows an extraordinary photograph taken by a

burglar, and subsequently sent to the makers of the safe that resisted his efforts.

Coming to the curious uses of photography, I enter upon such a vast field that I am constrained to be brief to the verge of abruptness. Wives have cured intemperate husbands by taking snap-shots of their lords



FIG. 12.—A BURGLAR'S PHOTOGRAPH.

in a state of intoxication, and producing the photos. at breakfast-time. Mighty bridges are tested by taking two photographs on one negative, a heavy train being run across while the second is being taken, so that the sag or depression is shown on the plate. Battleships and great buildings in course of construction are periodically photographed in order that the authorities at head-quarters may see at a glance what progress is being made.

This reminds me that Lieutenant Walter Basset, director of the great firm of Maudslay, Son, and Field, whose business is the engining of warships, tells me that photos. of machinery are constantly being sent to Japan, China, and remote parts of the world; and that sales up to a quarter of a million sterling are effected through such photographs. Moreover, these engineers take photographs of the condition of certain contracts on stated days, and claim instalments thereon from foreign Governments.

From this it is a far cry to photography as a check upon the would-be baby farmer. Yet persons who leave their children with professional nurses while travelling, often require an annual, or even monthly, photo., showing the little one's condition. Illegible

ancient manuscripts have been deciphered by powdering them with fine talc, and then taking a sharp photo. The British Museum, too, in many cases exhibit only autotype copies of such precious documents as the Magna Charta, keeping the original safely under lock and key.

Time was, indeed, when the British juror accepted a photograph as incontrovertible evidence; but everyone who is acquainted with the science knows that a photograph can be made to tell almost any story the operator pleases. When Mr. Gladstone on one occasion spoke of the absolute accuracy of photography, a humorous, if somewhat libellous, expert produced a photograph showing the right honourable gentleman loafing outside a low public-house in the Seven Dials, his hat at a rakish angle, and his appearance suggestive of the hilarity of intoxication. Personally, I have seen a lying photograph of Little Tich giving a command performance at Osborne. Blackmail by photography, by the way, is not unknown, since heads can be easily transposed. I reproduce here a photograph of a bogus mirage taken by the well-known instantaneous amateur, Mr. A. R. Dresser, of Bexley

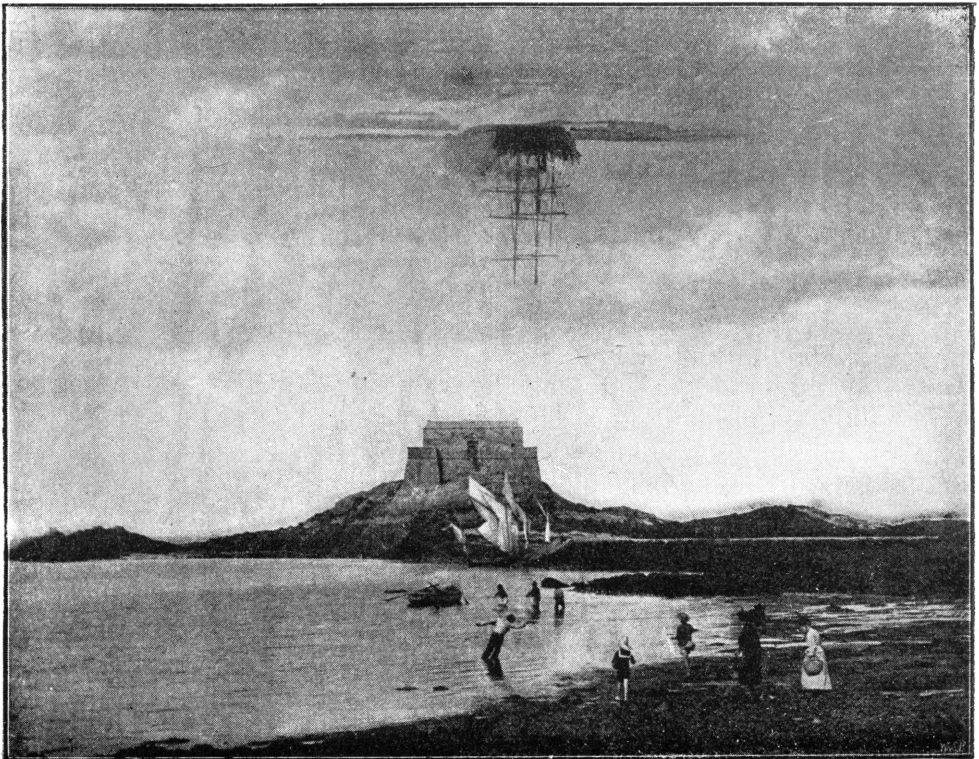


FIG. 13.—A BOGUS MIRAGE.

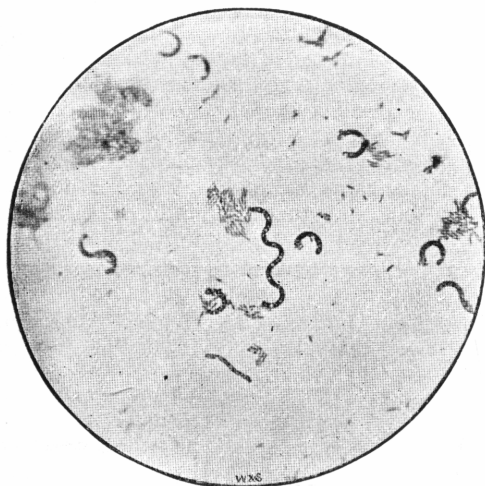


FIG. 14.—A DROP OF LONDON DRINKING-WATER.



FIG. 15.—A DROP OF STAGNANT WATER.

(Fig. 13). Editors are loth to believe wonders described by unveracious correspondents, but I myself have seen more than one account of a supposed mirage in the daily papers. Possibly the narrators have forwarded photos. in support of their story. The reproduction shows a view of St. Malo, in Brittany, the mirage being a vessel passing through the *Arctic regions*! This is done by double printing.

Photo-micrography is a fascinating subject. Apart from its value as a detective agency, it is of incalculable utility to the chemist and the physician. In Fig. 14 I show a minute drop of London drinking-water, magnified 750 diameters. Fig. 15 is a drop of stagnant water, wherein one may see the lash by which the microbe moves. The lash of the microbe has a diameter of 1-200,000th of an inch.

Astounding as the statement may appear, Mr. Andrew Pringle, who supplied me with these photos., has a veritable farm, or incubator, on his premises for the purpose of propagating the deadly germs of diphtheria, cholera, and other kinds of frightful ailments. Mr. Pringle keeps his incubator always at body heat, and his queer "stock" are to be seen in glass tubes, neatly labelled.

Mr. Pringle's photo-micrographic apparatus cost

160 guineas; and his mode of photographing his "subjects" is somewhat peculiar. The bacteria are first spread on glass, and then stained with aniline dyes, after which the plates of glass are washed; the bacteria, however, retain the colouring matter. Superfluous microbes are destroyed by fire or sulphuric acid. I sincerely hope that my worthy informant will not meet the fate of Dr. Oestel, assistant at the Hygienian Institute of Hamburg, who died of Asiatic cholera, contracted while experimenting with infected water from the Vistula. He, too, had a little farm for breeding bacilli.

A most extraordinary experiment was recently essayed by Professor Marshall Ward, F.R.S. He took a sheet of glass, coated it with gelatine, and inoculated it with bacteria, which he allowed to grow until the surface was practically covered. The professor then exposed this sheet under a negative, and wherever the light penetrated the bacteria were killed; wherein is a useful moral. Professor Ward afterwards exhibited the sheet of glass, which was in reality a photographic landscape taken on the bodies, so to speak, of myriads of microbes.

Here is one of the most marvellous photographic curios that has come under my notice; it is a photograph taken from the eye

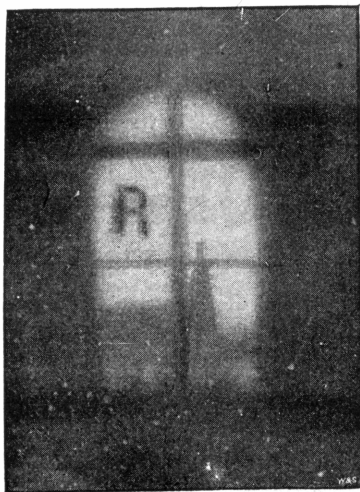


FIG. 16.—IMAGE FROM THE EYE OF A BEETLE.

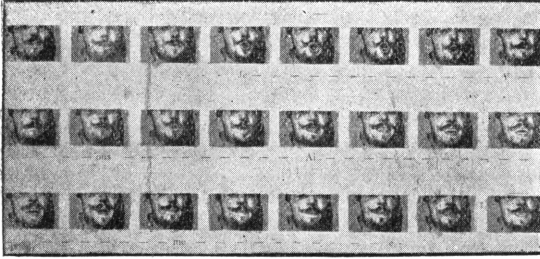


FIG. 17.—MOVEMENT OF LIPS IN SAYING
"JE VOUS AIME."

of a defunct beetle, by Professor Exmer, of Vienna, in order to see whether the insect's faceted eyes projected one or many images on to the retina (Fig. 16). The expert set about his extraordinary task in the following way: First of all, of course, he caught his beetle, dissected the eye from the body, and placed it in glycerine on the slide of a microscope. Then he directed the slide towards the window of the laboratory—on a pane of which, by the way, he had pasted the letter R. The window is quite plainly seen. The R is comparatively distinct, too, and one gets a hazy glimpse of a church outside. I am indebted for this photograph to Mr. E. J. Wall, of the *Amateur Photographer*.

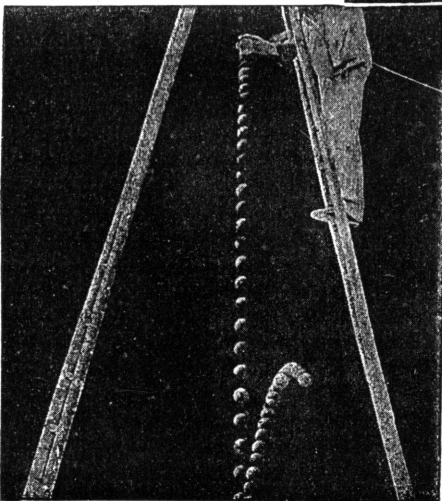


FIG. 18.—MOTION OF AN INDIA-RUBBER BALL.

Quite 50 per cent. of the students at our hospitals now adopt photography as a means of recording the details of abnormal cases, such as those of goitre, a peculiar swelling to which workmen in the limestone districts are subject, and cretinism, or semi-idiotcy, to which the Swiss are liable. There is no joke here; cretinism is induced either by

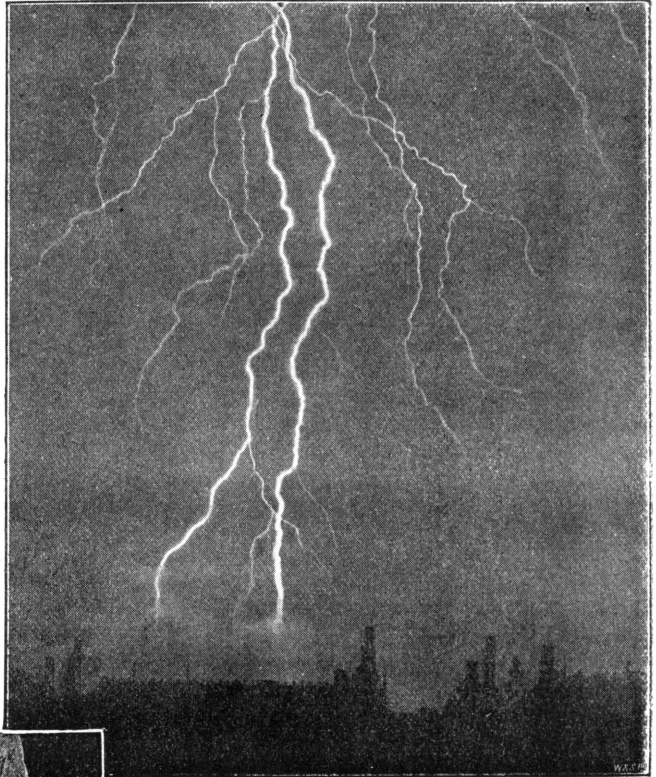


FIG. 19.—A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

carrying heavy weights on the head, or by the use of water derived from melted snow.

The action of the human heart, the interior of the stomach, and the larynx are now photographed during life. Dr. R. Wagner's method of photographing the larynx consists of an arrangement of mirrors, the flash being provided by a magnesium ribbon lamp. The size of the actual photos. produced in this way was 0.36in. by 0.48in.; they were, of course, subsequently enlarged.

The very movements of the lips are photographed in such rapid succession, that by the aid of the zoëtrope, sentences can be read from the pictures by those who are trained to read the lip-language. The accompanying series, kindly lent by Mr. E. J. Wall, show

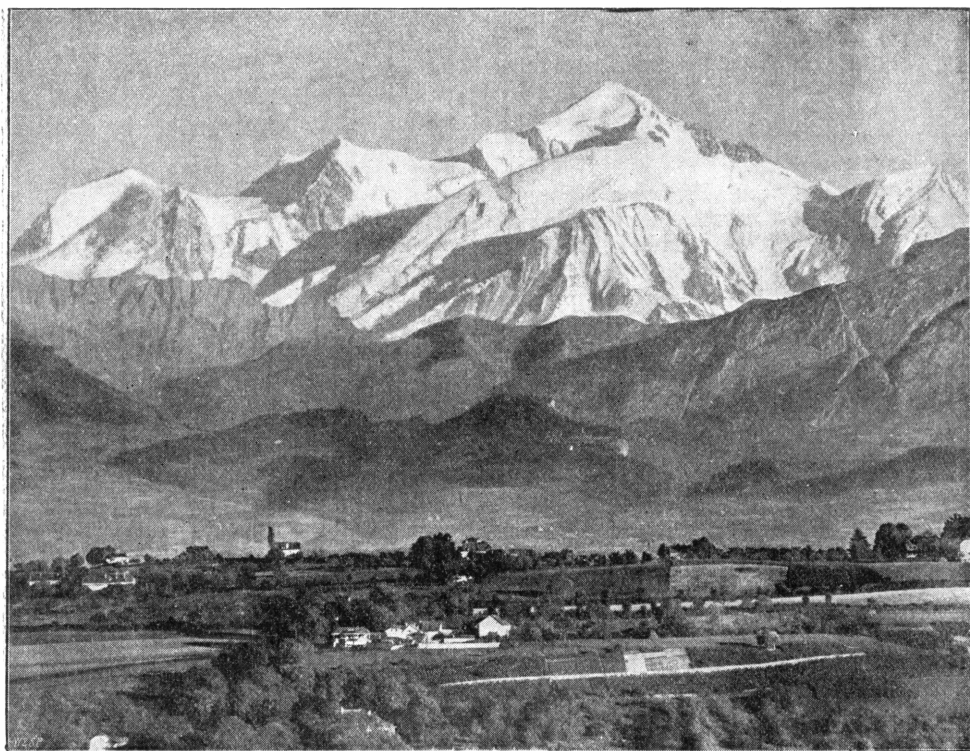


FIG. 20.—A TELESCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH OF MONT BLANC AT A DISTANCE OF FIFTY-SIX MILES.

the movements necessary to say "*Je vous aime*" (I love you)—Fig. 17. More wonderful still, the noises of the earth have been photographed by the Italian scientist, Signor Baratta, who employed an ingenious instrument consisting of a subterranean microphone, connected with a telephone diaphragm. In the face of these photographic miracles it is positively refreshing to turn to a case in which the camera was baffled. Oddly enough, the victor is—or rather was, for the difficulty has been overcome—the immortal Turner, whose series of seventy-two plates ("*Liber Studiorum*") cost a fortune to properly reproduce. The great difficulty lay in getting a photograph which should adequately reproduce the effect of the black-browns and incised lines of the original. The plates for this expensive

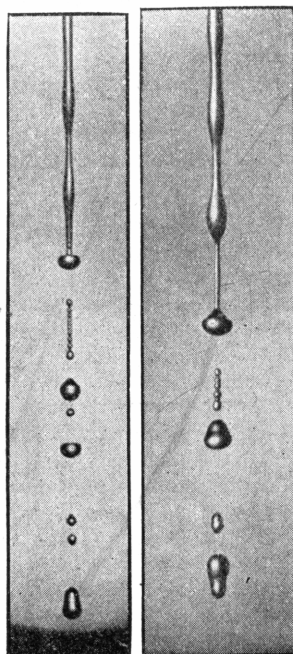


FIG. 21.—STREAM OF WATER BREAKING INTO DROPS.

and tedious experiment were lent by the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

Here is another curious photo. placed at my disposal by Mr. Wall. A man has mounted a step ladder and let fall an india-rubber ball, which has been photographed at intervals during its passage to the ground, and even after its rebound (Fig. 18).

I will merely mention such photographic curiosities as Francis Galton's composite system, whereby members of a class of society are photographed singly and then blended to obtain a typical character; a man being hanged (he is falling through the pit, his face is enveloped in a white cloth, and one of his slippers has preceded him by a few feet; this was taken in Germany); and lightning flashes, simplest of all instantaneous photographs: just

place your camera in the window, wait for the flash, and then develop your plate (Fig. 19). The double flash I reproduce, by the way, set fire to a huge factory; and after he had photographed the cause, Mr. A. R. Dresser went forth next morning and secured a picture of the result.

I have also seen Professor Marey's photo-chronographs of flying insects, obtained by an exposure lasting the $\frac{1}{25,000}$ th part of a second; and photographs of Mont Blanc, taken by M. Boissonais with a tele-photographic Dallmeyer lens at a distance of fifty-six miles, the exposure lasting seven minutes (Fig. 20). Captain Abney, the Royal Photographic Society's learned vice-president, has succeeded in taking weird moonlight photographs of Chamounix from his hotel window.

I will include in my list the beautiful pictures of falling water taken by Lord Rayleigh, with an electric spark (Fig. 21).

I wish to gratefully acknowledge here the courtesy extended to me by that eminent and popular scientist. I have also been able to reproduce Professor Worthington's wonderful photographs of a drop of water falling into a vessel of milk. The professor adopted Lord Rayleigh's method, the duration of the Leyden jar spark being the $\frac{1}{100,000}$ th of a second. The drop of water



FIG. 22.—THE DROP FALLING.

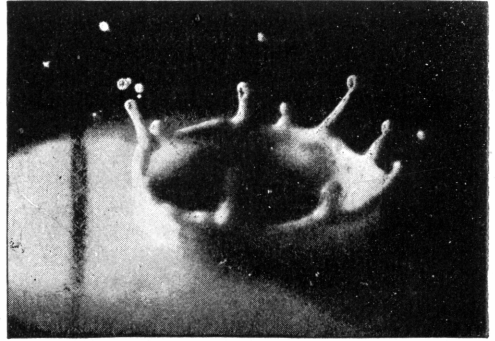


FIG. 24.—THE DROP PRODUCING A CRATER OF MILK.

is first shown falling (Fig. 22), then it is seen striking the surface of the milk (Fig. 23) and throwing up little drops from a sort of crater (Fig. 24), and lastly, a column of liquid raises itself (Fig. 25), after which the drop subsides.

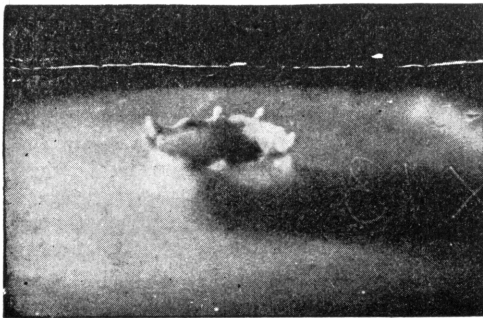


FIG. 23.—THE DROP STRIKING THE MILK.

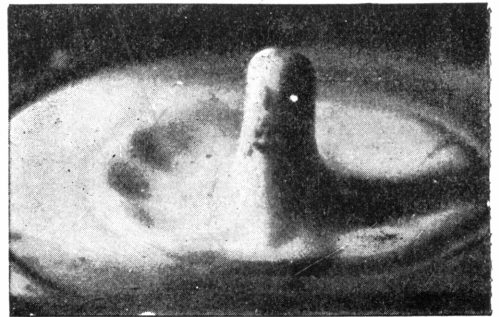


FIG. 25.—THE DROP RAISING A COLUMN OF MILK.

(To be continued.)



By "Q."



WHEN first the Trinity Brothers put a lightship out yonder by the Gunnel Rocks, it was just a trifling affair—none of your new-fangled boats with a crew of twelve or fourteen hands—and my father and I used to tend it, taking turn and turn with two other fellows from the Islands. The rule then—they have altered it since—was two months afloat and two ashore; and all the time we tossed out there, on duty, not a soul would we see, to speak to, except when the Trinity boat put off with stores for us and, better still, with news of what was doing in the world. This would be about once a fortnight in fair weather; but through the winter time it was oftener a month, and provisions ran low enough, now and then, to make us anxious. Was the life dreary? Well, you couldn't call it gay: but all the same, you see, it didn't kill me.

For the first week I thought the motion would drive me crazy—up and down, up and down, in that everlasting ground-swell—although I had been at the fishing all my life, and knew what it meant to lie-to in a stiffish sea for hours together. But after ten

days or so I got not to mind it. And then there was the open air. It was different with the poor fellows on the lighthouse, eighteen miles to seaward of us, to the south-west. They drew better pay than ours, by a trifle; but they were landmen, to start with; and cooped in that narrow tower at night, with the shutters closed and the whole building set rocking like a tree with every stroke of the seas, it's no wonder their nerves wore out. Four or five days of it have been known to finish a man; and in those times a lighthouse-keeper had three months of duty straight away, and only a fortnight on shore. Now he gets only a fortnight out there, and six weeks to recover in. With all that, they're mostly fit to start at their own shadow when the boat takes them off.

But on the lightship we fared tolerably enough. To begin with, we had the lantern to attend to. You'd be surprised how much employment that gives a man—cleaning, polishing, and trimming. And my father, though particular even to a scratch on the reflector, or the smallest crust of salt on the glass, was a restful, cheerful sort of man to

bide with. Not talkative, you understand—no light-keeper in the world was ever talkative—but with a power of silence that was more comforting than speech. And out there, too, we found all sorts of little friendly things to watch and think over. Sometimes a school of porpoises, that played around us; or a line of little murrets flying; or a sail far to the south, moving up Channel. And sometimes, towards evening, the fishing boats would come out and drop anchor a mile and a half to south'ard, down sail, and hang out their riding lights; and we knew that they took their mark from us, and that gave a sociable feeling.

On clear afternoons, too, when the lantern was lowered, by swarming up the mast just beneath the cage I could see the Islands away in the east, with the sun on their cliffs; and home wasn't so far off, after all. The town itself, which lay low down on the shore, we could never spy, but glimpsed the lights of it, now and then, after sunset. These always flickered a great deal, because of the waves, like little hills of water, bobbing between them and us. Then we had the lighthouse. In day-time, through the glass, we could watch the keepers walking about in the iron gallery round the top: and all night through, if we wanted company, there it was beckoning to us with its three white flashes every minute. No, we weren't exactly gay out there, and sometimes we made wild weather of it. Yet we managed pretty comfortably, except for the fogs, when our arms ached with keeping the gong going.

But if we were comfortable then, you should have seen us at the end of our two months, when the boat came off with the relief, and took us on shore. John and Robert Pendlurian were the names of the relief; brothers they were, oldsters of about fifty-five and fifty; and John Pendlurian, the elder, a widow-man, same as my father, but with a daughter at home. Living in the Islands, of course I'd known Bathsheba ever since we'd sat in infant-school side by side; and what more natural than to ask after her health, along with the other news? But Old John got to look sly and wink at my father when we came to this question, out of the hundred others. And the other two would take it up and wink back, solemn as mummies. I never lost my temper with the old idiots: 'twasn't worth while.

But the treat of all was to set foot on the quay-steps, and the people crowding round and shaking your hand and chattering; and everything ashore going on just as you'd

left it, and you not wishing it other, and everybody glad to see you all the same; and the smell of the gardens and the stinking fish at the quay-corner—you might choose between them, but home was in both; and the nets drying; and to be out of oil-skins and walking to meeting-house on the Sunday, and standing up there with the congregation, all singing in company, and the women taking stock of you till the newness wore off; and the tea-drinking, and Band of Hopes, and courants, and dances! We had all the luck of these; for the two Pendlurians, being up in years and easily satisfied so long as they were left quiet, were willing to take their holidays in the dull months, beginning with February and March. And so I had April and May, when a man can always be happy ashore; and August and September, which is the best of the fishing and all the harvest and harvest games; and again, December and January, with the courants and geesy-dancing, and carols and wassail-singing. Early one December, when he came to relieve us, Old John said to me in a hap-hazard way, "It's all very well for me and Robert, my lad; for us two can take equal comfort in singin' '*Star o' Bethl'em*' ashore or afloat; but I reckon 'tis somebody's place to see that Bathsheba don't miss any of the season's joy an' dancin' on our account."

Now, Bathsheba had an unmarried aunt—Aunt Hussy Pendlurian we called her—that used to take her to all the parties and courants when Old John was away at sea. So she wasn't likely to miss any of the fun, bein' able to foot it as clever as any girl in the Islands. She had the love of it, too—foot and waist and eyes all a-dancing, and body and blood all a-tingle as soon as ever the fiddle began to speak. But maybe this same speech of Old John's set me thinking. Or, maybe I'd been thinking already; what with their May-game hints and the loneliness out there. Anyway, I dangled pretty close on Bathsheba's heels all that Christmas. She was comely—you understand—very comely and tall, with dark blood, and eyes that put you in mind of a light shining steady upon dark water. And good as gold. She's dead and gone these twelve years—rest her soul. But (praise God for her!) I've never married another woman, nor wanted to.

There, I've as good as told you already. When the time came and I asked her if she liked me, she said she liked no man half so well: and that being as it should be, the next thing was to put up the banns. There



"I DANGLD PRETTY CLOSE ON BATHSHEBA'S HEELS ALL THAT CHRISTMAS."

wasn't time that holiday : like a fool, I had been dilly-dallying too long, though I believe now I might have asked her a month before. So the wedding was held in the April following, my father going out to the Gunnel for a couple of days, so that Old John might be ashore to give his daughter away. The most I mind of the wedding was the wonder of beholding the old chap there in a long-tailed coat, having never seen him for years but in his oilskins.

Well, the rest of that year seemed pretty much like all the others, except that coming home was better than ever. But when Christmas went by, and February came and our turn to be out on the Gunnel, I went with a dismal feeling I hadn't known before. The fact is, Bathsheba was drawing near her time, and the sorrow was that she must go through it without me. She had walked down to the quay with us, to see us off ; and all the way she chattered and laughed with my father as cheerful as cheerful—but never letting her eyes rest on me, I noticed, and I saw what that meant : and when it came to good-bye, there was a catch in her breathing and a quick, short tightening of her arms about me that I'd never known before.

The old man, I reckon, had a wisht time with me, the next two or three weeks ; but,

by the mercy o' God, the weather behaved furious all the while, leaving a man no time to mope. 'Twas busy all, and busy enough, to keep a clear light in the lantern, and warm souls inside our bodies. All through February it blew hard and cold from the north and north-west, and though we lay in the very mouth of the Gulf Stream, for ten days together there wasn't a halliard we could touch with the naked hand, nor a cloth nor handful of cotton-waste but had to be thawed at the stove before using. Then, with the beginning of March, the wind tacked round to south-west, and stuck there, blowing big guns, and raising a swell that was something cruel. It was one of those gales that tore away the bell from the lighthouse, though hung just over a hundred feet above water-level. As for us, I wonder now how the lightship held by its three-ton anchors, there being three hundred fathom of chain cable exposed to the strain and jerk of it ; but with the spindrift whipping our faces, and the hail cutting them, we didn't seem to have time to think of *that*. Bathsheba thought of it, though, in her bed at home—as I've heard since—and lay awake more than one night thinking of it.

But the third week in March the weather moderated ; and soon the sun came out and

I began to think. On the second afternoon of the fair weather I climbed up under the cage and saw the Islands for the first time; and coming down, I said to my father:—

"Suppose that Bathsheba is dead!"

We hadn't said more than a word or two to each other for a week; indeed, till yesterday we had to shout in each other's ear to be heard at all. My father filled a pipe and said, "Don't be a fool."

"I see your hand shaking," said I.

Said he, "That's with the cold. At my age the cold takes a while to leave a man's extremities."

"But," I went on in an obstinate way, "suppose she is dead?"

My father answered, "She is a well-built woman. The Lord is good."

Not another word than this could I get from him. That evening—the wind now coming easy from the south, and the swell gone down in a wonderful way—as I was boiling water for the tea, we saw a dozen fishing-boats standing out from the Islands. They ran down to within two miles of us and then hove-to. The nets went out,

and the sails came down, and by-and-by through the glass I could spy the smoke coming up from their cuddy-stoves.

"They might have brought news," I cried out, "even if 'tis sorrow!"

"Maybe there was no news to bring."

"I would have been neighbourly, then, to run down and say so."

"And run into the current here, I suppose? With a chance of the wind falling light at any moment."

I don't know if this satisfied my father; but I know that he meant it to satisfy me, which it was pretty far from doing. Before daylight the boats hoisted sail again, and were well under the Islands and out of sight by breakfast-time.

After this, for a whole long week I reckon I did little more than pace the ship to and fro; a fisherman's walk, as they say—three steps and overboard. I took the three steps and wished I was overboard. My father watched me queerly all this while; but we said no word to each other, not even at meals.

It was the eighth day after the fishing-boats left us, and about four in the afternoon, that we saw a brown sail standing towards us from the Islands, and my father set down the glass, resting it on the gunwale, and said:—

"That's Old John's boat."

I took the glass from him, and was putting



"THAT'S OLD JOHN'S BOAT."

it to my eye; but had to lay it down and turn my back. I couldn't wait there with my eye on the boat; so I crossed to the other side of the ship and stood staring at the lighthouse away on the sky-line, and whispered: "Oh, come quickly!" But the wind had moved a couple of points to the west and then fallen very light, and the boat must creep towards us close-hauled. After a long while my father spoke again:—

"That will be Old John steerin' her. I reckoned so: he've a-put up his helm—that's it: sail her full till she strikes the current and that'll fetch her down, wind or no wind. Halloa!.....I ad, lad! 'tis all right! See there, that bit o' red ensign run up to the gaff!"

"Why should that mean aught?" asked I.

"Would he trouble to hoist bunting if he had no news? Would it be there, close under the peak, if the news was bad?—and she his own daughter, his only flesh!"

It may have been twenty minutes later that Old John felt the Gunnel current, and staying the cutter round, came down fast on us with the wind behind his beam. My father hailed to him once and twice, and the second time he must have heard. But, without answering, he ran forward and took in his foresail. And then I saw an arm and a little hand reached up to take hold of the tiller; and my heart gave a great jump.

It was she, my wife Bathsheba, laid there by the stern-sheets on a spare-sail, with a bundle of oilskins to cushion her. With one hand she steered the boat up into the wind as Old John lowered sail and they drifted alongside: and with the other she held a small bundle close against her breast.

"Such a whackin' boy I never see'd in my life!"—these were Old John's first words, and he shouted them. "Born only yestiddy week, an' she ought to be abed: an' so I've been tellin' her ever since she dragged me out 'pon this wildygo errand!"

But Bathsheba, as I lifted her over the lightship's side, said no more than "O, Tom!"—and let me hold her, with her forehead pressed close against me. And the others kept very quiet, and everything was quiet about us, until she jumped back on a sudden and found all her speech in a flood.

"Tom," she said, "you're crushin' him, you great, awkward man!" And she turned back the shawl and snatched the handkerchief off the baby's face—a queer-lookin' face it was, too. "Be all babies as queer as that?" thought I. Lucky I didn't say it, though. "There, my blessed, my handsome! Look, my tender. Eh, Tom,

but he kicks my side all to bruises; my merryun, my giant! Look up at your father, and you his very image!" That was pretty stiff. "I declare," she says, "he's lookin' about an' takin' stock of everything"—and that was pretty stiff, too. "So like a man; all for the sea and the boats! Tom, dear, father will tell you that all the way on the water he was as good as gold; and, on shore before that, kicking and fisting—all for the sea and the boats; the man of him! Hold him, dear, but be careful! A Sunday's child, too—

Sunday's child is full of grace.

And—the awkward you are! Here, give him back to me: but feel how far down in his clothes the feet of him reach. Extraordinar'! Aun' Hussy mounted a chair and climbed 'pon the chest o' drawers with him, before takin' him downstairs; so that he'll go up in the world, an' not down."

"If he wants to try both," said I, "he'd best follow his father and grandfathers, and live 'pon a lightship."

"So this is how you live, Tom; and you, father; and you, uncle!" She moved about, examining everything—the lantern, the fog-signals and life-buoys, the cooking-stove, bunks and store-cupboards. "To think that



"SHE TURNED BACK THE SHAWL."

here you live, all the menkind belongin' to me, and I never to have seen it! All the menkind did I say, my rogue? And was I forgettin' you—you—you?" Kisses here, of course: and then she held the youngster up to look at his face in the light. "Ah, heart of me, will you grow up too to live in a lightship and leave a poor woman at home to weary for you in her trouble? Rogue, rogue, what poor woman have I done this to, bringing you into the world to be her torture and her joy?"

"Dear," says I, "you're weak yet. Sit down by me and rest awhile before the time comes to go back."

"But I'm not going back yet awhile. Your son, sir, and I are goin' to spend the night aboard."

"Halloa!" I said, and looked towards Old John, who had made fast astern of us and run a line out to one of the anchor-buoys.

"Tisn't allowed, o' course," he muttered, looking in turn and rather sheepishly towards my father. "But once in a way—'tis all Bathsheba's notion, and you mustn' ask *me*," he wound up.

"Once in a way!" cried Bathsheba. "And is it twice in a way that a woman comes to a man and lays his first child in his arms?"

My father had been studying the sunset and the sky to windward; and now he answered Old John:—

"'Tis once in a way, sure enough, that a boat can lay alongside the Gunnel. But the wind's fallin', and the night'll be warm. I reckon if you stay in the boat, Old John, she'll ride pretty comfortable; and I'll give the word to cast off at the leastest sign."

"Once in a way"—ah, sirs, it isn't twice in a way there comes such a night as that was! We lit the light at sunset, and hoisted it, and made tea, talking like children all the while; and my father the biggest child of all. Old John had his share passed out to him, and ate it alone out there in the boat; and, there being a lack of cups, Bathsheba and I drank out of the same, and scalded our lips, and must kiss to make them well. Foolishness? Dear, dear, I suppose so. And the jokes we had, calling out to Old John as the darkness fell, and wishing him "Good-night!" "Ou, aye, I hear 'ee," was all he answered. After we'd eaten our tea and washed up, I showed Bathsheba how to crawl into her bunk, and passed in the baby and laid it in her arms, and so left her, telling her to rest and sleep. But by-and-by, as I was keeping

watch, she came out, declaring the place stifled her. So I pulled out a mattress and blankets and strewed a bed for her out under the sky, and sat down beside her, watching while she suckled the child. She had him wrapped up so that the two dark eyes of him only could be seen, staring up from the breast to the great bright lantern above him. The moon was in her last quarter, and would not rise till close upon dawn; and the night pitchy dark around us, with a very few stars. In less than a minute Bathsheba gave a start and laid a hand on my arm.

"Oh, Tom, what was that?"

"Look up," said I. "'Tis the birds flying about the light."

For, of course, our light always drew the sea-birds, especially on dark, dull nights, and 'twas long since we had grown used to the sound of their beating and flapping, and took no notice of it. A moment after I spoke, one came dashing against the rigging, and we heard him tumble into the sea; and then one broke his neck against the cage overhead and tumbled dead at our feet. Bathsheba shivered as I tossed him overboard.

"Is it always like this?" she whispered. "I thought 'twas only at the cost of a silly woman's fears that you saved men's lives out here."

"Well," said I, "this is something more than usual, to be sure."

For, looking up into the circle of light, we could see now at least a hundred birds flying round and round, and in half an hour's time there must have been many hundreds. Their white breasts were like a snowstorm; and soon they began to fall thick upon deck. They were not all sea-birds either.

"Halloa!" said I, "what's the day of the month?"

"The nineteenth of March."

"Here's a wheat-ear, then," I said. "In a couple of weeks we shall have the swallows; and, a couple of weeks after, a cuckoo, maybe. So you see that even out here by the Gunnel we know when spring comes along."

And I began to hum the old song that children sang in the Islands:—

The cuckoo is a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies;
He sucks the sweet flowers
To make his voice clear,
And when he says "cuckoo!"
The summer is here.

Bathsheba's eyes were wet for the poor birds, but she took up the song, crooning

it soft-like, and persuading the child to sleep :—

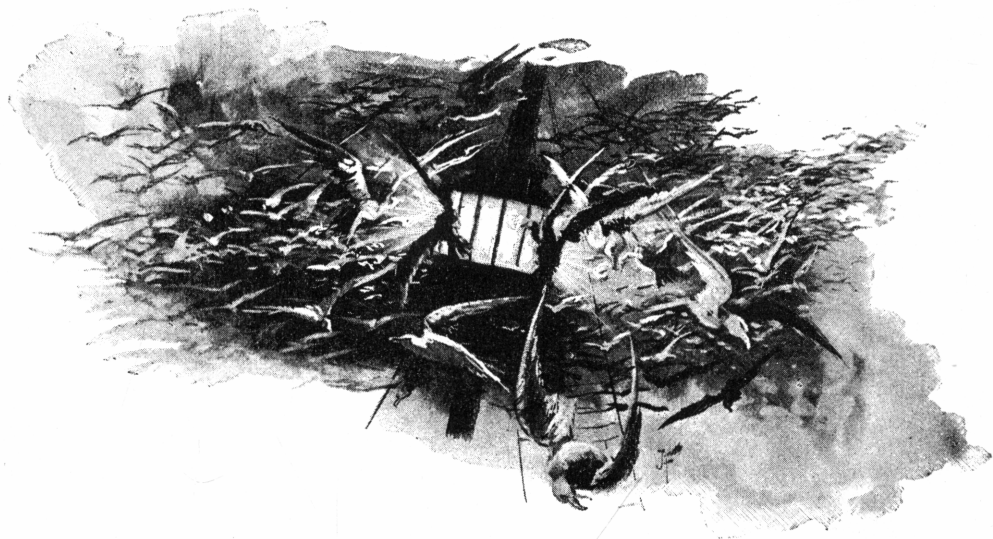
O, meeting is a pleasure,
But parting is grief.
An inconstant lover
Is worse than a thief ;
For a thief at the worst
Will take all that I have
But an inconstant lover
Sends me to my grave.

Her hand stole into mine as the boy's eyes closed, and clasped my fingers, entreating me in silence to look and admire him. Our own eyes met over him, and I saw by the lantern-light the happy blush rise and spread over neck and chin and forehead. The flapping of the birds overhead had almost died away, and we lay still, watching the

lighthouse flash, far down in the empty darkness.

By-and-by the clasp of her hand relaxed. A star shot down the sky, and I turned. Her eyelids, too, had drooped, and her breath came and went as softly and regularly as the Atlantic swell around us. And my child slept in her arms.

Day was breaking before his first cry awoke her. My father had the breakfast ready, and Old John sang out to hurry. A fair wind went with them to the Islands—a light south-wester. As the boat dropped out of sight, I turned and drew in a deep breath of it. It was full of the taste of flowers, and I knew that spring was already at hand, and coming up that way.



Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

MR. COMYNS CARR.

BORN 1849.



MR. JOSEPH WILLIAM COMYNS CARR, one of our greatest art critics, matriculated at the London University, and after passing in the Honours Division of the first examination for the degree of Bachelor of Laws, became a student of the Inner Temple in 1869, and was called to the Bar in 1872, having gained a studentship in Roman and International Law at the Inns of Court. Mr. Comyns Carr then joined the Northern Circuit, but shortly afterwards ceased to practise at the Bar, and devoted himself to literature and journalism. From 1870 to 1880 he was a



AGE 10.

From a Photo. by Maull & Polyblank.

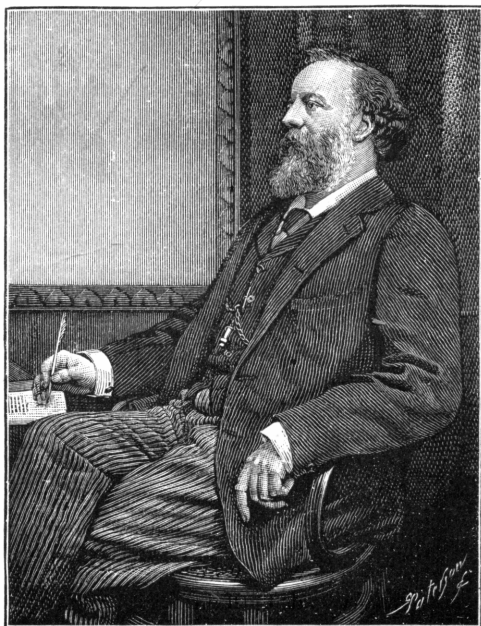
editorship of *L'Art*. He was one of those who established the Grosvenor Gallery, and has since remained one of the directors of that institution. His works on art include "Drawings by the Old Masters," 1877; "Examples of Contemporary Art," 1878; "Essays on Art"; "Art in Provincial France," 1883; and "Papers on Art," in 1884. In 1882 he produced a dramatized version of Mr. Hardy's novel, "Far From the Madding Crowd," and in 1884 he collaborated with the late Hugh Conway in the drama of "Called Back." Mr. Comyns Carr is just now prominently before the public as the

author of Mr. Irving's new production of "King Arthur" at the Lyceum.



AGE 23.

From a Photo. by Fradelle.



From a

PRESENT DAY.

[Platotype.]

constant contributor to the principal literary reviews and magazines. He held for some years the post of art critic to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in 1875 he accepted the English



From a Photo. by] AGE 15. *[Hills & Saunders.*

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.

BORN 1845.



HE RIGHT HON. LORD GEORGE FRANCIS HAMILTON, M.P., P.C., was born at Brighton and educated at Harrow.

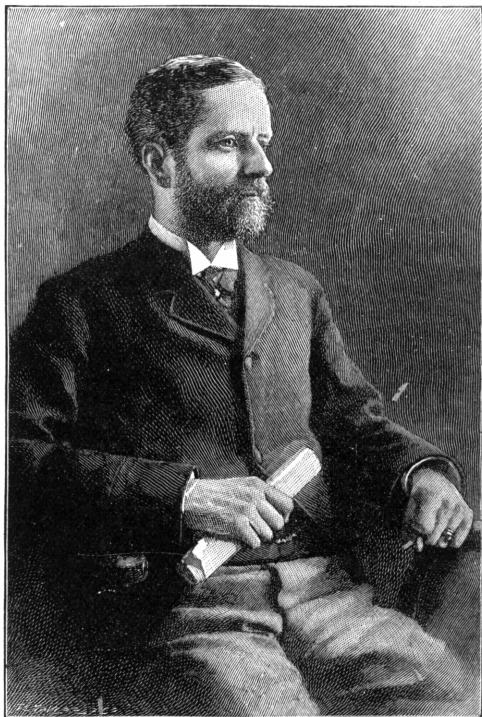
In 1864 he was appointed an ensign in the Rifle Brigade, and in 1868 was transferred to the Coldstream Guards. At



From a Photo. by] AGE 31. *[Lock & Whitfield.*

the general election of December, 1868, he contested the County of Middlesex in the Conservative interest, and was returned at the head of the poll. At the general election of February, 1874, Lord George Hamilton again came in at the head of the poll, and on the formation of Mr. Disraeli's Administration, in February, 1874, his lordship was nominated to the post of Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for India; he was also appointed Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education in April, Vol. ix.—9.

1878. On the latter occasion he was sworn of the Privy Council. On the defeat of the Gladstonian Government, he was made First Lord of the Admiralty from June, 1885, to



From a Photo. by] AGE 42. *[Edwin Bell.*

February, 1886, and filled the same post in the succeeding Cabinet. He has since taken a prominent part in politics, and is the present Chairman of the London School Board.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*



From a]

AGE 4.

[Miniature.

THE LATE BISHOP OF COLCHESTER.

BORN 1833.



HE RIGHT REV. ALFRED BLOMFIELD, D.D., Bishop of Colchester, whose untimely death was recorded not long ago, was born at Fulham. He received his

education at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, and was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls' College. He took the degree of B.A. in 1855, and M.A. in 1857, and was ordained priest in 1858. After holding various



AGE 40.

From a Photo. by J. N. Cuggenheim, Oxford.

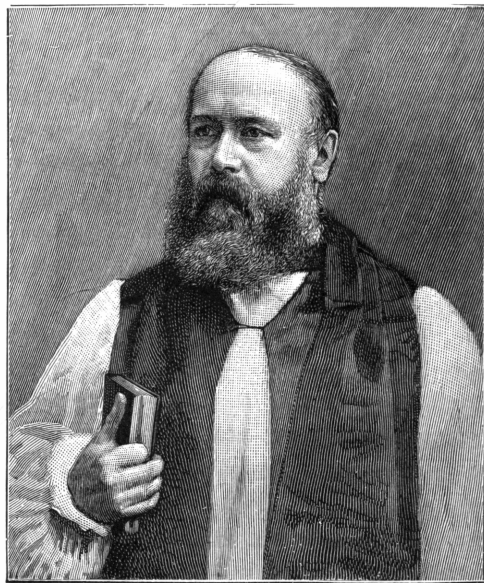
curacies he was appointed Archdeacon of Essex in 1878 and of Colchester in 1882. In the latter year he was also appointed Bishop of Colchester, and was consecrated at St. Albans Cathedral, by the Archbishop of



From a Photo. by]

AGE 29.

[Mayall, Regent St., W.



AGE 61.

From a Photo. by Samuel Walker, Regent Street, W.

Canterbury. He was the author of "Memoirs of Bishop Blomfield," his father, 2 vols., 1863, and "Sermons in Town and Country," 1871.



From a] AGE 4. [Painting.

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE.

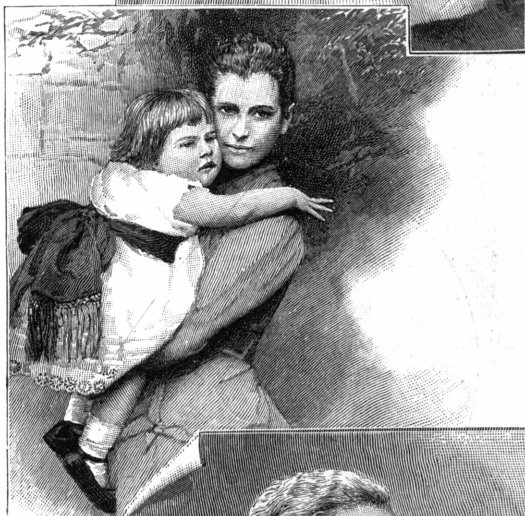
MISS HELEN GLADSTONE, fourth daughter of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., received her primary education at home, and afterwards went to Newnham College, Cambridge, which she entered in October, 1877, intending to stay one year only, but after-



From a Photo. by] AGE 11. [Sülv.



AGE 17.
From a Photo-graph.



AGE 32.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Window & Grove.

wards deciding to remain, studying as a student, for three years. Miss Gladstone then acted as secretary to Mr. Sidgwick (at that time Vice-Principal of the College), and in 1882 succeeded to that post, with the additional charge of Sidgwick Hall. Miss Gladstone is at present on the Council of the Church Schools Company and on the Executive Committee of the Women's Liberal Federation.



AGE 25.
From a Photo. by Hans Hammann, St. Gallen.

THE LORD MAYOR

BORN 1848.



ALDERMAN SIR JOSEPH RENALS, Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year, was born at Nottingham. After completing his school education and travelling on the Continent, he entered into business in Nottingham, as a bleacher. In 1875 Mr. Joseph Renals was compelled by ill-health to retire from active business for a



AGE 32.
From a Photo. by E. J. Stoneham, Cheapside.

period of rest, but after two years, having recovered, he came to London and established the well-known lace firm in Fore Street. He became a member of the City Corporation in 1885 as representative of his ward—Aldersgate—in the Court of Common Council; and two years later he was elected unanimously Alderman of the ward in succession to the late Sir John Staples. A short time since he served the office of Sheriff, and received the honour of Knighthood in commemoration of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York.



From a Photo. by] AGE 44. [Elliott & Fry.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.



A SKETCH. BY MARY H. TENNYSON.

Author of "READING A PLAY," etc.



FEW years ago, before Mrs. Fred Tempest was married, an old and confidential friend gave her a rather singular piece of advice.

"My dear Isabel," she said, "as you truly remark, good health is a great blessing; but remember this, a certain amount of illness is a necessity in every household—but for this, how would so many doctors get a living? And, being intensely interested in your future happiness, I strongly advise that you should be occasionally ill, yourself. For the first two years of my married life, my health was perfect, and what was the consequence? My husband became a martyr to imaginary complaints of all sorts; and from morning till night my thoughts were occupied with his latest symptom and fears for the result. At length, however, very fortunately, as it turned out, I was attacked with bronchitis in rather a severe form, and from that moment to this, dear Charles has scarcely known a day's illness. Whenever he begins to feel anything *peculiar* coming on, my cough gets troublesome, and the effect upon him is immediate.

Take my word for it, dear child, it does not do for a wife to be *too* strong and vigorous; a man never thoroughly appreciates a blessing unless he thinks there is some chance that it may be taken from him."

At the time, Isabel failed to see the wisdom of her friend's remarks, but she had not been married long before she fancied she recognised the truth of what had been said. She was always well and ready for long walks, lawn tennis, boating, or whatever form of violent exercise her husband felt disposed for, and she imagined it was in consequence of this that, after they had been wedded a year, there appeared to be a decided diminution in his care of her.

On their return from any expedition, there were no longer anxious inquiries whether she was not fatigued, or whether she would not like to rest a little before going to dress for dinner. All that sort of thing—which is very pleasant, after all—was given up, and at length there came a day when, on reaching home after a ten-mile walk, her husband threw himself upon the sofa at full length, and with a sigh, exclaimed:—

"Upon my soul, Isabel, I don't believe

* The author reserves the right of dramatizing this story.
Vol. ix.—10.

you know what it is to feel tired ! I wouldn't mind betting that you could do another five miles without turning a hair, while as for me, I am dead beat. I really am beginning to think there must be something wrong with my heart ; that last hill tried me dreadfully. Go and get me a brandy and soda, there's a good girl, and unlace my boots for me ; I am afraid to stoop over them myself, for lately I seem to have developed a disposition of blood to the head."

Mrs. Tempest gave him his brandy and soda and unlaced his boots, and then, after pulling down the blinds, because her husband complained that his eyes were very weak and uncomfortable, she went up to her room and reflected deeply.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tempest are now very happy ; they have been married four years, and it can be truly said they have never had a serious disagreement. Fred is as strong and well as a man need wish to be, his heart never troubles him, and since the evening which has been alluded to, he has suffered no further indications of an apopleptic nature. But on the other hand, Mrs. Fred has had occasional attacks which were difficult to diagnose, but which came on, as a rule, after over-exertion, or whenever her husband and she had had anything approaching a tiff.

I do not intend to imply that Isabel was out of temper at these times, but her feelings had usually been hurt before her mysterious illness declared itself ; the most pronounced symptoms of the attacks being an absolute craving for sympathy and kindness, and a marked aversion to food of all kinds.

Now, possibly there is nothing positively

dangerous to life in going without solid food for a week at a stretch, but it is doubtless a very uncomfortable state of things ; a person feels very low under these circumstances, and a little consideration and kindness are most precious at such times. Fred Tempest was a model husband during his wife's trying seizures. I fancy, poor fellow, he often reproached himself with being the original cause of these illnesses ; but Mrs. Fred considered, and still considers, though she confesses her feelings have undergone a change

since her last attack, that she had a distinct grievance against her doctor.

For instance, a short time before this last attack her husband took her and a lady friend to the Lyceum Theatre. The Tempests live at Balham, and when they visit the theatres it is their custom to go and return by train. Mrs. Fred, therefore, was not pleased on this particular evening to find that Fred had ordered a brougham. This circumstance, however, would not have affected her specially had not her husband explained his unusual conduct in the following manner :—

"My dear, I couldn't do differently. It wouldn't do to go dragging Mrs. French about in trains and cabs. French tells me he has to be awfully careful about her. You don't know, Isabel, how fragile and delicate she is."

"She looks strong enough, at any rate," Isabel replied, rather warmly, "and her appetite is enormous."

Fred Tempest appeared quite shocked at his wife's remark, and said what she considered some extremely unkind things concerning her manner to Mrs. French ; and,



"FRED HAD ORDERED A BROUGHAM."

possibly as the result of his plain speaking, the next morning Isabel was as ill as she could be; too ill, in fact, to get up and give their guest, who had stayed the night with them, her breakfast. Fred entered a protest against this, but when Isabel declared the mere thought of the eggs and ham, and sardines, and jam, which the delicate Mrs. French would consume made her feel quite deathly, he said no more, but kissing the suffering lady, with a heavy sigh went out of the room.

As a rule, Mrs. Tempest did not send for

Dr. Steadman until she had been ill for several days, but on this occasion her symptoms seemed to be aggravated. The slightest mention of Mrs. French—and Fred mentioned her rather frequently—was sufficient to make her burst into tears, and she was, moreover, compelled to absent herself from the room whenever her husband took any of his meals, the sight of food occasioning her positive pain.

She endured this condition of things for four days, and then summoned Dr. Steadman, and it must be owned her temper was considerably tried when, after having explained all her discomforts, her medical attendant said, cheerfully:—

"If you take my advice, you will tie yourself to a tree for a couple of days."

"I don't understand you," she responded, languidly.

"What! have you never heard that old story?" he asked, with a chuckle.

Isabel shook her head. Dr. Steadman's merriment vexed her. She felt so depressed, it seemed positively callous of him to laugh in her presence.

"Well, there was a certain vet," he explained, with a twinkle in his eye which the lady resented, "who worked the most marvellous cures on lady's lap-dogs, and it turned

out that all he did was to tie his patients to a tree, and give them nothing to eat for two days."

Mrs. Tempest thrilled with anger at this unfeeling anecdote, but she contrived to keep her temper, and even to smile faintly.

"The treatment might be very useful in cases of over-feeding," she said, with polite sarcasm, wondering whether she should send the suggestion to Mrs. French; "but as a cure for complete loss of appetite it does not sound reasonable to me."

"Nevertheless, I should try twenty-four hours tying-up, at any rate," Dr. Steadman continued, briskly; "you have no idea how much brighter you would feel afterwards."

"I have tried four days with nothing but slops," Isabel remarked, a little fiercely, "and I don't feel any the better for it yet."

"Well, then, give up the slops, and perhaps you will."

"You recommend absolute starvation then?" she said, icily.

"Yes, in your case I should try it," he assented with exasperating cheerfulness.

"Why do you say in my case?" the lady inquired, indignantly. "My appetite is at the best of times small."

This was indeed a fact.

"I mean I should not recommend starvation in a case of

emaciation, but"—with a laugh which was considered particularly offensive—"but, ha, ha, my dear Mrs. Tempest, you are not emaciated, to say the least."

Isabel's lips began to quiver, she had a horror of growing stout, and she answered somewhat peevishly:—

"It is not always over-eating that makes people stout. The stoutest woman I ever knew ate next to nothing, whereas I once saw a positive skeleton get through seven mutton cutlets at a sitting."



"WHAT! HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD THAT OLD STORY?"

With another inopportune laugh, Dr. Steadman rose.

"I should not advise your trying that cure," he said; "I don't think it would suit you at all."

Isabel was so angry that she walked out of the room and left him; it *was* hard, she thought, to be so cruelly misunderstood.

Rather earlier than usual she heard her husband's latch-key in the lock, and the sound of doors opening in rapid succession convinced her that Fred was vainly seeking for her. Presently he went clattering down the stairs in the direction of the kitchen, and then her eyes overflowed.

She was very touched at this evidence of his devotion. When it was too late, she reflected tearfully, Fred might come to think that there had been others who needed care besides Mrs. French; and then she wondered how he would feel if there came a day when he would have to descend lower than the kitchen before he could hope to find his wife.

I would explain that Isabel's thoughts were reverting at this instant to the cold grave, and not to a region which is situated very far below the basement floor.

There were traces of emotion on her cheeks when, at length, her husband entered her room.

"Why, little woman!" he exclaimed, "I thought you must have gone out."

"I feel too bad," she murmured, shaking her head dolefully.

Fred's jolly face grew a little anxious.

"I am awfully sorry, darling," he said, tenderly; "why, you're actually crying again! Oh, come, this won't do, we must send to Steadman at once."

"I've seen him," she sobbed, leaning her head against Fred's coat-sleeve.

"That's right; and what does he say?" her husband asked, encouragingly.

Resenting his cheerfulness, Isabel answered, somewhat snappishly, "He advises me to go to a veterinary surgeon, and not to attempt to eat seven mutton-chops at a sitting."

Fred Tempest started.

"You are joking!" he cried, uneasily.

"Well," Isabel continued, a little ashamed



"I'VE SEEN HIM."

of herself, when she saw that she had succeeded in alarming him at last; "I don't think he could have been quite in earnest, but he recommended nothing else, except, as usual, letting Nature have her own way."

"Did you ask him about trying a change of air?" Fred inquired, much puzzled.

"Yes, and he said it did not matter where I went, but that, all things considered, I was better at home."

"But that's very unsatisfactory," Fred cried. "I cannot understand Steadman. Did you ask him to suggest anything for you to eat?"

"Oh, yes. He evidently thought nothing at all would be best for me; but in case of any insatiable craving on my part, he hinted I might assuage my raging hunger on dog biscuit."

It was some dreary satisfaction to Isabel to see that, for once, Fred also was thoroughly annoyed with Dr. Steadman, and that his genial countenance wore quite a gloomy expression when, after dinner, he went out to smoke his cigar and have his usual stroll.

The next day, as she was sitting in her bedroom with the Venetian blinds down, very

miserable, her maid came to tell her that her neighbour, Mrs. Carson, was below. Now, Mrs. Carson is one of the most sympathetic women in the world, and still smarting under Dr. Steadman's perfectly unjustifiable insinuations, the aggrieved lady hailed her approach thankfully. Mrs. Carson gave a melodious little scream of dismay when she was ushered into the sufferer's presence.

"Oh, my dear soul!" she cried, with uplifted hands, "what *is* the matter? You *do* look ill."

"I am very poorly," was the mournful rejoinder.

"I should think so, indeed. You are positively green!"

"That may be the reflection of the blinds," Isabel answered, not entirely pleased; "but I do feel very bad."

"But what is it, dear?"

"I have not the least idea what occasions it," Isabel went on with slight disregard to the truth, "but I am awfully low and depressed, and I have not eaten anything for four days."

"Good gracious! But you have had a doctor, I suppose?"

"Yes, I saw Dr. Steadman yesterday," Isabel answered, trying to keep her voice from trembling at the recollection.

"Well, what does he say it is?"

"He doesn't give it a name, he never gives anything a name, but I think he attributes it to gluttony."

"Goodness me!"

"At any rate," Isabel explained, with a mirthless laugh, "he considered it necessary to warn me against gorging, and recommended, as a cure for complete and obstinate loss of appetite, tying myself to a post with a lot of dogs, and starving myself for a couple of days."

Mrs. Carson looked aghast.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried. "Is he safe?"

"Is who safe?"

"Why, Dr. Steadman; he must be mad to talk like that."

"Oh, dear, no," Isabel interrupted, quickly.

"He is not mad, he is the cleverest man in this neighbourhood by far."

"Well, then," Mrs. Carson continued, with a puzzled air, "if you have so much faith in Dr. Steadman, how do you account for his behaviour on the present occasion?"

Isabel shrugged her shoulders hopelessly.

"I suppose he thinks me a humbug, and that the case is not worthy his serious attention; at any rate, that is all he said, and he laughed while he was saying that."

"My dear, it's cruel!" Mrs. Carson ex-

claimed, warmly. "I call it positively cruel of him; and you looking so ill, too."

"It's not sympathetic, certainly," the invalid whimpered.

"It's brutal! He must be a man absolutely without heart."

Isabel's conscience gave her a twinge. She did not feel at all disposed to champion Dr. Steadman at that moment, but recollecting the time when her husband's young brother lay sick to death, and this very man denied himself rest for nights together because he saw that his presence was a comfort to the lad's broken-hearted mother, she felt she could not allow so grave and undeserved an aspersion to be cast upon his character.

"It is not that," she said, honestly—"Fred's people worship Dr. Steadman—it is that he considers my case too trifling. We disagree on that point, however. My life may not be in danger, but I am as wretched as I can be."

"You must be," responded Mrs. Carson, kindly. "I don't know what I should do if my appetite were to fail me. But what does Dr. Steadman recommend you to try to eat?"

"Nothing," was the forlorn reply. Then, bitterly: "He suggests nothing except the dogs and the post."

"That's foolishness, my dear, downright foolishness! But what does he say of your tongue?"

"He never looks at it."

Mrs. Carson sprang to her feet.

"He never looks at your tongue?" she cried, tragically.

"Never," Isabel answered; "but, to tell truth, I can't say I object to that. I detest showing my tongue."

With an excited gesture Mrs. Carson interrupted: "My dear, you are talking nonsense; everything is told by the tongue, nobody can deny that!" Then, advancing, she clasped both Isabel's hands, and squeezed them impressively. "My dear," she said, solemnly, "you must see someone else; it is evident to me that you are being neglected altogether, and from the look of you, I think it is more serious than Dr. Steadman fancies."

"I should not mind seeing someone else for this," Isabel said; "but Fred would never consent to anything that looked like disrespect to Dr. Steadman."

"Rubbish!" Mrs. Carson exclaimed, brusquely. "I suppose he would rather offend Dr. Steadman than lose his wife. Oh, my dear, now, pray don't begin to cry, or you will upset me altogether; you are evidently in an excessively low state. It surely wouldn't hurt Dr. Steadman's feelings if you were to

ask him to meet another doctor in consultation, would it?"

"No," Mrs. Fred sobbed, "he would not mind that, of course; but I don't know whom else to call in."

"There need be no difficulty about that," Mrs. Carson replied, promptly; "I know the very man."

"And who is he?"

"Dr. Peter Furness, one of the ablest men in Edinburgh; he is my cousin, and is staying a few days with me, and he's the kindest, gentlest, most sympathetic creature in existence."

"And clever?" Isabel asked, much interested.

"Clever! He is a perfect encyclopædia of knowledge. *He* will tell you what's the matter with you, never fear. He is the very man of all others you want, for his suggestions with regard to diet are perfectly invaluable. Altogether he is the greatest comfort in times of illness. I've experienced his kindness with the children. Every year when we go north we see a great deal of him. Come, now, you get him to meet Dr. Steadman tomorrow; I shall not be easy until you've seen someone else, my dear; there's a look about you I don't like at all."

Isabel wrote a letter to Dr. Steadman directly Mrs. Carson had left her, but she did not despatch it until Fred's return. Somewhat to her surprise, her husband made no difficulty about the matter, but she felt a little nervous when she opened the doctor's reply: she knew Fred's family would never forgive her if she offended their respected friend.

Dr. Steadman wrote but a few words, and Isabel heaved a sigh of relief as she handed the note to Fred.

"It happens fortunately," she murmured, "does it not?"

"Dear Mrs. Tempest," Fred read aloud; "by all means, see Dr. Furness, but I am sorry I cannot meet him to-morrow: I am called into the country. That does not signify, however; his medicine cannot clash with mine, as I have prescribed none. I will come round in a few days and have a look at you in a friendly way. With kindest regards, very sincerely yours,

"GEORGE STEADMAN."

Fred Tempest had an engagement that evening at the French's; he offered to stay at home, but when Isabel discovered that he had promised Mr. French he would look in and help him to cheer his wife—who, notwithstanding all their care, had been much upset by the theatre expedition—she assured him, chokingly, she would rather, far rather, be alone.

The lady spent the evening in tears, and had a dry biscuit for dinner, and the next morning she felt more ill than she had ever done in her life; so bad, in fact, was she, that Fred,



"SHE HAD A DRY BISCUIT FOR DINNER."

for the first time, was quite frightened, and declared nothing should induce him to start to business until he had heard Dr. Furness's opinion of his wife's condition.

Isabel was so depressed and so utterly miserable, that even the doctor's knock at the door failed to rouse her; but when he entered the room, she managed to rise from her chair, and holding on to the back of it, greeted him with all possible courtesy and respect.

Dr. Furness is not a handsome man; indeed, he might justly be called ugly, but his aspect is extremely benevolent, his voice

is low and gentle, and his first words proved him to be the kindly, sympathetic creature Mrs. Carson had described.

"Don't stand, my dear lady," he murmured, soothingly; "you look sadly, very sadly."

And then, taking the sufferer's hand in his, he assisted her to her chair, and seating himself quite close, bent towards her with a benignant smile on his face.

"Now," he said, so kindly that it brought the ready tears to Isabel's eyes. "Now, tell me all about it. Come, come, you mustn't get depressed, you know, that will never do. Now let us hear, and then we will think what can be done."

Mrs. Tempest explained her symptoms with quite unusual plainness, having made notes beforehand that she might forget nothing, and Dr. Furness accompanied her recital with a series of little sympathetic humming murmurs which strongly resembled the cooing of a rather hoarse dove. From time to time Isabel glanced at him, and saw that he sat with his eyes tightly closed, and his face radiant with benevolence. At length she came to a conclusion, and a silence ensued.

"He is thinking," the lady murmured under her breath; "he is turning it all over in his brain."

For a minute the silence continued, and then Dr. Furness opened his eyes suddenly.

"Any pain in the knees?" he asked, softly.

This was an unexpected question, for Mrs. Tempest had not complained of any weakness in her joints, or of anything, in fact, except utter depression of spirits, and complete failure of appetite.

"No," she replied, a little startled, "I have no pain at all in my knees."

"Nor in the back of the eye-balls, or the shoulders?" he inquired, shutting his eyes.

"No."

Dr. Furness hummed a little, and then opened his eyes again.

"Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue!" he said, all in one word, and with the most musical upward inflection of voice.

Isabel displayed her tongue. As she explained to Mrs. Carson, she had a great objection to doing this; it may have been ridiculous vanity on her part, but she considered it most unpleasant to have to, as it were, invite criticism under what she felt to be such truly undignified and hideous circumstances. At the same time, it must be owned that when she *did* show her tongue she liked it to be looked at, and it annoyed

her, after having sat in this condition for at least half a minute, waiting for Dr. Furness to give her the order of release, to find, on raising her eyes, that he had once more closed his.

She brought her teeth together with rather an irritable snap, and the sound roused him.

"No neuralgia in the arms or jaws?" he inquired, gently.

"No," she replied, growing uneasy, for it was evident Dr. Furness considered these infirmities to be the natural sequence of her present condition.

"No darting pains in the insteps or wrists?"

"N—n—no."

"And free from pain in the knees?"

"Quite," she answered, faintly.

"Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue!"

With a little, nervous laugh, Isabel put out her tongue once more. It was vexing, she thought, but as Dr. Furness had omitted to look at it on the previous occasion, she could well understand the necessity for repeating the objectionable practice. This time she put it out and in again as quickly as an automatic toy; but the momentary glimpse Dr. Furness obtained of it caused him such an access of his peculiar dove-like sounds that the lady became quite anxious. It really seemed as though her tongue had quite shocked her adviser.

Pulling an enormous gold watch from his pocket, Dr. Furness laid his velvety touch upon Isabel's wrist, and, humming incessantly, began to study her pulse; but taking out his watch must have been a mere habit with him, for his patient noticed that all the time he held her wrist, his eyes were tightly shut.

Mrs. Fred Tempest, as a rule, is by no means irritable, but she did find Dr. Furness's habit of closing his eyes deciding trying. She could not understand it, for she had heard Dr. Steadman say often that he trusted his eyes far more than his ears in diagnosing a case. She was willing to admit, however, that different men might have different methods of gaining the same point.

Dr. Furness held her wrist for so long that at last she began to fidget a little, and then, with a final coo, he replaced his watch, and once more looked at her.

"And how's the appetite?" he murmured, softly.

Isabel started, and commenced twisting her handkerchief into knots.

"I have no appetite at all. I detest the sight of food," she said, raising her voice, and speaking distinctly. "I thought I had ex-



"DEAR, DEAR, DEAR."

plained that I have eaten nothing for four days."

"Dear, dear, dear, that's bad, that's very bad. And what does Dr. Steadman say is the matter with you?"

"He doesn't say what it is," was the plaintive reply. "I thought perhaps you would be able to tell me; it is so much more satisfactory to know what one is suffering from."

"Of course it is, naturally it is. And you say you are free from pain in the knees, and the appetite is not good?"

"It is as bad as it can be," she answered, sharply, ignoring her joints altogether. "What do you think occasions it?"

The doctor sat a minute cooing softly with sealed eye-lids, and then, suddenly opening them very wide, he said loudly, all in one breath, without any stops—

"I should say you are suffering either from Anorexia which means absence of appetite or Apositia which is a disgust for food or Asitia which is a loathing of the same or

Fastidium Cidi a distaste for food or Asé or Inedia or in fact anything but Bulimia which signifies excess of appetite voracity or insatiable hunger."

The lady's brain began to whirl, and hastily unscrewing the top of her scent-bottle, she dabbed her forehead with her handkerchief. Dr. Furness was very learned, there was no doubt of that, but she almost wished she hadn't asked the question, the list was confusing and alarming; besides, the speech evidently exhausted the physician, for he relapsed into perfect silence, until, after a pause, Isabel said, rather tremulously:—

"Mrs. Carson tells me, Dr. Furness, that you often make most valuable suggestions with regard to diet. Now, possibly, you might be able to mention something that I *could* take; this aversion to

food is really so very distressing."

"Of course it is, of course it is! Very trying indeed, most trying. I may say *excessively* trying!" Then, in the softest conceivable tone, and with the sweetest smile: "Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue!"

Mrs. Tempest's face grew very grave, and she sternly crushed a rising inclination to anger. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ungrateful woman!" she thought. "He is very careful, and you did not allow him an opportunity of seeing it the last time."

Isabel displayed her tongue again, and whether her companion looked at it or not she did not know, for she was not at all equal to staring a man in the face while she showed him her tongue for the third time in ten minutes.

"And what have you been taking?" Dr. Furness asked, after humming over the outstretched tongue for a few seconds.

"I've tried a little soup," the patient replied, mournfully.

Dr. Furness opened his eyes so wide that the whites became visible; and drawing a

deep breath, started off rapidly and loudly : "Soup, that's good ! Well, you know there is"—increasing his pace suddenly—"beef tea mutton broth veal broth chicken broth Scotch broth oxtail soup mock turtle clear turtle thick turtle julienne mulligatawny gravy soup tomato soup artichoke soup vermicelli soup hare soup grouse soup oyster soup giblet soup kidney soup lentil soup pea soup aspara——"

He ran down here, his voice died away, and he sat and panted for a minute. Mrs. Tempest was not surprised at this, for only listening to him had reduced her to so severe a condition of breathlessness that she began to consider seriously whether it was wise for her to remain any longer with him. He frightened her, and his exhausted condition after his long speeches was really alarming to witness.

"Thank you," she faltered, with a curious inclination to laugh and cry at the same time—"thank you so much ; I will try one of them."

Dr. Furness recovered sooner than could have been expected.

"And can you manage a little milk pudding of any sort, eh ?" he asked, with almost a tender air of interest.

"He *is* kind !" Isabel thought to herself ; "he *is really* kind and careful. I don't care for milk puddings," she said, "but——"

With a gentle pressure of his hand upon her arm, the doctor interrupted her, and stretching his eyes suddenly, drew in his breath audibly. Isabel began to tremble, and clenched her teeth.

"There is tapioca pudding sago pudding rice pudding ground-rice pudding cornflour pudding semolina pudding polina pudding hominy pudding custard pudding regina pudding flavoured either with lemon orange citron vanilla noyau ratafia almond ginger nutmeg——"

"Oh, I know, I know !" the lady panted. "Don't tell me any more now, please ; I really don't think I can bear it. I am so very much obliged to you, indeed I am. I shall never be at a loss after this, I'm sure."

He pressed his hand softly on her arm again. "Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue !"

Isabel could not stand that, for even as Dr. Furness proffered the request he shut his eyes tightly.

"You must excuse me, please," she replied, biting her lips and quivering with excitement, and then, to her dismay, she found herself breaking into a short, sharp laugh.

She was not at all amused, but she felt

she must either laugh or scream, for, in an instant, an explanation had flashed across her brain why all Mrs. Carson's children had such particularly thick utterances. In young children the muscles are very flexible and easily stretched, and Dr. Furness, having attended them frequently, it was no wonder that their tongues should have become too long for their mouths.

The doctor took no offence at her unbecoming hilarity, however, but when he had rested a minute, continued, softly :—

"And jellies, now ; how about jellies ?"

"I don't like them," was the quick rejoinder. It wasn't the truth. Isabel had rather a weakness for jellies, but she feared if the doctor started off again that he would kill her ; for she had the peculiarity of feeling bound to hold her breath while the person who was either talking or singing to her held his, and sometimes, during a long-drawn-out note or cadenza, she suffered severely.

But if she had hoped to save herself, she was mistaken. She saw her amiable tormentor unclothe his eyes and deliberately inflate his lungs. In despair she did the same, and crammed her handkerchief into her mouth to prevent the breath escaping too soon.

"There is calve's-foot jelly ivory jelly orange jelly lemon jelly lime jelly currant jelly cherry jelly brandy jelly champagne jelly sherry jelly claret jelly noyau jelly punch jelly jelly with fruit jelly with prawns jelly with——"

"Might I trouble you—ha ! ha !—for my smelling-salts ? I'm—ha, ha !—feeling rather faint and breathless !" Mrs. Tempest gasped.

"Oh, come, come, come," Dr. Furness said, kindly, "this won't do at all."

"I think I require a change of air," Isabel stammered, still with the same unreasonable and perfectly mirthless inclination to laugh.

"I dare say you do. Now, where does Dr. Steadman advise you to go ?"

"He doesn't seem to think it matters," she replied, more calmly, but very plaintively.

Dr. Furness hummed a little, and his eyelids began to stretch themselves. "Ah, but that is not quite wise," he said ; "the climate and locality are very important."

And then, to the lady's horror, she heard the long-drawn-in breath. She could not manage to inflate her own lungs this time, and there were beads of moisture on her brow before the doctor had finished.

"You might go either to Brighton or Eastbourne Bournemouth or Ramsgate or Margate or Herne Bay or Cromer or Scarborough

or Southsea or Blackpool or Torquay or Ilfracombe to the north of Scotland or the south of France to the Isle of Wight to the Isle of Man to Jersey to Guernsey——”

He stopped here from sheer inability to continue, and Isabel leant her head back on her chair, and wondered drearily whether Fred would come and interrupt them in time to save her from suffocation or brain fever; already there was a hammer at work in her head.

She thought afterwards that she must have been really faint for a few seconds, for she had a dim perception that Dr. Furness inquired about the condition of her knees again, and that she made no attempt to answer him; but she was suddenly recalled to full consciousness by his saying, blandly:—

“And how about drink, now; what do you drink?”

With a stifled cry Mrs. Tempest sprang to her feet.

“What do I drink?” she repeated, wildly. “Ha, ha! I drink nothing—that is to say—ha, ha; I don’t wish to drink anything. I’d rather not, I would indeed! Ha! ha! ha!”

“But you take a little wine or spirit mixed with aerated water, eh?”

“Never!” Isabel cried, lying most posterously. “I assure you, I never do, and I never wish to. Ha, ha, ha, I don’t,

indeed I don’t! I am going mad, I feel I am!” she muttered, stamping her feet, and wringing her hands. “I can’t get away from him; there’s a deadly fascination about him. If Fred doesn’t come soon he will find me a gibbering idiot!”

“You might take a little brandy or whisky or rum or gin or hollands, occasionally,” Dr. Furness continued, suavely, approaching the agitated lady and once more laying his hand impressively upon her arm; “and you could mix it with either”—then he drew his long breath, and his palpitating victim shuddered convulsively—“soda water seltzer water potass water lithia water taunus water brunner water lime water salutaris apollinaris zoedone——”

Mrs. Tempest staggered, and began to sway backwards and forwards.

“Why, what’s the matter?” Dr. Furness said gently; *very* gently and kindly he said it.

“I feel ill!” the lady cried, clapping her hands together. “Ill! ill! I want my husband. I think I am going to die!”

“Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue!”

With a piercing scream, Mrs. Tempest fell into her chair again.

“No, ha! ha! never! never! Ha! ha! I will not! I will not! Oh, Fred! Fred! Ha! ha! ha!”

The rest was *not* silence.

The evening of Dr. Furness’s visit to Isabel, Fred Tempest had rather a stormy interview with his old friend, Mrs. Carson.

“Hang it all!” he exclaimed, “your cousin’s methods of cure are rather too strong. Isabel has been downright ill the greater part of the day.”

“And how is she now, Fred?” the buxom lady asked, biting her lips to preserve her gravity.

“She is better now, certainly; but——”

“And she’ll remain better, my dear boy; take my word for it. Are you not coming in to thank Peter?”

“Thank him!” Fred cried. “Why, I feel indebted to him for the wretchedest day I ever spent.”

“Nevertheless, you’ll live to thank him, you ungrateful boy.”

The previous evening, when Fred, in very low spirits, had turned out for his after-dinner stroll, he had called on Mrs. Carson, with the object of enlisting her always ready



“LEM-ME-LOOK-AT-THE-TONGUE!”

sympathies for himself as well as for his wife, and had found that good-natured lady *tête-à-tête* with a plain, but kindly-looking, middle-aged man, to whom he was introduced as her cousin, Dr. Peter Furness, of Edinburgh.

This gentleman sat very quietly while the young man explained his troubles, but when Fred's recital of his woes and his annoyance with Dr. Steadman had come to an end, the Scotch physician looked up quickly, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his prominent eyes.

"I recollect Steadman in my student days," he said. "He was considered a very clever fellow then."

"He is awfully clever," Fred answered, warmly; "but I can't persuade him that it would be better to humour my wife a little bit. He rubs her the wrong way so terribly."

"He doesn't think there is anything serious the matter, I presume?"

"Well, no," Fred answered, hesitatingly. "He thinks she is over-excitabile, and——"

"And that she has more sympathy from you already than is good for her, and that she can't bear little Mrs. French, eh, Fred?" Mrs. Carson interposed, laughingly.

"Oh, come now, really——"

"Oh, yes, I know—I know all about it, my dear boy. Isabel is a goose."

There was silence for a minute, and then Dr. Furness, after regarding the young man's worried face attentively, said softly:—

"Let me see your wife, Mr. Tempest. I fancy I could cure her. I believe I understand her case thoroughly. Let my cousin Minnie, here, go and suggest that Mrs. Tempest should consult me."

"But you would have to meet Steadman. I can't offer him any slight, though I do feel riled with him," Fred answered.

"Of course I'll meet him: it would give me pleasure," the doctor assented, blandly. "Now, my dear sir, take my advice, don't you mention this matter to your wife. Let the

suggestion emanate from Minnie, otherwise Mrs. Tempest will think you are frightened."

"And you'll be gentle with her, won't you?" Fred continued, earnestly. "Steadman is a dear old boy, but I am sure he makes a mistake in Isabel's case. She is so very sensitive."

"Oh, I'll be very gentle, you may depend upon that."

When the cousins were alone again, the doctor fixed his eyes thoughtfully upon Mrs. Carson's pleasant, smiling face.

"That seems a thoroughly good fellow," he said at length. "I should like to help him. The wife's jealousy of the other lady is all nonsense, I suppose?"

"Perfect nonsense," Mrs. Carson retorted, warmly. "Fred's devoted to Isabel. I really should like to shake her, sometimes. Yet she can be so sweet, too."

Dr. Furness relapsed into silence once more, but presently he continued, with rather a sly smile: "You'll be as sympathetic as possible when you call upon the lady to-morrow, Minnie, please, and don't forget to exalt me and to pitch into poor Fred and Steadman, too. I'll just run up now and give Steadman a hint to decline meeting me. I'd better see her alone if I'm to soothe her. I say, cousin, do you recollect Macfarlane?"

Mrs. Carson started, and then her ample shoulders began to shake.

"I used to be able to imitate him pretty well. Mrs. Tempest shall benefit by my talent. 'Any pain in the knees,' Minnie? 'Lem-me-look-at-the-tongue!'"

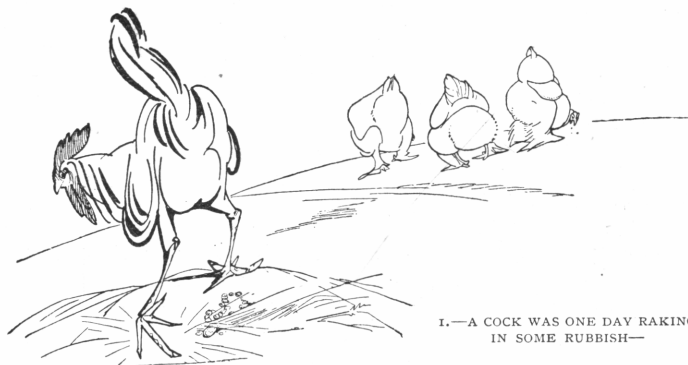
Isabel has not seen Dr. Furness since that memorable morning two years ago, but to this day Mrs. Carson declares proudly that her relative cured her friend; and one thing is quite certain, which is that Mrs. Tempest has never again suffered another of her miserable attacks.

Fables

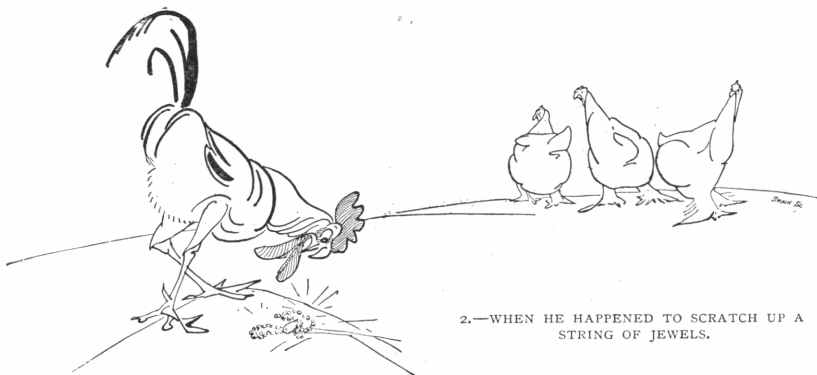
Illustrated
by
H. A. Shepherd



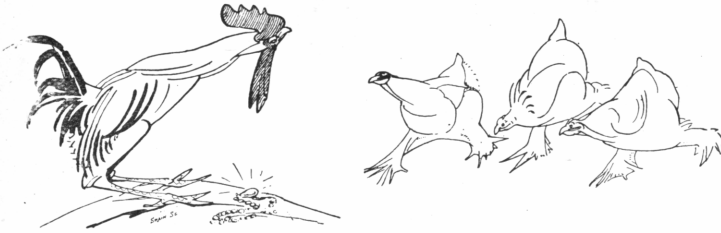
THE COCK AND THE JEWELS.



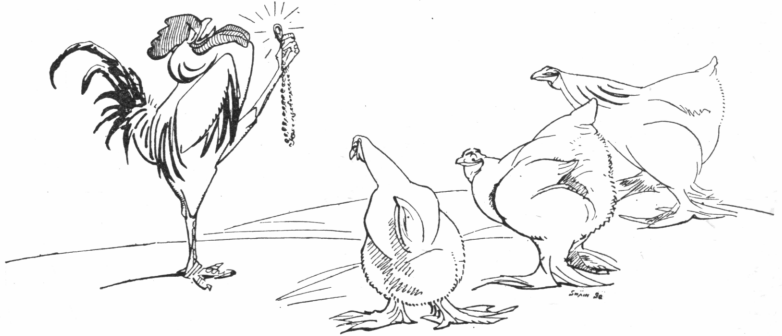
1.—A COCK WAS ONE DAY RAKING
IN SOME RUBBISH—



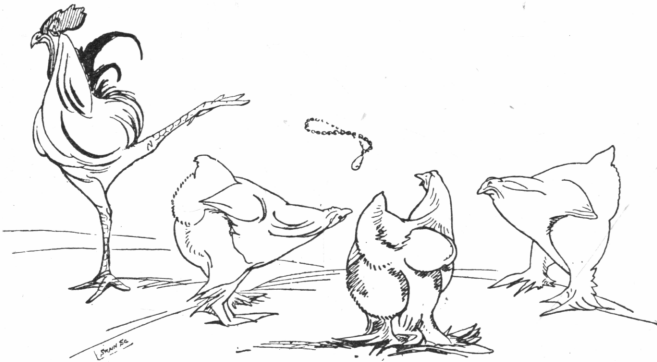
2.—WHEN HE HAPPENED TO SCRATCH UP A
STRING OF JEWELS.



3.—HIS WIVES CAME RUNNING UP TO SEE WHAT HE HAD FOUND.



4.—“WHAT IS IT?” THEY INQUIRED.

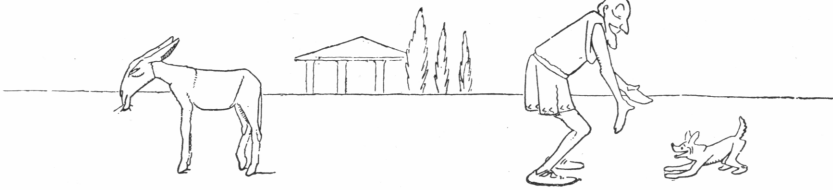


5.—“NOTHING BUT JEWELS,” HE ANSWERED; “NO GOOD AT ALL.”

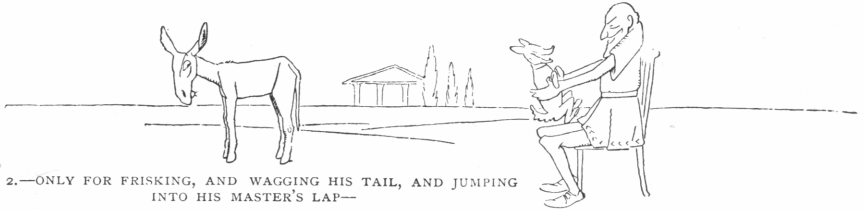


6.—“LET US GO AND LOOK FOR SOME BARLEY.”

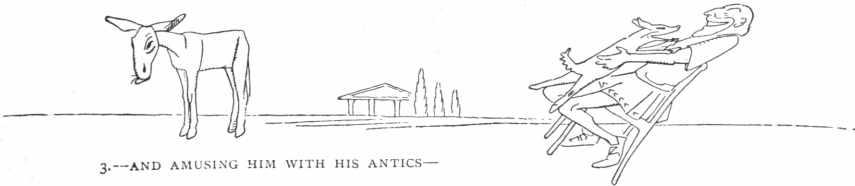
THE ASS AND THE PET DOG.



1.—THE ASS, OBSERVING HOW GREAT A FAVOURITE THE LITTLE DOG WAS WITH HIS MASTER—



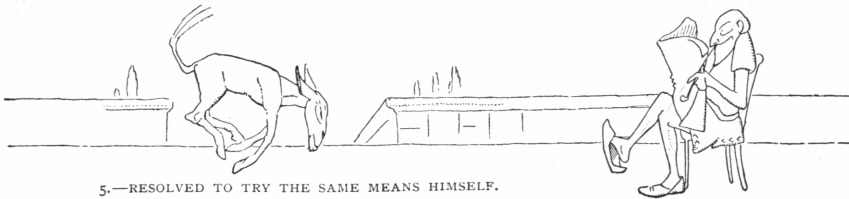
2.—ONLY FOR FRISKING, AND WAGGING HIS TAIL, AND JUMPING INTO HIS MASTER'S LAP—



3.—AND AMUSING HIM WITH HIS ANTICS—



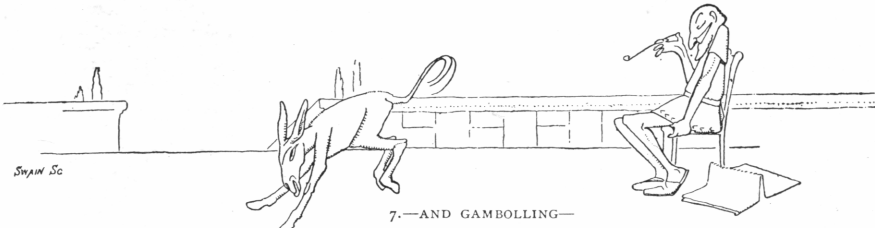
4.—AND HOW HE WAS FED WITH GOOD BITS AT EVERY MEAL—



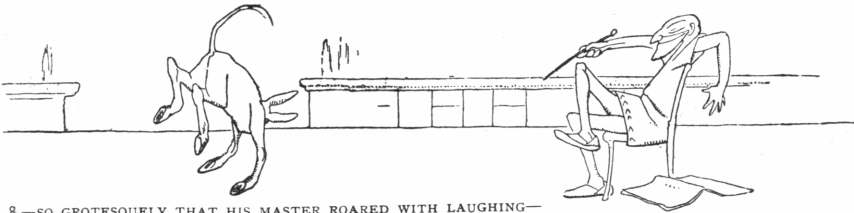
5.—RESOLVED TO TRY THE SAME MEANS HIMSELF.



6.—HE THEREFORE CAME BRAYING TOWARDS HIS MASTER—



7.—AND GAMBOLLING—



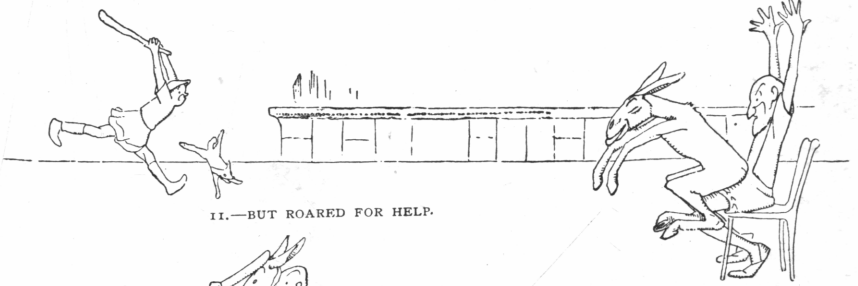
8.—SO GROTESQUELY THAT HIS MASTER ROARED WITH LAUGHING—



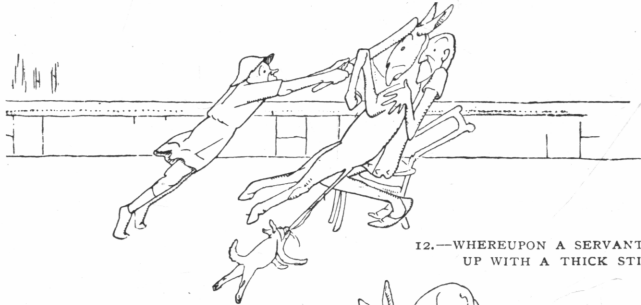
9.—UNTIL HIS SIDES ACHED.



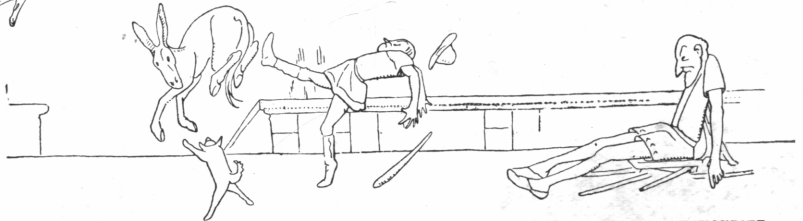
10.—BUT WHEN THE ASS LEAPED UPON HIS KNEES AND BEGAN TO LICK HIS FACE LOVINGLY WITH HIS TONGUE, HE SAW THE JOKE NO LONGER—



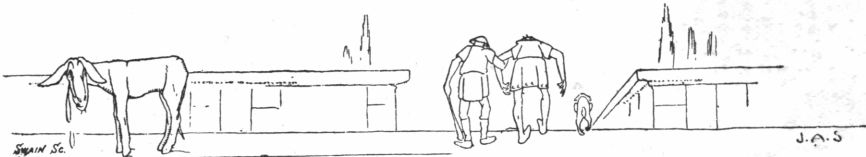
11.—BUT ROARED FOR HELP.



12.—WHEREUPON A SERVANT, RUNNING UP WITH A THICK STICK—

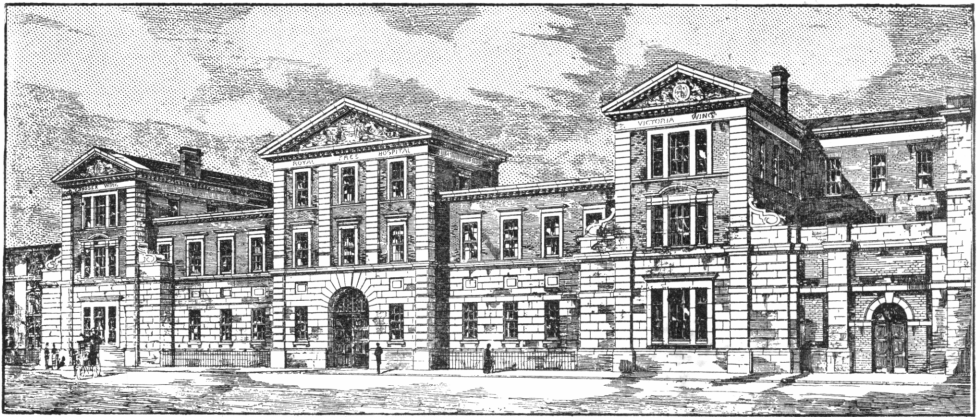


13.—SOON TAUGHT THE ASS THAT IT IS NOT EVERYONE WHO IS QUALIFIED TO BE A FAVOURITE.



Hospital Days and Hospital Ways.

BY AUGUSTA E. MANSFORD.



From a

THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL—LONDON.

[Drawing.]



HE great charm about it was its unexpectedness. I had planned to do all kinds of things that summer, to go up hill and down dale, to cull flowers and climb stiles; but Fate had a simpler programme in store for me: I was to spend ten weeks in the Royal Free.

Fate wasn't an ugly old woman this time, or perhaps I might have avoided her. No, the deceitful old thing took the form of a benign-looking physician, who invited me in the most cordial of tones to "come in." I had heard much of the Royal Free, of its skilful doctors and clever girl-students, and, having succeeded in puzzling many medical men, thought I would see what they said to me there, but an invitation to stay I had never expected. I did not want to "come in," and am inclined to think my response was not warm. Even when told I was "an interesting case," I did not feel flattered, but went home and packed with unwonted sedateness. That was easily done, hospital garb having the advantage of simplicity; so into the basket went my books, to be followed by such minor considerations as sugar, butter, and linen.

Half-past ten one morning I was duly deposited in Elizabeth Ward, and that being considered a suitable hour for retiring to bed, an overgrown clothes-horse, with numerous joints and crimson hangings, was put round a corner, and I bade a long farewell to my outdoor garb. Then my temperature was taken and proved uninterestingly normal. There

is a story going of a poor woman in Guy's, who, having had the clinical thermometer put under her arm for five minutes, exclaimed, on its removal: "Oh, nurse, that has done me good! I feel's a sight better!" I didn't, but perhaps that was my natural perverseness.

The screen being removed, I found myself in a most convenient nook, commanding a full view of the ward, and close to the ice-box and poison cupboard. The ward was a bright one, the nurse was bright, and so were the flowers, the tins, and the brasses, but brightest of all were the patients; I could hardly believe that the jolly-looking women sitting up in bed singing the "Fusiliers," "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay," etc., were my fellow-sufferers. Having comfortably arranged my belongings in my locker, I found it was time to take out again knife, fork, and spoon for dinner, and with a newspaper for a tablecloth I duly disposed of stewed rabbit and pudding. As usual over a meal, the chat became general. One or two remarks addressed to a Mrs. Four did not meet any response, and I was meditating on the unsociability of that lady and the strangeness of her name when, chancing to catch sight of the number over my bed, I made the interesting discovery that the individual addressed was myself. I promptly apologized, and while disclaiming any legal right to the prefix, strove to bear the honour thus thrust upon me with becoming meekness.

"My! So you ain't married? And you've got to go through all that! It'll be all the harder for you then, won't it, Mrs. Six?" remarked Mrs. Seven.

"Won't it just!" agreed Mrs. Six; and they both sat up to look at me, whilst I promptly retired under the bed-clothes, wondering how in the world having a grief-stricken husband sitting at home tearing his hair (because, of course, he *would* have torn his hair) could in any way have lessened my sufferings. In the course of a week or two, when I learnt that matrimony often entailed a knowledge of new uses for poker and flat-irons, I could understand that blessed state might make one more or less injured to physical pain.

The next excitement was a visit from the clinical clerk, with whom I fell in love straight away; she was my idea of a strong-minded woman. Though her skirts were short, her hair was not, but lustrous brown plaits were coiled round and round a classic head, and her broad forehead, well-marked brows, clear grey eyes, and calm mouth, all inspired me with confidence.

Shut in by the screen, I went through the usual catechism, told her the ages of "my uncles, my cousins, and my aunts," and explained how any of them came to make the mistake of dying. She seemed very anxious for some of them to have been consumptive, had rheumatic fever, or even fits; but on those points I could not oblige her. One of her duties was to see that the new patient was all there; the medical authorities are very particular on that point, so she checked off the different organs by a kind of inventory. Her long, sensitive hands had a combined firmness and gentleness of touch that made even pain from them less hard to bear, so that when she had discovered what was wrong, and had drawn a little sketch of the state of affairs on my skin with blue pencil, I could still smile at the notion that I was like an ancient Briton with woad decorations.

The screen being removed, I re-entered public life, and found tea was being collected: they must get some rare blends in the hospital, as every patient contributes a spoonful to the general brew, which when made is poured into mugs that for size and thickness would satisfy Lockhart. I cared not for stimulants, so was spared their weight. Those versed in hospital records tell us that in the days when tea was so dear that neither hospital nor patient could afford to supply the luxury, beer was served out twice daily, and in many old institutions the flagons are still to be seen.

With the evening came letters and friends; at eight o'clock prayers were read, talking forbidden, the lamp lighted, and we were

told to "lie down and go to sleep." That speech seemed to take me back twenty years with a bound: still I could not sleep, so lay and admired the night nurse, whose rich, dark face reminded me of Luke Fildes's Italian pictures. Such thoughts at last beguiled me into a doze, but when night came so did the house-surgeon, and I awoke with a start to see him motioning for the now dreaded screen. The dim light, his whispered directions, the gleam of the instruments (of torture, I thought), the shock, the pain, made up a bad ten minutes, through which my pretty nurse held my hands, and smiled and nodded encouragement. When he left, she came back to cheer me.

"One must never mind what doctors do," she said, "as to them we are like so many chairs and tables."

It was such queer consolation that I laughed, and was then presented with a black-looking mixture, which she said she always took herself, and talked about as one's host would a favourite brand of wine, so that I had to drink it with an air of enjoyment. Sleep for me that night was out of the question; I could only marvel at the others who did, and amuse myself by watching from my window the ever-moving leaves of the aspen and the earliest traces of approaching dawn.

At five began our morning ablutions, and six o'clock found us with beds made and breakfast half finished. Snooks at that hour was particularly lively, and kept us constantly informed that he was a "pretty bird"—possibly he was correct in his opinion—but I prefer a thrush with a tail, which he seemed to think an unnecessary appendage. Subsequently he and I discovered that we agreed in a liking for new-laid eggs and hot-house grapes, and as I was kept well supplied with those commodities, he was graciously pleased to accept my overtures of friendship. What he liked best of all was to secure a stout fowl bone, which he would keep till the doctor was making the round, and then thump vigorously on the floor of his cage to show his contempt for professional instructions. His companion, Joey, a mule-canary, that had some of the softest and sweetest notes I ever have heard, took as much care of his voice as the well-known tenor, and honoured us only with one song daily.

Another popular favourite was Fluffy, a Persian cat, that, five or six years ago, was brought to the Royal Free with a broken leg. An anæsthetic was administered and the leg

set, and when entirely recovered Miss Pussy took up an official position in the hospital, and twice a day visited every ward as regularly as the doctors and matron, but with many more airs and graces.

Tuesday being what was known as "doctor's morning," there was even more than usual bustle and drive to have all in order by 9 a.m. The staff nurse came on duty at 7 a.m., in a pink cotton dress, did the regula-



THE STAFF NURSE.

From a Photo. by G. Jerrard, Regent Street.

tion arranging and dusting, vanished and re-appeared in the full glory of a blue gown, white cap, cuffs and apron. One of the patients amused us by observing some days after that the morning pink nurse was rather like our blue day nurse, but, on my keeping up the joke and inquiring which she liked the better of the two, was discreet enough to answer: "I h'aint no fault to find with neither of 'em," and it took the united efforts of the ward to convince her of the identity of the supposed two nurses.

Brisk steps and manly voices in the corridor announced the coming of the physician and his satellites. At a sign from the nurse, books and newspapers dis-

appeared into our lockers, and we lay down to await his coming, our courage oozing out through the bed-clothes, and our hearts marking the seconds with such powerful beats that we almost wondered his quick ear did not heed them. Not long were we kept in suspense, from one to the other he passed with marvellous quickness, heard a summary of the case from the student, asked a few pertinent questions of the house-surgeon, said a word to the patient, made a brief examination, gave a few penetrating side-long glances, nodded his head, washed his hands in many waters, and was gone.

"Thank goodness, we're at peace now till Saturday," said Mrs. Two, sitting up once more and getting out her work, and one by one we all emerged from our pillows, and tried to look as though we had not been using our pocket-handkerchiefs.

"Mrs. Four's going to the theatre on Saturday," observed Mrs. Seven, "I heerd 'im say so."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Oh, you'll be starved for some hours first, and then when you're in the theatre they'll give you some ether, and do what they like with you, and you won't know nothing. I can't abide ether!"

"I shall not mind if it takes away feeling," I answered. "I have felt quite enough this morning."

"I 'spect you 'ave! I heerd you giving kind o' gasps. It's that tall doctor what's the worst. 'Is 'ands do 'urt, they're so thin; he ought to eat more. I scream when he comes near me."

"That don't 'elp," replied Mrs. Two, philosophically, "it makes 'im all the longer. I stuffs the corner of the pillow into my mouth to stop making a noise."

"I daresay they do that, they're 'ard enough. What do you think they stuffs 'em with? Cokernuts?"

Shouts of laughter greeted this suggestion, but nurse re-appeared, and the conversation changed.

"Nurse," recommenced Mrs. Two, "don't you think I shall be a-going out soon? I 'eerd 'im tell the tall one that I 'ad got over my perrykomikalitis very well. There's Mrs. Four a-laughing! Wasn't that what he called it, Mrs. Four? I 'spect you're a speller."

I suggested peritonitis, but that did not please her, it was not nearly so long for one thing, and then she was sure "komikalitis" came in somewhere.

"I know as 'ow you'll be sorry to lose me,

nurse," continued the irrepressible Mrs. Two, "but I must go home, 'cos my 'usband's ill. I feel quite well now, only my arms hurt sometimes, but they says that's just my 'air fossicles, and that they don't matter."

"Now, Mrs. Two," said nurse, who was busy with the plates, "never mind the 'air fossicles' and 'perrykomikalitis'; what would you like for dinner—chicken or fish?"

"Oh, fish, please, nurse, if it's boiled fish; and Mrs. One will like chicken. If you give it over here, nurse, I'll cut it up for her. She's bashful, so I 'ave to talk for both. 'Ope as 'ow you don't think I makes a noise, ladies?"

A greater contrast than Mrs. Two and Mrs. One could hardly be imagined. Mrs. One was a quiet, refined woman, just recovering from an operation, and still so weak that it was an effort for her to speak, or, indeed, do anything for herself; so Mrs. Two, who was as good-natured as she was talkative, took her under her wing, shared lockers with her, cut her bread and butter, and alternately fussed over and teased her.

"Oh, Mrs. One," she would cry out sometimes, "how can you? Nurse, you can't think what awful things Mrs. One is a-lying here and saying, and her looking so good too! Oh, Mrs. One, I'm shocked, pos-i-tive-ly shocked!" and to prove the genuineness of

her sentiments, Mrs. Two would roll over to the extreme edge of her spring bed and only save herself by some wonderful gymnastic feat from falling on to the floor.

Wednesdays were usually calm days, forming a kind of background to the excitement of "doctor's day" that preceded, and "visitors' day" that followed, and nothing much occurred this first week to attract attention except the number of letters, books, boxes of flowers, newspapers, etc., that found their way into my corner. At every knock all would sit up expectantly, till the one nearest the door would call out:—

"Another package for Mrs. Four!" Then they would try to count up the number of communications I had had, but would get tired in the middle and lay down for a doze. Truly, I was amazed myself, and wished that those people who call the world ugly names could have had a taste of my experience: more kindly thought and gentle deeds could hardly have been compressed into the ten long weeks. Grave, busy men learnt to write humorous letters, light-hearted girls to express tender sympathy; acquaintances transformed themselves into friends, and wishes were carried out and anticipated as though I possessed the lamp of Aladdin. Then the flowers—I realized how the weeks were slipping away by the



From a Photo. by]

THE WARD. NO. 4 IS THE BED UNDER THE SMALLER WINDOW.

[A. & G. Taylor.

succession that came to me—red roses and white, sweet peas and daisies, lilies and honeysuckle, mignonette and cornflowers, poppies and grasses, clematis and pansies, carnations and asters: so ran the list. In days of rude health I had paid divers visits to the Royal Free, so that happily for me friends were scattered about in the building, and when it was known that I was in residence, the genial chairman of the board came and said all the kindly things he could think of, and the secretary brought me such a store of interesting books that it is hardly surprising that nurse announced her conclusion that I was a "very spoilt patient."

I shared my good things as much as I could, but was not always successful. The others would glance at the pictures in the illustrated monthlies, but as for the reading—well, as Mrs. Three candidly told me, "it didn't come up to Lloyd's penn'orth!" So, lacking the necessary experience to argue this point, I in silence returned to Grant Allen and Meredith.

Thursday was "locker morning," and blessed on that day were those with few possessions. I was nearly buried alive under mine, as we had to take out our belongings and pile them on our beds whilst the lockers were scrubbed and dried, and for a good hour I could hardly venture to breathe, lest I sent a toothbrush in one direction and a jelly in another.

The locker-scrubber was a character: a gaunt, bony Irishwoman, who mimicked the nurses, and was credited with a temper. Which of these two traits most attracted me I cannot say, but we became great friends, and she showed me the portrait of her son, who was "out in Canady, but a-coming home this autumn, bless him!"

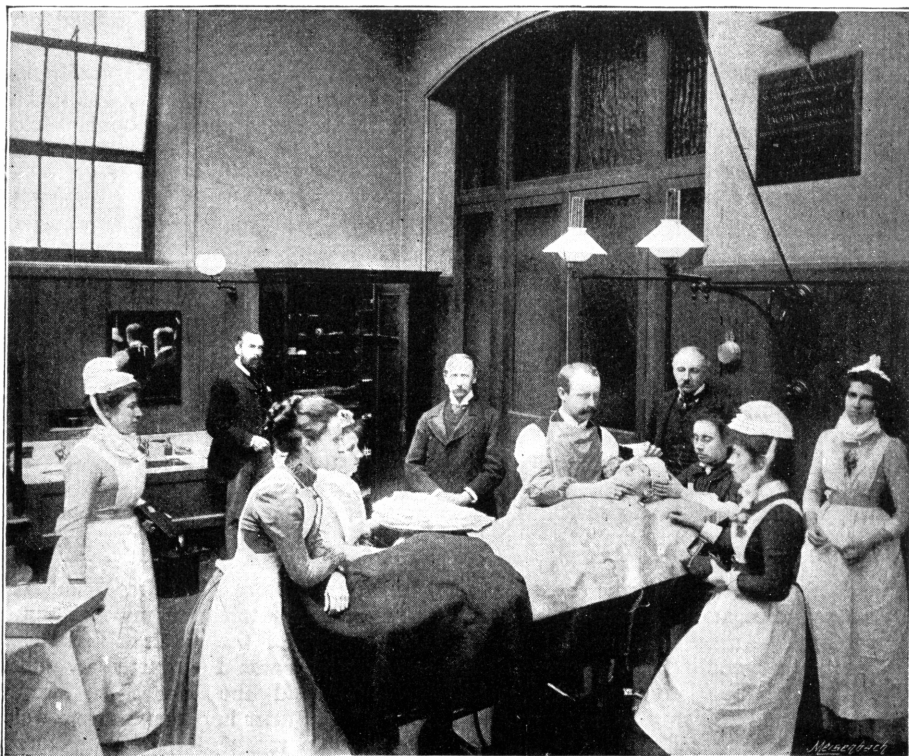
Later in the day came the floor-scrubbers, three marvellous women, quite indescribable. I have never seen anything like them. One of the patients (not myself) watched them with envy. "Deary me, now," she said, "how I should like to get out and scrub that little bit of flooring down there: my fingers quite itch for the brush." Mine didn't; still, I did try my hand at all that I could: learnt to make nurses' frilled strings and many-tailed bandages, and with whitening and leather and Mrs. Two's help, polished up the artery forceps and other formidable-looking instruments, made the surgical needles shine, and arranged them in a striking design on their white flannel case. Our tall doctor, chancing to dart in for an

instant, smiled more than a little at our novel amusement.

Thursday, from 3.30 to 4.30 p.m. was to most of us the shortest hour in the week, and we always doubted that it contained the regulation number of minutes; whilst no sound was so harsh as the bell that announced its expiration; but to some—those forlorn souls who had no friends to visit them—it was the most trying of times. Someone else had noticed this too, and always on Thursdays the pleasant face of our hospital chaplain looked in at the door, and if his bright, brown eyes spied any bedside that seemed lonely, he was there in a moment, and ever left smiles even where he found tears. I had my own share of visitors and something over, so he came to see me at less busy times, when we talked about architecture and old city churches, generally ending with my favourite topic of workhouses, which we both agreed we should like somewhat improved ere we retired to their shelter.

That night there was such a ringing of bells, tramping of men, and running about with kettles, blankets, and hot-water cans, that I came to the conclusion that there had been a terrific smash on the Great Northern or Midland Railway, and that the adjoining accident ward was being filled with dilapidated railway servants and passengers; but it proved in the morning that only two men had been injured, one poor fellow fatally.

Saturday at 4 a.m. I had my breakfast—a mug of hot milk, and tried not to feel hungry by ten, when I was due in the theatre. A brilliant scarlet dressing-gown, and slippers warranted not to pinch a giantess, are reserved for one's *début* there. It seemed quite a little walk after lying in bed so long, and I crept into nurse's good graces by invoking memories of warlike ancestors, and marching along and mounting the operating table without any outward and visible signs of qualms and tremors. I am sorry I cannot tell everybody all about the examination; but beyond the fact that ether resembles London fog flavoured with lemon, and causes a sensation in one's ears like going down in the old Polytechnic diving-bell, I know nothing. After being heralded by the usual bell-ringing, I was duly brought back in the state carriage, coachmen and footmen in attendance (the uninitiated might describe the aforesaid as stretcher and porters, but, then, we haven't all had the advantages of hospital training). When everything was *quite* comfortable, pillows removed and hot-water cans arranged,



From a Photo. by]

THE OPERATING THEATRE.

[Elliott & Fry.

I "came to," and having arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that I was still alive, went to sleep till tea-time.

"How are you feeling, Mrs. Four?" asked Mrs. Seven, as soon as my screen was removed.

"Ve-ry com-for-ta-ble, and ve-ry hu-ng-ry!" The words came out in jerks, and I seemed to have lost control over my voice, but practice—and I had plenty—soon overcame that difficulty.

"Aint you got a headache?" asked Mrs. Two.

"No; my head-never-aches-there's-not-enough-in-side-it!"

"My! ether don't seem to 'ave 'urt you much! You was still as death when they brought you in, and you'd quite a bright, pink colour. Some of 'em cries and struggles awful when they're carried back, but I guessed you'd be one of the quiet sort."

"I saved a little cold chicken at dinner: do you think you could take that?" asked nurse, doubtfully.

"I am ready for—for an ostrich!" I answered; so had my chicken forthwith.

Sunday we had service in our ward, and a number of flowers and plants were sent from

a neighbouring flower service. We kept early hours at the Royal Free, so dinner came up soon after eleven. We did not all feel inclined for our full portion of vegetables and pudding, but next to ours was a men's surgical ward, and there our varied contributions were always thankfully received.

From 2 till 4 p.m. our friends were admitted, and on this day men proved to be as general as on Thursday they were rare. I found other people's husbands and sweet-hearts very amusing, especially when they were shy, as their Sunday best generally made them. In the evening we sang Ancient and Modern Hymns to tunes we composed for the occasion, and by 8 p.m. were very tired and rather cross.

So sped the days, and for a week or two I felt so well that it seemed ridiculous to lie in bed, and my friends used to say my red face was a disgrace to the hospital, whilst to the house-surgeon's daily question of "How are you, Four?" I had to make the hackneyed reply of "Quite well, thank you." The order not to stand on my feet was hardest to obey in the early morning, when the most able of the patients would get up to help with the breakfast and have any amount of fun.

Mrs. Two would come round the ward *à la* matron, and to see her quaint little figure, in the tawdriest of dressing-gowns, attempting to personate the stately but kindly lady, whose dainty grey gown and spotless Normandy cap were so familiar, used to make us ache with laughter.

Our life could hardly be described as monotonous—we were somewhat passive ourselves, but the scenes and actors round us were constantly changing. Besides the scrubbers and the cleaners, we had regular visits from the sweep, coal porters, beef-tea boys, and other celebrities. Then, too, the weighing machine was in our ward, so that strange nurses were constantly bringing in tiny bundles that they called babies, and a broad-shouldered youth in a gay dressing-gown came every week with his attendant nurse, and informed us with much satisfaction how many pounds he had added during the last seven days. There was great excitement also one Saturday, when a shed in the building-yard next the hospital caught fire, and it seemed more than probable that the adjacent wards would follow its example. However, whilst the lady students and doctors transported patients to an opposite wing, the chaplain, steward, and porters did such wonders with the hospital hose, thanks to their regular fire-drill, that in an hour or two's time both patients and beds had to be carried back again. Our ward was considered quite safe, but one of the evolutions of the hose sent the water through an open window behind me, and I had the unexpected luxury of a shower bath.

As time went on I found plenty to do. A little story coming out in a current monthly brought my scribbling propensities into notice, and I forthwith received several commissions from Mrs. Six to compose begging-letters for her. "I can write well enough, Mrs. Four, but I can't *compact* like you can," she used to come and whisper flatteringly to me. She wanted some money to support her after leaving the hospital till she was strong enough to recommence work, so copied one of my epistles and sent it to a titled dame, and I have never written anything since that yielded so much per line (*Editors, please take the hint*). Then most of the women had husbands and children, and did not seem to know how to treat either; so, naturally, I had to instruct them on those points, and learnt a good deal in return about workhouse infirmaries, laundry-work, and barrack-life, all of which, no doubt, will be useful. My friends used to say it was

quite nice my being in the hospital, as they actually knew where to find me! I had some visits that made me feel quite honoured among women, but, perhaps, one that I enjoyed most was when a popular scientist came and sat on the ice-box and gave me an animated lecture, which carried me right away to the woods and the moors, quicker than the fastest train.

After a week or two I went in for a little variety on my own account, developed one or two quite original symptoms, became "more interesting than ever," and from one till seven one morning indulged in unceasing cries and contortions; this performance I repeated at intervals, so that I was never again described as "one of the quiet sort." I lived for a week in hot fomentations; my temperature chart resembled an E. to W. section across Europe, with very noticeable Alps, and I soon contracted a strong antipathy to all words ending with "itis."

When once more I was free enough from pain to take an interest in my surroundings, I found most of the patients had changed, and especially was I attracted by the new Mrs. Five and the new Mrs. Two, who in my days of utter helplessness were wonderfully good to me, and took it in turns to act as lady's-maid. Mrs. Five had been born in Africa, married a soldier, travelled in China, was a Catholic, and a lover of dogs, so we had much to talk about; whilst the new Mrs. Two proved to be a delightful mixture of prettiness and comicality. What was left of me after my recent experiences was so weak, that I had to be nursed up for a long time ere any further steps could be taken, and, as the weeks went by, it seemed that I had become such a permanent part of the institution, that I wondered whether I should not be justified in applying to the Board for a uniform and a salary.

One evening Mrs. Five was in tears, in spite of having had visits from her priest and her husband, and I found the trouble was that the next day she had to appear in the theatre. I told her I envied her, as after a few days' rest she would be able to return home, but she would not be comforted. By that time I had learnt to like and to trust the once-dreaded house-surgeon, and had acquired a habit of waking as he made his last round; and that night, instead of the usual question in passing, he came and sat on my locker, and said, very gently: "I think, Four, to-morrow you had better have a little more ether, and we will see how you are getting on."

Anything that might terminate the perpetual lying in bed to me seemed welcome, so that my "Oh, *thank you*, doctor!" was so emphatic that he went away with query "delirious" writ plain upon his face. Four a.m. found Mrs. Five still much attached to her pocket-handkerchief, but I whispered that I too was going to the theatre, and she cheered up at once.

My turn came first, so that I was already half-conscious when Mrs. Five was brought back. My screen prevented me seeing her, but in spite of my stupor her voice reached me.

"Is Mrs. Four all right?" she asked. "Is Mrs. One all right? Is Mrs. Six all right? Is Mrs. Three all right? Is nurse all right?"

no precedent for such an irregularity, enjoyed a quiet chat with an Irish friend, whilst the others were peacefully dreaming. They said it was I who had been dreaming when I told them of my visitor, but I knew better.

When Mrs. Three's turn came to go into the theatre, she was decidedly conversational on the return journey, and as she was brought into the ward, protested loudly that she "hadn't heard no music," and then went for one of the porters in a most pugilistic manner, and informed him that if he "wasn't man enough, she was!" She explained to us afterwards on her recovery that she had mistaken him for her husband!

I soon lost my friend, Mrs. Five. Her husband caught cold, and she was perfectly



From a Photo. by

A GROUP OF NURSES.

[A. & G. Taylor.

Is my husband all right? Is Mrs. Four all right?"

Such interest roused me, and at the top of my voice I called out: "Give my love to Mrs. Five, please, nurse, and tell her that I am all right, and hope that she is all right."

I was only conscious of making this tender speech once, but the others who had not lost their senses subsequently assured us that this affecting dialogue was repeated at frequent intervals, much to the indignation of Mrs. Six.

"Just hark at 'em, Mrs. Two," she said, "sending their loves to one another! Why can't they be quiet? As if we could be all right with their noise a-going on! How are we ever to get our afternoon nap, with the two of them at it?"

However, fortunately for the harmony of the ward, we too went to sleep, but after an hour I woke up again, and though there was

certain that unless she went home he would have asthma, bronchitis, pleurisy, and pneumonia all at once, so she asked for her discharge and stated the reason.

The house-surgeon looked doubtful. "What has come to this ward?" he asked, looking round at the empty beds. "One, two, three—you are the fourth patient who has asked to go home because her husband is ill!"

"Oh, but doctor, mine is real!" exclaimed Mrs. Five so emphatically, that I think it was just as well for her that the other wives had departed.

At the physician's next visit he told me my only hope was in operation, and to gain the necessary strength for that anticipated event, I was permitted to get up for an hour or two every day. I felt quite proud when I had once more learnt to stand alone, although even then I was anything but erect, and, to quote nurse's

description, "Hopped about the ward like a young partridge." However, after a day or two I became less like a right angle, and was then allowed in the hospital square. Among the many interesting sights I beheld whilst out and about was the doctors in full theatre costume. They wear a large, terra-cotta-coloured mackintosh apron with a bib, sometimes a cap to match, and with sleeves rolled up to their elbows; they look very like—please don't tell them I said so—very like carpenters.

If there is one thing I pride myself upon more than another it is upon being a judge of character. In the hospital I tested this faculty twice. Going to the service in the men's ward the Sunday of that week, I was much impressed by No. Sixteen. With his grand head, thick, snowy hair, and stalwart frame, he looked like a noble old general, and before the end of the last hymn, I had composed a mental biography of him, full of gallant deeds and high aspirations; but, thinking facts would probably prove even more satisfactory than fiction, I made a few inquiries of nurse.

She laughed.

"That man!" she exclaimed. "Old Sixteen! You were telling me that the last few nights you had heard cries of 'Murder!' 'Police!' That's one of his pretty little ways! He wakes all the patients in his own ward, and as many more as he can. Two women come to see him, and claim him as husband, but he declines to own either of them. Yes, he is a nice man!"

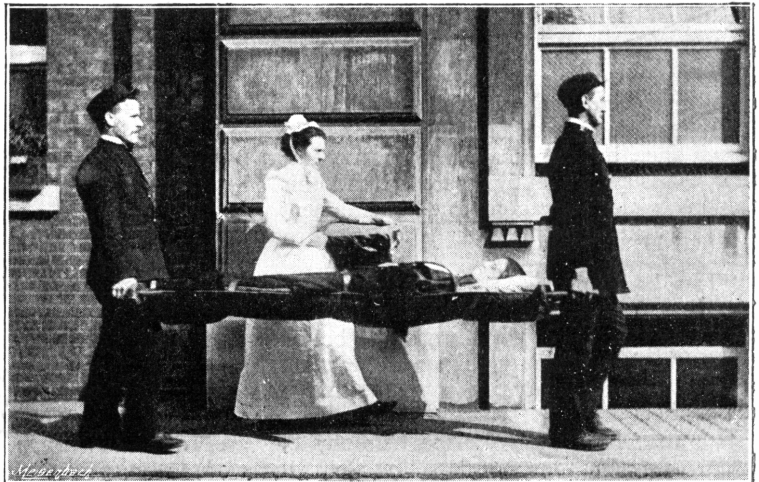
The other case was a young, pretty girl, with a soft voice and gentle manner. I think I cried when she went away. Well, I heard of her afterwards—she was in Holloway Gaol for assaulting a policeman!

After seven weeks, the day came to leave my corner in Elizabeth. Special nurses had been told off to attend me, the Isolated Ward had been disinfected, the silk had been sterilized, the dressings prepared, and what with personal applications of turpentine, carbolic, and ether, patient, as well as nurse, had had a lively time. I had many farewells

and good wishes that morning, the more touching, perhaps, as my predecessor in the Isolated had never returned. My old Irish woman came over to see me, but when I shook hands and said "Good-bye," she replied: "You jist take that word back! It ain't lucky! I ain't a-going to wish you anything but a very good morning. I shall find my way upstairs to have a peep at you before many days are over, you be sure!"

I had quite intended, when being borne along on the stretcher, to show my appreciation of the stately procession by waving a triumphant farewell to my ward friends, but my handkerchief had most unaccountably got itself into a very limp condition, and refused to do anything but form itself into a nasty damp ball, which was most annoying. Talking of stretchers, I have tried a good many means of locomotion, from wheelbarrows and roundabouts to Atlantic steamers and Canadian hacks, and I really think stretchers compare favourably with any of them, so long as the bearers do *not* keep step; but unless the front man's right foot moves with the back man's left, the result is almost as trying as travelling over an American road. Of course, they manage this matter perfectly at the Royal Free, and I so enjoyed my ride that I longed to ask them to take one or two turns round the square, but resisted the temptation.

My next experience was chloroform, and plenty of it. I liked it better than ether. Then, for an hour, doctors, matron, and nurses worked their best and their hardest, and I was satisfactorily finished. I did not wake up to that fact for three or four hours afterwards; then, in a weak whisper, that I could hardly hear myself, I begged for water.



From a

THE STRETCHER.

[Photograph.

A teaspoonful of hot water every ten minutes was all they dared to give me for hours and hours, and I felt I should die if I did not have gallons. I thought of Dives, Sir Philip Sidney, and Dante's Inferno, but nothing stopped that dreadful thirst.

Otherwise I was wonderfully comfortable, in spite of feeling somewhat like a mummy. I had no pillows for my head, but, to make up for that, plenty under my knees, which were also tied together, lest I should be tempted to try any pedestrian feats; but the arrangement that pleased me best was the cage on which the bed-clothes were supported. I saw at once that it formed a delightful nook in which to stow away letters and books, and confided that idea to nurse, but she did not seem charmed. My skilful physician came every day, and, what pleased me as much, so did his dog Peter, most intelligent of Irish terriers, who proved his nationality by his readiness to make friends even with such a blue-lipped, yellow-cheeked mortal as I was.

For days and for nights I lay perfectly still, and made the interesting discovery that not using one's muscles has the same effect as over-tiring them. My hands ached as though they would drop off, but strangest of all was the pain in my jaw. I bore it till I felt desperate, then motioned to nurse and whispered: "I am quite certain that I dislocated my jaw when I was under chloroform, nurse; it is dreadful!"

"You silly girl," she said, laughing; "of course it hurts you, just because you have been neither eating nor talking."

Apropos of eating, when the feeding-up process was supposed to begin, my poor nurse tried brandy, hot milk and cold, peptonized milk, beef teas and extracts, lemon and barley water, meat juices and jellies, but it was all wasted energy; my internal arrangements were on strike, and nothing could I take, and, to crown the situation, I announced

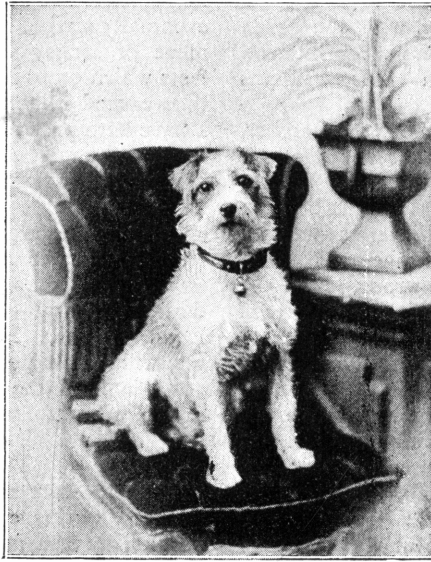
that I was suffering from acute indigestion. No wonder the physician shook his head at me!

"I should like to know how you manage that," he said, "when you will not take anything to digest. What is all this I hear about such constant sickness? You know we cannot have that kind of thing. A stop must be put to it! You will"—and he paused to think of a sufficiently terrible threat—"you will spoil your figure!"

When I did get stronger it was by leaps and by bounds. The house-surgeon being away, his duties were taken up by a *locum tenens*, on whom they sat somewhat more lightly. On one of his visits to the Isolated he informed me that I was getting on so well that I had "quite ceased to be interesting"; he really did "not know why he still came to see me."

"You see what I can do," he continued. "Yours is something like a cure; but, would you believe it? The other day I heard nurse trying to make out it was all her affair, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if the operating physician had the coolness to consider that he had had something to do with it. True merit never is appreciated in this world!" and, with a look of comic despair, he departed.

Most of my nurses were pretty, and the last, in addition, was a decidedly fashionable



"PETER."

From a Photo. by E. F. Gearing & Sons, Regent Street.

damself. One afternoon I saw her surveying my garments with considerable amazement: the shoes of manly breadth seemed especially to fill her with horror, but she was anxious not to hurt my feelings, so came over and said, with a forced smile: "Do you think with my help you could get into your—your high-minded clothes?"

The next day and the next I was carried down into the square and put in the sun to brown, and on the third day, much to my own surprise, I walked down the stairs and out of the gate, carrying with me more bright and pleasant memories than I ever thought could gather round a visit to a hospital.

A Vision of Gold.

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.*

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)



THE *Standard* for October 2nd, 1894, contained a paragraph about a famous will of 1887, and from this paragraph I quote these words: ". . . . The testator devised and bequeathed his residuary real and personal estate, of the value apparently of nearly £3,000,000, in trust for investment and to accumulate the income, by reinvestment at compound interest, for seven years after his death, in trust for his said grand-nephew . . . , absolutely, if he should then be living, The fortune to which Mr. . . . will thus become entitled on Tuesday next will probably, with the seven years' accumulations at compound interest, be not much less than four millions sterling. . . ."

"Tuesday next" was the 9th October, 1894, exactly seven years after the death of this testator who caused three millions to become four millions by leaving his bequest to accumulate at compound interest for seven years. "What an immense increase," I said. "Surely there's something wrong about the figures." Prompted by curiosity, I turned on the calculating gear which chances to form part of my brain substance, and found that the very moderate interest rate of four guineas per cent. per annum would convert three millions into four during the short probationary period of seven years specified by this millionaire testator. Here is the growth expressed in round numbers :—

9th October, 1887	£3,000,000
" " 1888	3,126,000
" " 1889	3,257,000
" " 1890	3,394,000
" " 1891	3,536,000
" " 1892	3,684,000
" " 1893	3,839,000
" " 1894	4,000,000

This is distinctly cheering. We have but to invest three millions at £4 4s. od. per cent. interest—not at any usurious rate—vegetate inexpensively for seven years—a familiar term of rustication—and then, when we "come out," this magician Interest will present us with one million sterling in addition to our original three.

This result stimulated my curiosity. Not having the three millions handy, but wanting a few thousands, I began jotting down some calculations as to how easily I might now

possess them if some thoughtful person had invested even a small sum for me when I was born (1859) and had left *that* to accumulate at interest until this present year (1895). The results showed that a poor £1,000 invested in 1859 at 5 per cent. interest would have become in 1895 £5,800, so that I might now have had nearly £5,000—the thoughtful investor still retaining his original thousand.

The omission in 1859 of this simple and kindly act is now distinctly not cheering. But perhaps no one who had the thought had the thousand, or no one who had the thousand had the thought—so I dropped the £1,000 basis, did some more calculations, and eventually arrived at a penny basis of investment of longer standing than 1859. The facts which cropped up began to astonish me, then caused golden dreams—some of which I have here pictured in black and white—and finally showed me how to become the Universal Benefactor of the World at a future date. At a date to be fixed by me, there shall be no more poverty, no more wretched struggles for money, no more warping and twisting of the good that is in us by desire for gold—I have found a mighty Enchanter and Magician who shall work my will; his name is Compound Interest, and, unlike the alchemists of old, my magic servant requires for his crucible, not gold, not silver, not gems, but merely One Penny. This amount, therefore, I propose to place in the hands of responsible trustees "in trust for investment and to accumulate the income, by reinvestment at 5 per cent. compound interest for one thousand years after the present date (1895), in trust for the Population of the World, absolutely, for those that shall then be living." At the end of the time specified (A.D. 2895) there will be (approximately) 220,000 million persons in the world, and as my Penny will have then increased to £6,443,000,000,000,000,000, there will be for each person the very comfortable present of twenty-nine millions sterling (£29,286,364), and this result of making everyone a millionaire will be achieved by me at a cost of One Penny only.

And now let us see what this Enchanter could have now done for us of the nineteenth century had he been set to work 1895 years ago with one dull Penny to simmer and quicken in his magic pot for the ultimate

benefit of the present population of the earth.

Wagner and Supan, the German statisticians, estimated in 1891 the population of the earth at 1,480 million persons. As more

If, in A.D. 1, a man had wished to be hailed in later centuries Universal Benefactor of the World, he could have achieved his wish by investing the equivalent of a modern penny at 5 per cent. compound interest per annum,

the interest to accumulate year by year for the benefit of future generations—just after the fashion of the testator in 1887, mentioned at the commencement of this paper. Fig. 1 shows us, century by century, the magic growth of this penny if left in the hands of my Enchanter. My working figures are given in col. iii. of Fig. 1, so that anyone accustomed to logarithmic calculations can check the accuracy of my results—I did not dream over my calculations, if later I dreamed the golden dreams illustrated farther on.

The wealth accumulated during the 1895 years would have now been so immense, that we shall find some little difficulty in realizing the vast golden growth of this penny unless we press into our service various aids to imaginative conception, some of which I have

COL. I	COL. II	COL. III
At the end of Anno Domini	(THE MAGIC GROWTH) ONE PENNY invested at the beginning of Anno Domini 1, at 5 per cent per annum compound interest, would have amounted to pounds Sterling as below	This column contains the working figures of the results shown in col. ii. These logarithms have been given only for the use of those persons who may care to check my results. [1.05 = Log: 0.0211893 2.40 = Log: 2.3802112]
100	(shewn shillings)	2.11893
200	£ 72	4.23786
300	9.475	2.38021 1.85765
400	1246.000	6.35679
500	163,850.000	2.38021 3.97658
600	2,1546,000.000	8.47572
700	28333,000,000.000	2.38021 6.09551
800	372590,000,000,000.000	10.59465
900	48996,000,000,000,000.000	2.38021 8.21444
1000	6443,000,000,000,000,000.000	12.71558
1100	847270,000,000,000,000,000.000	2.38021 10.33337
1200	111420,000,000,000,000,000,000.000	14.83251
1300	14651,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.000	2.38021 12.45230
1400	1,926700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.000	16.95144
1500	2533600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.000	2.38021 14.57123
1600	333170,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.000	19.07037
1700	43813,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.000	2.38021 16.69016
1800	576140,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.000	21.18930
1895	59362,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.000	2.38021 18.80909
		23.30823
		2.38021 .092802
		25.42716
		2.38021 23.04695
		27.54609
		2.38021 25.16588
		29.66502
		2.38021 27.28481
		31.78395
		2.38021 29.40374
		33.90288
		2.38021 31.52267
		36.02181
		2.38021 33.64160
		38.14074
		2.38021 35.76053
		40.15372
		2.38021 37.77351

FIG. 1.—THE MAGIC GROWTH OF A PENNY TO MORE THAN 59 SEXTILLIONS OF POUNDS STERLING. Readers who may like to know "how it's done," are informed that all the working figures which produced the results in Col. ii. are shown in Col. iii., and that elementary mathematical knowledge will suffice to check these calculations. Only the first five significant figures are given.

than one-half of this estimated number was based upon the results of actual censuses, and as the remainder was very carefully arrived at, we shall not be far away from truth if we say that there are now (1895) 1,500 million persons in the world.

endeavoured to illustrate.

In Fig. 2 we see the Rain of Sovereigns for One Thousand Years. Imagine the earth transformed into a huge flat slab of gold, more than 509,000 miles square and one mile thick, and floating in space.

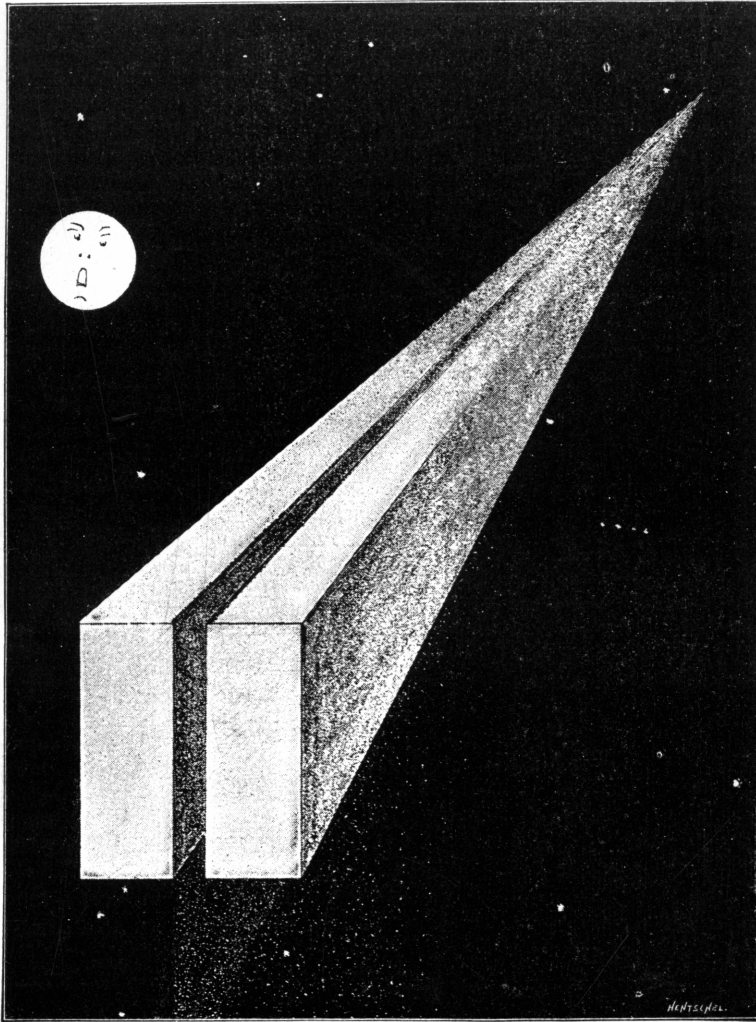


FIG. 4.—THE DELUGE OF MILLION-POUND BANK-NOTES FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

worth one million sterling. At the end of this continuous deluge for one thousand years, and including the cost of a golden earth, only one-twelve-hundred-millionth part of the money would have been thrown away

away every second by each person contains one-and-a-half times the National Debt of this country (see the little white specks falling in Fig. 4). I append in Fig. 5 the details of the calculation relating to Fig. 4, merely for

out of the accumulated interest of One Penny invested at 5 per cent. compound interest in Anno Domini 1, and left to accumulate until Anno Domini 1895.

There is here a distinct improvement as regards the spending of money by each individual. Still, and despite the fact that every single person has been assumed to throw away 1,000-millions of pounds sterling once every second for the period of a thousand years continuously, each of us would only have succeeded in getting rid of the very small fraction of our fortune which is represented by placing the figure 1 above a line and the figures 1,194,300,000 beneath the line.

Incidentally, we may note that *each* of the bundles of bank-notes thrown

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \left[\begin{array}{l} \text{(cubic miles in the Earth)} \\ 259330,000,000 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{yards} \\ 1760 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{feet} \\ 27 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{(number of standard} \\ \text{gold in cubic foot)} \\ 17486 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{(grains in one} \\ \text{avordupois)} \\ 437.5 \end{array} \div \begin{array}{l} \text{(grains in one} \\ \text{sovereign)} \\ 123.27447 \end{array} \right] + \left[\begin{array}{l} \text{pence} \\ 1500,000,000 \end{array} \times \right. \\
 & \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{years} \\ 1000 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{bank-notes} \\ 1000 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{(value of each} \\ \text{bank-note)} \\ 1,000,000 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{seconds} \\ 60 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{minute} \\ 60 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{hours} \\ 24 \end{array} \times \begin{array}{l} \text{days} \\ 365.25 \end{array} \right] = \text{£ } 49705 \text{ followed} \\
 & \text{by } 24 \text{ o's, which is (say) } \frac{1}{12,000,000,000} \text{ part of the money shown for 1895 in Fig. 1.}
 \end{aligned}$$

FIG. 5.—ONLY FOR THE USE OF THOSE PERSONS WHO MAY LIKE TO CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE STATEMENTS MADE WITH REFERENCE TO FIG. 4.

(N.B.—Nasmyth and Carpenter, working with more detail than is here necessary, computed the volume of the earth at 259,380,000,000 cubic miles. See Figs. 3 and 5.)

the use of readers who may, quite rightly, prefer to test the facts on their own account.

As regards this Fig. 4, I thought it would be interesting to show a facsimile of a bank-note value one million sterling, so that we might obtain a graphic idea of the enormous value of each of the little white specks which are seen in Fig. 4. every one of which specks represents one thousand of these scarce bank-notes. After applying to the Bank of England for a million - pound note, I learnt from Mr. G. F. Glennie that "the Bank are unable to grant your request, as such a proceeding is contrary to law." Mr. Glennie was kind enough to send me a copy of the clause in the Act relating to this matter, and, from this clause, I found that, unwittingly, I had invited the Directors of the Bank of England, the publisher of this Magazine, and every person who should have in his "custody" or "possession" a copy of such facsimile (*i.e.*, about one-seventieth part of the population of England and Wales—who are purchasers of this Magazine) to join me in committing a felony, the punishment for which is

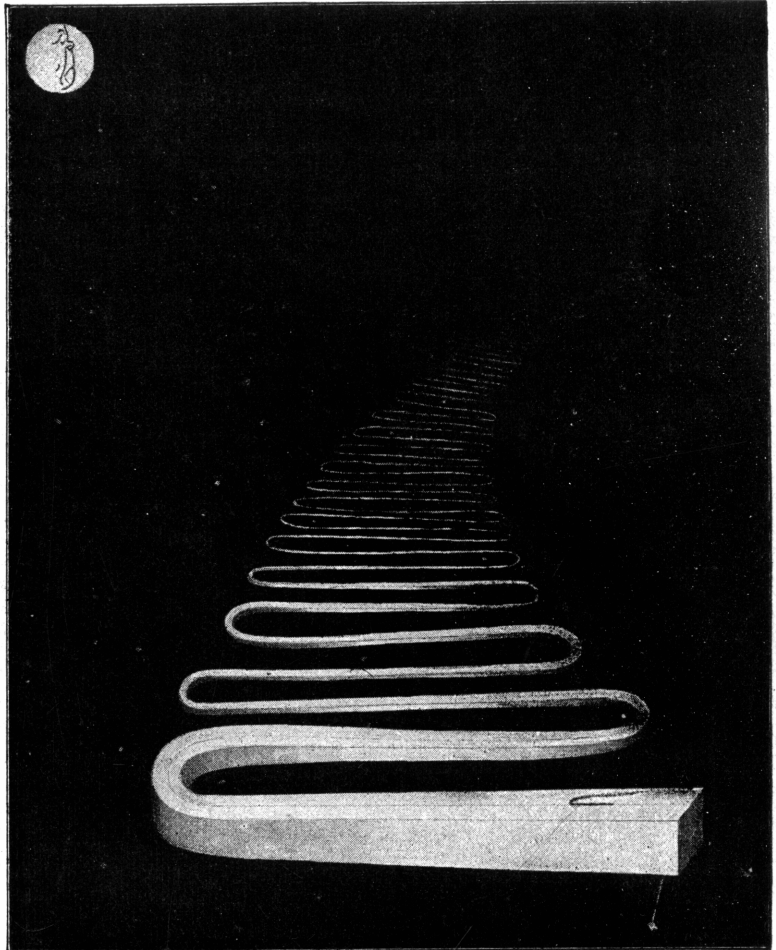


FIG. 6.—THE ROAD OF GOLD FROM THE EARTH TO THE SUN.

"Penal Servitude for any Term not exceeding Fourteen Years, and not less than Three Years," or, imprisonment "for any Term not exceeding Two Years, with or without Hard Labour, and with or without Solitary Confinement." As it might be inconvenient to the prison officials to have so many new convicts at one time, we must, I fear, dispense with the facsimile of a million-pound bank-note.

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \left[\begin{array}{ccccccc} \text{miles} & \text{miles} & \text{miles} & \text{yards} & \text{yards} & \text{yards} & \text{feet} \\ 92,500,000 & \times 8,381,700 & \times 8,381,700 & \times 1760 & \times 1760 & \times 1760 & \times 27 \end{array} \right] \div \\
 & \begin{array}{l} \text{(ounces of standard gold in 100 lbs.)} \\ \text{(grains in one avoirdupois ounce)} \end{array} \times 17.486 \times 437.5 \\
 & \div 123.27447 = \pounds 59362 \text{ followed by } 33 \text{ } 0\text{'s}, \text{ see bottom line of Fig 1} \\
 & \text{And, } 92,500,000 \div \begin{array}{l} \text{miles} \\ \text{years} \end{array} [60 \times 24 \times 365.25] = 175.87 \text{ of travel for the express train in Fig. 6}
 \end{aligned}$$

FIG. 7.—ONLY FOR THE USE OF THOSE READERS WHO MAY LIKE TO CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE STATEMENTS MADE WITH REFERENCE TO FIG. 6.



FIG. 8.—THE VISION OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN AND THE NIAGARA OF MOLTEN GOLD.

Having so much money at our disposal, we shall scarcely be able to spend it on this earth even by such reckless extravagances as have been illustrated, so we will do a piece of astronomical engineering, and make a road to the sun. Fig. 6 shows a Road of Gold from the Earth to the Sun, and may certainly claim to be the most expensive engineering project

million miles long from the front of the engine to the back of the guard's van. The distance between the two rails on which the wheels of this train revolve, but which are too far away to be distinguished by us as *two* rails, is about 140 thousand miles, which is, therefore, the approximate distance between the two buffers on the front of the engine.

ever designed. The dimensions of this road of solid gold are $92\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles long, more than $8\frac{1}{3}$ millions of miles wide, and more than $8\frac{1}{3}$ millions of miles thick. An express train travelling along this road at the rate of 60 miles an hour would not reach the sun until nearly 176 years after the date of departure from the earth. Some idea of the width and of the thickness of this golden road may be gathered from the statement that it would be more than one thousand times as wide and as thick as the diameter of the earth (say 8,000 miles), and by noting that the railway train shown in Fig. 6 is no ordinary train, but is (ap-

proximately) seven

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \left[\begin{array}{l} \text{maintains} \quad \text{cubic miles in Earth} \quad \text{yards} \quad \text{feet} \quad \text{(ounces of standard gold in 1 cubic foot)} \quad \text{(grains in 1 oz.)} \quad \text{(grains in one sovereign)} \\ 100,000,000 \times 259,330,000,000 \times 1760^3 \times 27 \times 174.86 \times 437.5 \div 123.27447 \end{array} \right] + \\
 & + \left[\begin{array}{l} \text{Niagaras} \quad \text{years} \quad \text{cubic feet per second} \quad \text{secs.} \quad \text{mins.} \quad \text{hours} \quad \text{days} \quad \text{(ounces of standard gold in 1 cubic foot)} \\ 100,000,000 \times 30,190,000,000 \times 10,000,000 \times 60 \times 60 \times 24 \times 365.25 \times 174.86 \times \end{array} \right] \\
 & \left[\begin{array}{l} \text{(grains in 1 oz.)} \quad \text{(grains in one sovereign)} \\ \times 437.5 \div 123.27447 \end{array} \right] = \text{£ } 59362 \text{ followed by 33 zeros, see bottom line of Fig. 1} \\
 & \text{And, } \left[\begin{array}{l} \text{cubic feet per sec.} \quad \text{(ounces of standard gold in 1 cubic foot)} \quad \text{(grains in 1 oz.)} \quad \text{(grains in one sovereign)} \\ 10,000,000 \times 174.86 \times 437.5 \div 123.27447 \end{array} \right] = \text{£ } 620,600,000,000 \text{ (Value of gold falling in one second from one Niagara)}
 \end{aligned}$$

FIG. 9.—ONLY FOR THE USE OF THOSE PERSONS WHO MAY LIKE TO CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE STATEMENTS MADE WITH REFERENCE TO FIG. 8.

By making such a road as this, and of the dimensions given, we could exhaust the accumulated interest of One Penny which is set out in the bottom line of Fig. 1. [Sceptical readers are invited to check the accuracy of the calculations given in Fig. 7.]

In 1882 a project was suggested to tap the force of Niagara by constructing turbines, or water-wheels, and to transmit this force of falling water throughout the United States. The water-power of Niagara was then estimated at ten million cubic feet of water-fall per second, and the value of this utilized force was estimated at £300,000 a day. In 1889, the City of Buffalo contracted with the Niagara Power Company for 10,000 horse-power at £30,000 per annum, to light the city and drive factories by a cable twenty miles in length {from Niagara Falls to Buffalo City—we will make a golden Niagara, and see if we can thereby get rid of some of this superabundant wealth of ours.

In Fig. 8 we have the Vision of the Golden Mountain and the Niagara of Molten Gold. Imagine a great mountain of gold, as large as the earth, with a Niagara of molten gold rushing over the precipice into space for 1,000 million years continuously. During every second of this inconceivably long period, as many cubic feet of molten gold fall over the precipice as there are cubic feet of water stated to be falling over the real Niagara: *i.e.*, gold to the value of nearly one thousand times the amount of the National Debt of this country rushes away every second. At the end of the 1,000 million years'

rushing of this golden Niagara, only a small fraction of the money would have been expended out of the accumulated interest of One Penny invested at 5 per cent. compound interest in Anno Domini 1, and left to accumulate until Anno Domini 1895—see Fig. 1. In order to exhaust all this accumulated money it would be necessary to set at work 100 millions of golden Niagaras, on 100 millions of golden mountains, instead of only one mountain and one Niagara, as seen in Fig. 8, and to extend the working period to more than 30,000 million years of continuously-rushing torrents of molten gold.

This statement seems to go beyond the limits of human belief, and, as I do not wish anyone to rest content with the mere statement itself, I give, in Fig. 9, the materials for checking the truth of these results. [By the way, any person who may set about the

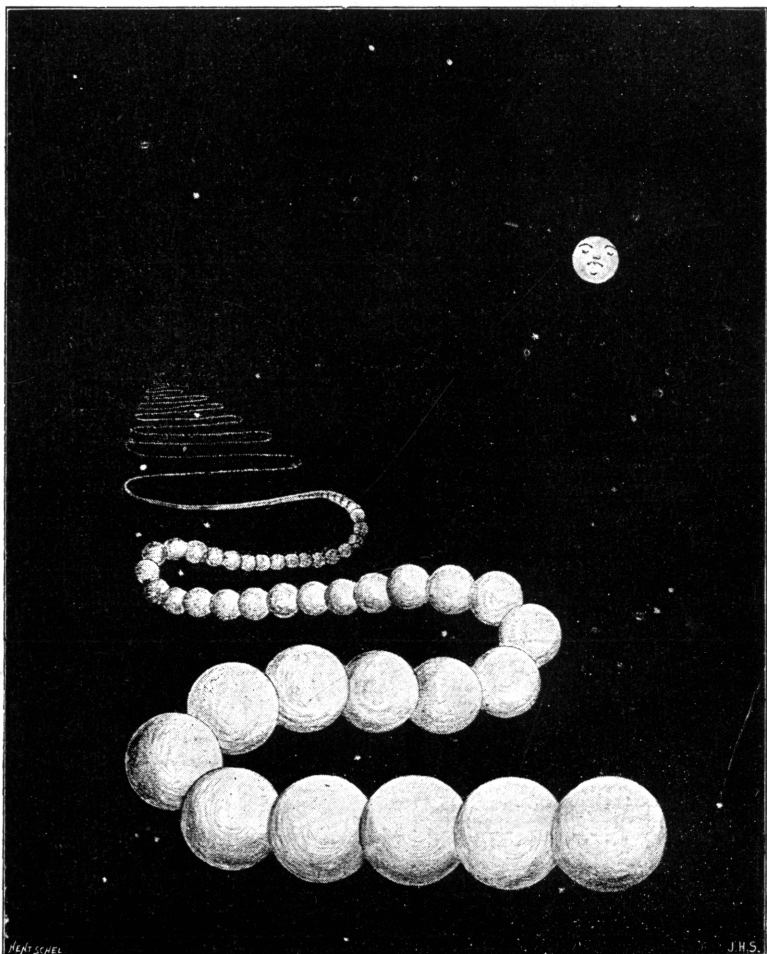


FIG. 10.—THE DREAM OF THE GOLDEN EARTHS.

calculations in Figs. 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11, will be materially aided if he use a table of logarithms. Otherwise it may be necessary to work with charcoal on the walls of a spare room, using a step-ladder, and going down it step by step as the work proceeds, shifting the ladder round the spare room as one calculation follows another. *Verbum sat sapienti.*]

And now we come to the Dream of the Golden Earths. The procession of globes in space shown in Fig. 10 represents 25,000 millions of spheres made of solid gold, each one being equal to the earth in size. This number is sufficient to supply every living person in the world (1,500 million persons) with more than sixteen golden globes apiece, each one being as large as the earth. The value of all this gold—at one sovereign for 123'27447 grains troy—is

coldly regard our wealth—which would not be wealth, but poverty.

And so collapses the philanthropic scheme propounded early in this paper—for what would be the good of giving to every person living in A.D. 2895 the sum of twenty-nine millions of pounds sterling, when, by so doing, gold would lose its value as a purchasing medium? Therefore, to carry out the scheme of endowing posterity with vast wealth would earn the universal execrations of mankind, and not their gratitude as at the first glance seemed probable.

And now that we have dreamed strange golden dreams, logically illustrated even though they be based on hypothetical facts, and have found non-existent for us the Enchanter of A.D. 1—let us, after our piece of fantastic play, not forget that there were indeed Magicians of old whose golden

$$\begin{aligned}
 & \text{£ } 59362 \text{ followed by } 33 \text{ 0's (see fig. 1)} \div \left[\begin{array}{l} \text{cubic miles in Earth} \quad \text{yards} \quad \text{feet} \quad \text{(courses of standard} \\ \text{gold in 1 cubic foot)} \end{array} \right. \\
 & \left. \begin{array}{l} 259330,000,000 \times 1760^3 \times 27 \times 17,486 \times \\ \text{(grains in 1 oz.} \quad \text{(grains in one} \quad \text{golden Earths} \quad \text{golden Earths} \\ \text{avoirdupois)} \quad \text{sovereign)} \end{array} \right] = 25,058,000,000. \text{ And, } 25,058,000,000 \div \\
 & \div \begin{array}{l} \text{persons} \\ 1500,000,000 \end{array} = 16.705 \text{ golden Earths for each person.}
 \end{aligned}$$

FIG. 11.—ONLY FOR THE USE OF THOSE PERSONS WHO MAY LIKE TO CHECK THE ACCURACY OF THE STATEMENTS MADE WITH REFERENCE TO FIG. 10.

equal to the value of the accumulated interest of One Penny invested at 5 per cent. compound interest in Anno Domini 1, and left to accumulate until Anno Domini 1895: see Fig. 1, bottom line, and check, if you wish, the calculation in Fig. 11.

Here, then, is the culminating trick of the Magician whose achievements have now been shown to us—he gives us sixteen earths apiece, and each one is made of solid gold! But, stay—if we all had so much gold, nobody would want any, and therefore all this vast wealth of ours would be as withered leaves for any value in it. A loaf of bread could not be bought even at the expenditure of a mass of gold equal in bulk to the size of England. A golden continent would not buy a coat, and a horse would be worth more than one of our sixteen golden earths. We should all have so much gold, and yet be so poor withal, that, like the moon in Fig. 10, we should indifferently and

thoughts, if not their money, were invested for us of later generations. Invested at compound *intellect*, by the operation of which force, as these early thoughts spread and fructified they made men's brains pregnant with other thoughts of worth, and these again bred others. And so, spreading and circling-out—as the river's twinkling agitation caused by a stone thrown into it at Richmond Bridge does send even its faint influence across the Atlantic—this ever-massing thought is even now passing us and going on to dim futurity, where some man's penny of thought will become, as it has become, worth more than millions of sterling gold by reason of the living germ put into it by some old dead brain. And, at some time, these true Enchanters will, by the ultimate living of good and death of evil, cause to vanish from this earth not poverty only, but also the far worse ills than poverty which come from bad hearts and weak heads



I WAS trying to keep myself warm on the windy sea-front of Yokohama, in Japan. The bare-legged rickshaw men, huddled up in dark blue hoods, exposed to the fierce north-easters that swept the "bunds" and "bluffs" of this wind-swept but interesting city, looked as yellow, as bilious, and as melancholy as "human horses" could well look on a Japanese cab-rank. All they wanted was a fare: a fare to warm them, a fare to make them trot and restore circulation to their wiry frames. Again and again I had exchanged the warm, unhealthy, over-heated atmosphere of the Imperial Hotel for the blasts and wind storms of the wave-tossed shore.

What wonder that the "boys," the cheery, good-natured idlers of Yokohama, the passengers, the agents, the newspaper men, the

interviewers, the business men, and the gamblers of this "inn of strange meetings" should prefer the bar and its merriment of good-fellowship and "cocktails" to the "bar and its moaning" across the dull and wintry waves of the Yokohama sea-board? It was a strange experience, but one repeated again and again at every resting-place and treaty port all round the world. If, confounded and demoralized by the east wind, I sought the cosy but oven-like hotel, I was certain to be the victim of well-intentioned hospitality, since not to drink with everybody to whom you are introduced on every possible occasion is death to your reputation as a "good fellow," whilst to drink whenever and wherever you are invited to a coterie of companionship is death to your constitution. Show your nose at the hotel bar, and you must do as the bar does: fly from temptation and rush into the east winds outside, and you will be pinned by a circle of rickshaw men who are only too ready to trundle you in the "go-carts" of Japan, to shops, to native quarters, to views, to temples, to china factories, to warehouses of curios, to tattooers, to homes of strange dancers, to tea-houses in

sly corners, tea-houses destitute of romance, but overflowing with whisky and alcohol in its various forms: in fact, to every temptation devised at the headquarters of modern civilization.

But I had made my small investments in Japanese curios; I had turned over all the silks and satins and "kimonos" that interested me, both in the modern and native quarters of Yokohama; I had seen Japanese dances, and eaten a Japanese dinner in slippers reclining uncomfortably on the matted floor; I had been hospitably and regally entertained both by Europeans and natives; I had been up hill and down dale to see all the sights and mountain rest-houses and sulphur springs and snows and sleets of Alpine Japan; I had worshipped Fusi-yama from every available prospect; and, anxious for still more information, I looked up an old school-friend, of Marlborough days, who lived in a handsome house in the European quarter of Yokohama, as befitted one of its leading men. We had parted last in the famous "B" dormitory of the Old house at Marlborough, and we met over a quarter of a century afterwards at a dinner-table in Yokohama.

I was boasting to my old school-fellow of the wonderful things I had done in a short space of time; how I had seen Nikko, and Kioto, and Tokio, and Atami; how I had visited Kamakura and Enoshima; how I had walked up snow precipices and scalded my hands in boiling sulphur, and been rick-shawed for hundreds of miles and rested at Myanoshita, and had a bird's-eye view of Japanese life in every shape and form, when the good old fellow put on his considering cap and said:—

"But you have not seen old Playfort, who lives on the race-course and is a Yokohama character?"

At once I owned up that the pleasure of old Playfort's acquaintance had been hitherto denied me.

"But you must see old Playfort," observed my friend, "he is dying to see you; he has talked of nothing else but you since your steamer arrived. He has begged and entreated all the boys to bring you up to him, and if you have nothing better to do, I will drive you up to the race-course this afternoon."

I assented: but I was as much in the dark as ever concerning the trade, or occupation, or idiosyncrasies of old Playfort.

My friend at once enlightened me. He was an old English actor, he had seen Edmund Kean, had acted with Macready

and Phelps, had toured and "stocked" in nearly all the best provincial towns of England, had been an actor in America for years, and had now settled down as the landlord of a curious kind of old English inn or shanty on the breezy race-course on the hill overlooking Yokohama and the sea.

"But how on earth did an English actor manage to find his way to Japan?" I observed.

"Oh! I don't know: drifted here, I suppose; but he must tell you his story in his own fashion. All I know is that he wants to see you, and that I promised to bring you up on the first opportunity."

That same afternoon my old school-fellow and I drove through an outlying grey Japanese village, and found ourselves at the gate of the "Shakespeare Inn," a curious, embowered, tumble-down old beer-house or grog-shop, within a convenient walking distance of Yokohama.

At the rustic gate of the "Shakespeare Inn," which title was placarded on a sign-board amongst the trees, my thoughts were irresistibly taken back to dear old England. The cottage bore no resemblance whatever to the ordinary grey-boarded and grey-slatted shanties of native Japan. It might have been transplanted from an old Warwickshire lane, and I am certain I have seen dozens of inns of the same pattern in Shakespeare's country.

The illusion of English home-life was kept up in the garden, in the shrubberies, in the miniature arbours of the curious little cottage, so distinct from the dismal bungalows found in a land of paper-covered windows and squeaking shutters.

The pleasant illusion was only lost in the public smoke-room, where shock-headed Japs, and down-at-heel, untidy women, men with scrubbing-brush heads of hair, and girls in frousy-padded "kimonos," also down-at-heel and sloppety, took the place of "Ostler Joe" and the neat-handed "Phyllis" in her pink print gown, so intimately associated with an English inn.

Old Playfort, the landlord of the "Shakespeare Inn," was undoubtedly a character and a favourite. Every Englishman and Englishwoman in Yokohama was familiar with the old actor. Old stagers were wont to turn in to his best parlour with their wives and daughters on a Sunday afternoon to drink a cup of tea and have a chat with the old man, and the youngsters, the stewards, the sailors, the engineers, the captains, and the mates of every imaginable vessel touching at this Japanese port knew that they could find a drop of wholesome liquor, after a long walk,

at the "Shakespeare Inn," kept by an old English actor.

I entered the room and was formally introduced to mine host. He was a fine, tall, handsome old fellow, erect, with a commanding presence, and a noble voice, hearty and vigorous, like all the old school of actors. When he came across the room to greet me, and to shake my hand, with a strong grip of good fellowship, I could not help recalling the style and the manner of John Ryder. He had just the same boisterous, breezy manner, the same assertive presence, the same stentorian lungs.

Actors proverbially love to talk "shop," and those whose living is thrown in with actors inherit the same peculiarity. I must own it was a treat to me, after the long severance from the footlights, to plunge into the kind of conversation that was going on at that moment thousands of miles away at the Garrick, Savage, or Green Room Clubs at home.

Here, on the wild, wind-tossed heights of Yokohama, in a semi-English cottage with Japanese surroundings, smoking a pipe over a glass of Scotch whisky, handed to me by a yellow-complexioned Asiatic, who wiped up the glasses at a rude bar, I was learning from this fine old man experiences of the old Macready and provincial stock company days, and fortifying from the fountain-head my recollections of old Sadler's Wells and Samuel Phelps, and Belford, and Fred Robinson, and Lewis Ball, and Miss Glyn, and Miss Atkinson, by one who had been their playmate; whilst the old actor was in turn pumping me about Henry Irving and his splendid Shakespearean revivals, and the advantage or disadvantage, as the case might be, of the new school over the old.

Of course, his recollections dated back far



THE SHAKESPEARE INN.

longer than mine. But we were able to compare notes, at any rate, over the Phelps period and the Charles Kean period of dramatic art, and I certainly from the lips of old Playford got an insight into the history of the American stage of the last half-century, that strengthened the impressions that I had received from long conversations with actors like Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Edward A. Sothorn, and John Sleeper Clarke, who could all tell a story of the stage as well as they could act a part on it.

How wonderful is the freemasonry of the stage even amongst amateurs! Directly I landed at Hong Kong, before my arrival in Japan, I received a note from one of the leading and most popular merchants in the English colony, an amateur actor of considerable renown, imploring me to come up any evening to dinner at his lovely villa on the green hill overlooking Hong Kong harbour, in order to chat with him about old times at the play, and to tell him all that

had happened in theatrical London since he left it for inevitable banishment in un-theatrical China. The amateur as well as the professional actor is fond of a bit of stage shop, and is never so happy as when he is comparing notes with one whose dramatic experiences cover his own exact period of play-going. And so, in the somewhat squalid smoke-parlour of the tumble-down "Shakespeare Inn," in the seaport of Japan, old Playford and I fell to talking about the past and the present of the English stage.

He had much to tell me of Macready, and Phelps, and Charles Kean, and the old stock company days in the time of Knowles of Manchester and Harris of Dublin: he regaled me with plenty of good stories, which, strange to say, I had never heard before, for theatrical stories are apt to circulate, as we all know; whilst from me, the fine old gentleman had to learn all about the Henry Irving era of dramatic art, the notable Bancroft accession and too early retirement, and the promise of what is now known as the "new school," headed by such men as John Hare, George Alexander, and Beer-bohm Tree.

It was a curious scene: the untidy Japanese women and black-eyed Japanese boys bustling about the inn bar, and so far as they were concerned we might have been talking double Dutch, or Chinese, and here to their astonishment were an old actor and a middle-aged critic talking away "sixteen to the dozen" about English dramatic art in far-distant Japan.

I could not help noticing that the old man

was nervously anxious to get me alone in order to discuss some private matter that seemed to agitate him. He knew that my visit to Yokohama was necessarily a short one, as I was bound to be in Chicago for the opening of the exhibition, and he also knew, which seemed to be a far more important matter to him, that I was going home to England, that in a few weeks' time, if all were well, I should be in London again, the England from which the old actor had so mysteriously disappeared or drifted,

the London where I guessed all that could ever have been near or dear to him were living, still unconscious, doubtless, of his very existence after these long years of separation.

But all conversation, save on general subjects, was impossible that day. My old school-fellow was with me, and the public room was full of visitors and strangers, who had strolled in for a glass.

But before I left he called me aside and said, in a mysterious stage whisper:—

"Promise me on your faithful word of honour that you will come up and see me alone before you sail away from Japan. But you must come alone. I have something very im-

portant to tell you, something that weighs heavily on my mind, something that you must know."

I promised. There was a mystery about the place and the old man that I could not at the moment fathom. It was a *ménage* such as I had never seen before, although I had been introduced to semi-English and semi-Japanese households that were curious enough.



"I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU."

My school-fellow on our way home helped to enlighten me. Old Playfort had done what so many Englishmen had done and regretted afterwards in Japan. Possibly for a little bit of money, probably for mere companionship, he had gone through a certain form of marriage with a native woman. She it was who presided over his dingy and uncleanly household. She it was who passed as his wife. The children, half Jap and half European, were hers.

It was the old story: the alliance, such as it was, had been, so far as I could see, a complete failure. During my short residence in Japan I saw plenty of such unions, but not one in which anything like married happiness existed. There can be no true union, no marriage in its highest and most beautiful sense, between a European and one of a race so peculiar and distinct from ours as the Japanese race is to-day.

Cultivated they may be, clever and accomplished they certainly are, affectionate and home-loving they have proved themselves to be; but their lives, their manners, and their customs are so distinct from ours, that in the end satiety breeds not joy and peace, but sorrow and tribulation.

It is not marriage at all, but exalted concubinage. Englishmen such as these honestly and honourably mean to do the correct thing by the woman they have bought or loaned from her parents, who are only too ready to pocket the money, a woman who is, no doubt, for a time sincerely attached to him so far as her life and instincts will allow her. But it is not marriage! The man is always ashamed of his so-called wife, and not particularly proud of his children. He cannot introduce her to the society even of his intimate friends. She is, after all, only a superior kind of servant. There is no real equality between them. No woman in the East, wife, or no wife, is held in such respect, or treated with such chivalry and loyalty, as European women are treated, and the bond-slave feeling is only aggravated when the woman is an Asiatic and the man of European origin. The "new woman" should take this important fact to heart.

Here, then, there was only one more instance of the fatal folly of these attachments that begin in sheer recklessness or carelessness, but are tied together by a legal bond. Any religion in the matter is out of the question, for Christians and heathens can no more mix in any exalted or soulfeeling than can oil and water.

Three distinct cases of mixed European and Japanese unions came under my immediate notice. In not one of them was there any real happiness. Quite the contrary!

Again and again I went up to the "Shakespeare Inn" to see the "grand old man," but always, unfortunately, in mixed company. Everybody liked him, from the highest to the lowest, and the European ladies of the colony were accustomed, with their husbands and brothers, to visit the old actor in his "best parlour," and to listen to his stories and cheery conversation.

On the last day before my ship sailed from Yokohama to San Francisco, true to my promise, I called a swift "jinricksha" and bowled away to the "Shakespeare Inn." The old gentleman was overjoyed to see me, and



"WE BOWLED AWAY."

escorted me to the best parlour, where we could be alone and undisturbed. And there and then he told me the story of his curious vagabond and wandering life.

First of all he told me his real name, or rather quickly identified it with an English actress who is held in universal respect—an old lady now, but one who has pursued her honourable and blameless career in London for over five-and-thirty years.

And with tears streaming down his old grey cheeks, he told me how devoted he still was and ever had been to as good a wife as man ever possessed, and the intense love he felt for the daughter whom he had scarcely set eyes on from infancy, a lovely woman now, happily married with children of her own—grandchildren that the old man was never likely to see on this earth.

It was a sad story of man's weakness and unfaithfulness. Husband and wife had acted together in England, they had toured together in America, and, full of love and hope, they had parted—years and years ago—at Boston, where he saw her off to England, for she had accepted an important and lucrative professional engagement in the old country. From that moment they drifted apart! From that hour he had never set eyes upon his faithful and devoted wife. It was a painful story, but he did not flinch in the recital of it. He did not spare himself or excuse himself, but went through it all as if he were in torture or on the rack. In this case also confession seemed good for the soul.

He had drifted!

He drifted into American stock companies, drifted into strange society, drifted no doubt into careless ways. The wife was steadily working away at home: he knew where to find her, he knew what a comfort some tidings of the derelict would be to her. But gradually he forgot to write home. He had omitted to write for so many months, soon so many years, that he became ashamed to do so.

And then the iron entered into his soul, and he crowned unpardonable neglect with the recklessness of despair. He determined to die to the world. He would lose himself, become another being, lead a new life, try to forget a past that no doubt haunted and tortured him. The old vagabond spirit took firm possession of him. He bought an old caravan and a horse, and tramped gipsy-fashion from one sea-board of America to the other, stopping at miners' camps and ranches to give recitations and Shakespeare readings. He cooked for himself, tended himself, lived for himself, thought for himself.

This American Robinson Crusoe had no Man Friday. He was alone, doomed to be alone.

Ever and ever he turned farther and farther away from home. He did not dare look back. He must pass on and on. So as the years went by he found himself in the days of gold and prosperity at San Francisco.

Home, wife, child, friends: well, all far away in the dull, half-forgotten background.

And so, as the years rolled onward, still frightened to turn back, to set sail once more from America, but not, alas! to seek forgiveness in England, but to bury himself still deeper in the dark grave of forgetfulness in far-distant Japan.

Here he arrived strong, well, and hearty; here he tried readings and recitations, here he helped the English amateurs with their private theatricals, here he became a character and a Boniface, here, unhappily, he plunged into new domestic turmoils, and involved himself with fresh liabilities and responsibilities, and here I found him at the "Shakespeare Inn" at Yokohama, an exile from home after some thirty years' absence from the "dear white cliffs of Dover." He concluded this sad story with the following words as he took my hand, the tears still streaming down his handsome old face:—

"You are going back to great old England, my friend, but I shall never see it any more. As I have made my bed so I must lie on it. My journey is almost done—I am, as you see, a very old man. Here I shall die ere long, and here they will bury me when I am gone: away from home, from wife, from child; alone amongst strangers, forgotten, as I well deserve to be!"

I tried to comfort him, to assure him that I could find the money to bring him back if he still longed for the dear old country.

I suggested how merciful, how loving, how tender, and how forgiving good women are; and prophesied a reconciliation with his neglected wife, and a last home in some familiar English churchyard. Let him turn his back on the heathens and come home to die!

But he was not to be moved from his resolution.

"Dear friend, I shall never go home, nor do I deserve it; I am an outlaw, an exile, an old derelict, still tossing on the troubled sea of life. But I shall go under, and get in no one's way at last." And then he came closer and whispered, "But you must see her, my dear old wife, when you get back to England.

You must tell her from me that I love her still. You must impress upon her that I am full of repentance for the evil that I have done. You must assure her from me that at the hour of death, which cannot be much longer now, my last prayer, my last thought on earth will be for her—for her—my wife!—my wife!—my only, only wife! And now, good-bye! and may God bless you, and take you safely home!”

He was much affected, but he tottered to the garden-gate, still clinging affectionately to my hand.

“Remember, dear friend, this hand-clasp will be for her. Farewell! farewell!”


The sun was setting as I went down the hill, and it seemed to pour a golden benediction on the silver hairs of the old man as he stood waving a last good-bye from the shadow of the trees.

But when I turned round for the last time his venerable head was bowed upon his clasped hands. He was weeping and praying for the woman he had injured—the woman whose face he would never see again on earth. And thus my promise is fulfilled.



Oxford at Home.

BY HAROLD GEORGE.

“LL their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure,” wrote Rabelais of the Thelemites.

If three exceptions be allowed, the modern Oxford undergraduate will be able to draw a fairly close parallel between his Alma Mater and Gargantua's great foundation. Leave out examinations, Dons, and a certain paucity of feminine society, then “*Fay ce que vouldras*” is his not inappropriate motto.

Our pious benefactors called the University into being for the promotion of what in these latter days we term “Higher Education.” A generous-minded nineteenth century has permitted athletics to go hand in hand with scholarship. Both these sides of University life have often been discussed, but there exists another aspect of Oxford which in comparison is virgin soil: I mean the relation of the undergraduate to matters social.

Now, man is by nature a gregarious animal.

Civilization develops this tendency by means of clubs and societies; and, since it is pretty generally known that the Universe has been civilized by Oxford, I need scarcely mention that social organizations have sprung up there in shoals. The “Union” is not the beginning and end of our club life, as some outsiders would have the world believe; in the present day that body has no *raison d'être* except for purposes of debate. “Vincent's”—the meeting-place of Blues—and the “Grid,” both close corporations, though nominally open to the whole University, are conducted after the manner of the ordinary social club. Some of the colleges possess liliputian establishments of the same type—very select these; while dining clubs, wine clubs, political clubs, musical clubs, essay societies,

debating societies, theological societies, are to be discovered in every corner both of University and college. I say nothing of athletic institutions—such matters are beyond my present scope; and, moreover, from what has already been said, it will be seen that the organized channels of social intercourse 'twixt man and man at Oxford are not insignificant.

Of course, the Freshman does not jump into this all at once. His first experiences of social life are of a somewhat formal nature. He receives calls and returns them. Next come invitations to all sorts of things. At most of the colleges it is the custom of the Head to invite all his Freshmen to some meal. Such an invitation—like that of Cæsar Borgia—is virtually a command. So on the appointed day the guest goes, and returns, thankful to find that the entertainment was deadly only in its slowness.

The first meal is generally a breakfast; but as one advances in terms, and perchance finds favour with the college authorities, the pro-

motion to lunch or even dinner is reached—happy indeed is that undergraduate who sips his nectar at the table of his Head! In days gone by the Head of a certain college made a point of inviting all his Freshmen to dinner. In the old orthodox style he would take wine with each guest. This was charmingly polite of the great man, though somewhat embarrassing to the shy fledglings straight from school. Indeed, it was most unfortunate that for his health's sake the host affected a peculiar medicated wine, unpleasant to the ordinary palate, and allowed no other beverage in which his visitors might drink their part of the pledge.

Another anecdote of “Dondom,” for Oxford delights in such. A “Fellow and Tutor” had during the



A SPEAKER AT THE “UNION.”

vacation taken unto himself a wife. Early in the term he chanced to give one of his rightly famous breakfast parties. The morning was bright, and in marked contrast to the long spell of rain which had preceded it. Hard up for conversation, the host fell back on the ordinary English topic.

"Is it not charming that we've got a little sun this morning?"

The reply from his right-hand neighbour was unexpected, possibly *mal-à-propos*.

The undergraduate rose in his place, and stretching out a hand, exclaimed effusively:—

"My dear sir, allow me to congratulate you. I hope Mrs. — is doing well."

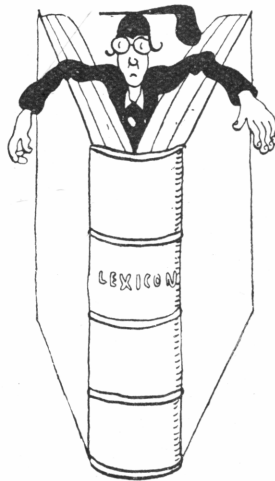
As a little piece of candid confession on the part of another college Head, perhaps the following is worthy of record. Upon the occasion of his entertaining some undergraduates to breakfast, the conversation grew more exciting than usual, for somehow or other the subject of temperance at the University had cropped up. In this sort did the great man deliver himself thereon: "For my part, I fancy that every undergraduate at Oxford becomes intoxicated upon some one occasion in the course of his career. In my own case I recollect that one evening several of us grew very convivial, and, what with drinking a little of this, and a little of that, I am bound to confess that in the end I could not stand straight, and had to be carried to bed."

Perhaps the learned gentleman exaggerated in laying down a rule so very stringently, but readers will agree when I suggest how venial it is to slightly exceed the limits of discretion just for once at a merry gathering. We do not take too much wine as a matter of course.

But let me now introduce the reader to a so-called "Wine." The time is about half-past eight in the evening; the scene, a man's rooms, in which is set out an elaborate dessert, with decanters containing appropriate liquids. Boxes of cigars and cigarettes help to adorn the tables. A piano stands open in a prominent position; lamps and candles illuminate the scene. When the guests have all arrived, the company numbers some five-and-twenty. A modicum of fruit is quickly disposed of, and as the cigar-boxes empty, a dense fog arises. For a time there is a perfect Babel: everybody talks at the same time; and then the host remarks "Order, order!" so that he may announce that Mr. — will sing "The Man that Broke the Bank." The song is a success because of the chorus, which is roared out in stentorian tones regardless of time or key. Next, "the 'ossiest man afoot," who possesses a mild, harmless voice, essays a hunting song, which once more is saved by a swinging chorus. The banjoist and the reciter are both present and perform. Nor is the topical song absent, for a writer and composer is there, and himself sings of his



"GLOBE"



"SMUG"

trials with "Those Troublesome Dons," the refrain running after this style :—

And I may as well acknowledge
There exists a certain tension
'Twixt some members of the college—
Whose names I need not mention—
And myself : for it's the old refrain,
"Ploughed ! ploughed ! ploughed again !"

And so the entertainment goes on until the festive assembly disperses. Not so very wicked after all, was it ?

Still I dare not venture to show another scene, in which pasteboard holds the chief position ; suffice it to say that "Nap" and "Loo," "Bank" and "Poker," are not unknown in the home of learning. Nor need the undergraduate go so far afield as the Riviera to be initiated into the game, abhorred by Deans and Proctors, called "Roulette." However, these sports of varied chance and skill have spent their attractions for many after the first year. There is a certain man still "up," who, as a "Fresher," went the whole "hog" in these wicked pursuits. Now he is a reformed character ; one of those intellectual people beloved of Dons, clever without a doubt. If you wish to offend, remind him of the frivolities of his first year ! As it is, he will probably get a "First" in the schools and settle down into the staid, sober Fellow of a college.

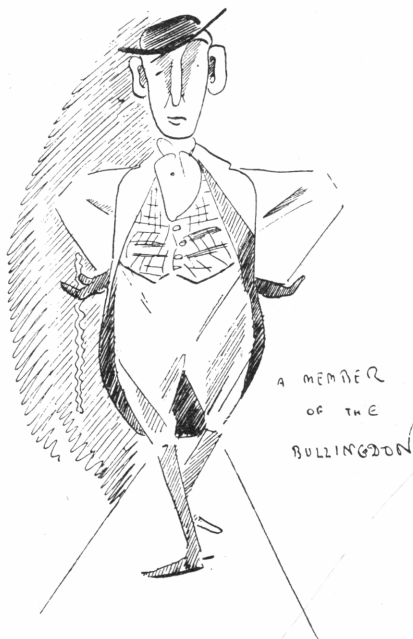
I spoke of Proctors a moment ago, and am thereby reminded of a little episode connected with one of those University "policemen." It was on the occasion of some Home Rule meeting somewhere in the city—with one of the Irish leaders for chief speaker—that an ardent Unionist, from the windows of his lodgings, endeavoured to raise a counter demonstration. The "Undergrad" succeeded in attracting a small knot of curious spectators, and then began : "Men of Oxford ! In your thousands are you assembled"—but his eloquence was rudely interrupted by the myrmidons of the law, and next morning the incident was valued by the Proctor at £2 sterling.

To assist at a "Bump Supper" is not the lot of every undergraduate, but if you would see a whole college in a state of wild excitement, choose such an occasion. One of the college boats has pre-eminently distinguished itself in the "Eights," or "Torpids" ; the victory must be fitly celebrated, and, the Dons being propitious, a supper is held in Hall after the conclusion of the races. The feast consists chiefly of champagne, speeches, and smoke. The Head, if he be a sportsman, will preside ; if not, some other Fellow. But the proceedings in Hall by no means comprise the entire function. About

twelve o'clock an adjournment is made to one of the quads, where a huge pile of coal, timber, and fagots has been erected. At this time the wary man changes his dress suit for the oldest garments he can find. Amid great cheering the bonfire is lighted, fireworks are produced from all kinds of hiding-places, and ignited regardless of life, limb, or property. In some mysterious way you find a Roman candle in your hand, approach the fire, light the torch tenderly, and, when it is fairly ablaze, hurl it, for choice, at a group of men ; they scatter, yet no one is hurt. Truly the narrow escapes are many and marvellous.

At one of these festivals a college servant, quite *non compos*, was intrusted for a few moments with certain fireworks. Without a thought he dropped a cracker into the chimney of a lighted paraffin lamp. Naturally, the glass was blown to atoms ; but the experimentalist, in no way disconcerted, proceeded to lay another cracker across the flame, and caused several explosions before his hand was stayed. Strangely enough, he had not even set fire to the room.

Another droll sight was afforded by a big man apostrophizing the stars to his utmost satisfaction ; this one had discarded the dress suit for a rowing attire, and his bare legs were a great feature. So, at all events, thought a mild little chap under the influence of



champagne. Softly the little one lit a squib, stole behind his bulky compatriot, and applied the fire to his calf.

It is very seldom that any unpleasantness occurs between Don and undergraduate upon these occasions. Yet it is not entirely unknown. At one "Bump Supper" enthusiasm passed all reasonable limits even while the supper proper was in progress. Several pieces of glass and china were ruined irrevocably, two or three chairs and tables were smashed. The college authorities felt bound to take official cognizance of the matter, and summoned the suspected delinquents to a meeting of the "Head" and Fellows next day. One of the suspects denied all knowledge of the affair; "he had left the Hall before any riotous proceedings took place." The Head was not satisfied with the explanation, and proceeded to cross-examine:—

"But, Mr. —, at what time did you go out of Hall?"

"I regret I am unable to state the exact moment by the clock."

"Can you not give us any approximate idea of the time?"

"No; I can only say I was not there when this happened."

"Well, even some incident that would give us a notion of the hour you left?"

"Then, if you must know, I went out just as your health was being proposed."

Events of this sort, exciting while they last, are none of them the *beau ideal* of the undergraduate. Walter Vivian was perfectly right when he

Swore he long'd at college,
only long'd,
All else was well, for she-
society!

We are nothing if not sentimental, and since it is given but to few to be on intimate terms with residents at Oxford, or with the fair denizens of Somerville and Lady Margaret—(the latter place has, by the irreverent, been called the "Tricolour," the building being half white and half red; *verb. sap.*)—we hail with glee the advent of the "Eights" and "Com-

mems." The reason we delight so much in these festivals is that here we meet those charming beings—"somebody else's sisters!"

The "Eights" week—it happens towards the end of May—brings the first invasion of the gentler sex. Breakfasts, lunches, dinners, afternoon teas are given in their honour. Just for the sake of the thing, they are shown the races, which last for a few minutes, twice every afternoon. Two in a Canadian canoe on the well-shaded Cher is far more interesting than watching a procession of boats in the blazing sun.

Far preferable to the "Eights" is Commemoration. The standing order about being "in" by twelve is then suspended. Schools are dead and done with; the immediate future holds only the "Long Vac." And this is how we spend our time, in order that for a few days each June we may properly bear in mind the benefits conferred upon us by pious benefactors of old.

On Saturday the arrivals take place: strange faces begin to haunt the "High"; but as yet we have not the chance of gauging the charms of the daughters or the dispositions of the chaperons. Sunday—once "Show Sunday," before the Broad Walk and the Meadows were thrown open to Dick, Tom, and Harry—can scarcely now be counted a festival day; it is Monday that sees the *fête* begin. The morning is employed in showing the "lions," the afternoon is taken up partly perhaps by a concert at the "Sheldonian," and most certainly by numerous tea parties; but the evening eclipses these little things, for then comes the first ball.

Commemoration dances at Oxford are themselves all alike in method, but there are none like them elsewhere in the world. Nobody goes as a duty; everybody is intent on enjoyment. The invitations mention 9.30 as the opening hour, but the dance seldom begins before ten o'clock. For the occasion, the college—if it is a college ball—has been transformed. In the Hall a



spring floor has been laid over the ordinary hard oak boards. Some colleges, indeed, go so far as to build a huge temporary room in one of the quads for dancing, but the Hall is the usual place. Supper is laid in a special marquee; the whole of the college is available for sitting out; the gardens are lit up by fairy lamps and lanterns; many luxurious chairs are scattered about, two by two, in sequestered nooks; in fact, nothing is easier than for two people to get lost at an Oxford dance if they so please. The committee and stewards wear sashes of the college colours. The music is invariably drawn from a crack military band, such as the Marine Light Infantry, the Coldstreams, or the Royal Artillery. Everything, indeed, is as near perfection as possible so far as preparations go, and, better still, the results generally coincide with the arrangements. Day has dawned before anyone dreams of going home, and it is half-past four before our fair partners are all gone. But the men are still left behind; they return to the supper room, and now the hungry ones may eat without fear of detaining a partner. Healths are proposed and drunk: the health of the committee and secretary; the health of the band—for they are usually present now; the health of any Don who is there; and so forth. The toasts are responded to, but speeches are brief at such an hour. Next the word goes round that the photographers have come. All stand up, and arms are linked for "Auld Lang Syne." Then they go out, group themselves under the direction of the "artist," and in dress clothes have their pictures taken, between five and six on a summer morning.

The photograph is the last act of the ball, although many have not yet finished their exertions. A sunny morning suggests a bathe, so off we go to our lodgings, to put on flannels; then to "Parson's Pleasure," where we swim away to our hearts' content. At the conclusion of one such dance I agreed with two others to go and "have a dip." We were to return home, discard the dress suit for flannels, and meet again. I carried out my part of the bargain, but the other twain never arrived. When next I saw them I discovered that they reached my abode some time after I had started for the river. They had no knowledge of the whereabouts of my room, but that seemed of small consequence. They went upstairs and, opening a door at haphazard, came upon an old lady in bed, who squealed. Thereupon the invaders retreated; but, on reaching the



THE LADY-NOVELIST'S

IDEAL

street, it occurred to one that they had never apologized for their stupid mistake. Back they went, once more opened the door, and solemnly begged the old lady's pardon for their former intrusion.

The remaining three nights of Commemoration are spent in the way that I have described. There are one or two balls at the Corn Exchange, but a dance there is scarcely comparable to one in college. Tuesday is, par excellence, the day for picnics. Steam launches to Nuneham; lunch on board; getting lost in somebody's company in the woods; home again in time to dress for the ball.

Wednesday, of course, is the day of the "Encænïa," or formal ceremony of commemorating the founders and benefactors. There may be a flower show in the afternoon; the evening is like the others. Thursday sees the last of the gaieties, and Friday is devoted to sorrowful leave-takings. The "Vac" has commenced.

Now, Oxford being made for the undergraduate, in our absence the city is as the Dead Sea. Nought will live in it, and there is nothing to be caught. In term time, since the place swarms with our species, it would

seem as though the society of Oxford in general were largely dependent thereon. Yet the party-going undergraduates form a very small part of the whole number, and, owing to the demand for them, these social members are in great request. It is even possible for a man to gain a bubble reputation for his social qualities. When the boy arrives, fresh from school, *ipso facto* he becomes a man. He feels himself his own master to such an unaccustomed extent that he rejoices in doing that which he ought not to do, and in escaping from the trammels of ordinary society. Therefore he is content to herd swine with other undergraduates: there is so much to be done that is entirely new, and he hastens to attempt it all at once. So for awhile the foolish boy thinks it a waste of time to indulge in afternoon tea and ladies' society.

His first experience of the latter is probably at the feast of some married Don. If the lady of the house be not patronizing, the Freshman is soon at his ease. He can talk his own "shop" and air his latest ideas without being snubbed. He can even be appreciated for his modern notions. But, alas! in some instances the better half is worse than her husband. This was well exemplified very recently. The wife scorned the ordinary undergraduate. She would allow him to swallow an uncomfortable breakfast, and directly the meal was over would say, "But, Mr. So-and-so, we really must not keep you: you are sure to have a lecture to attend." A tactless and rude hint of this sort is completely out of place, especially when the guests are fairly certain to make themselves very scarce upon the earliest opportunity.

The wives of some Dons are, quite unconsciously, possessed of some humour. There was one such lady who greatly prided herself upon a knowledge of the athletic distinctions of individual men in the college with which her husband was connected. She invited a number of undergraduates to dine, and the place of honour

at her right hand fell to the "Varsity stroke." To him the hostess turned, and, by way of starting a conversation, inquired, "Do you row, Mr. —?"

Should the Don to whose feast the undergraduate is bidden be unmarried, the intellectual fare will not improbably consist of the host's prosy reminiscences of old school days and old 'Varsity life. This, though uninteresting, would be tolerable did it go no farther. But a senior member of the University is given to posing, all unconsciously, as a *laudator temporis acti*, and his recollections may be supplemented by invidious comparisons between past and present—much to the detriment of the latter.

Or, perchance, the older man abhors the sight of a petticoat, just as did the Head of one college. Of him it is related that, expressing a certain approval of the practice of public speakers rehearsing in private to a friend or two, he wound up by saying: "And should I ever enter into the bonds of matrimony—though I trust no such misfortune may befall me—I conceive a wife might be useful in that capacity."

When fortune throws the Oxford residents (as distinct from Dons) across our undergraduate path, they are really kind to us. They ask us to all sorts of nice things: tea parties, picnics, dinners, at times even dances. The resident ladies, perhaps because of their greater age, deem themselves very superior to their youthful guests, and will not allow them to enjoy themselves in their own way. They give the undergraduate no chance of looking after himself, but take for granted a want of *savoir faire* on his part. Therefore, when the hostesses think to amuse, they often bore. After dinner, for instance, they inveigle us into playing harmless but unnecessary games; cards perhaps, in the mildest form, and puzzles of all kinds; or it may be "hunt the thimble"—what man ever shone at "hunt the thimble"?—or that milk and water "pitch-and-toss," which consists in throwing cards into a hat.

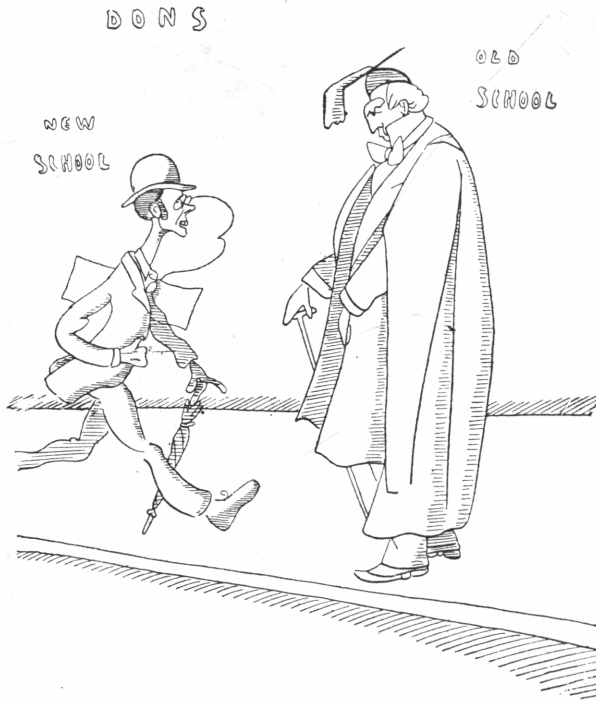


The undergraduates are not expected to do much in return for all this hospitality. They have a few rather formal tea parties to attend, and are expected to drop the requisite amount of pasteboard. But at Oxford there is always something better to do than walk half a mile and drink tepid tea for half an hour. Therefore, we are detestably ungracious over this slight recognition of other people's efforts on our behalf. We are conscious of this, and of late some enterprising spirits have been wiping off their deficit of "calls" in a novel manner. They requite hospitality by giving miniature dances, to which they invite those who have entertained them, and thus do the right thing well, once and for all. Yet dances in Oxford, whether given by residents or undergraduates, are a rarity, and men who dance reserve their best energies for Commemoration.

Should the junior man stay up in vacation, he may have a really pleasant time all round. For once he finds himself treated as a gentleman, and discovers that the most severe Don can so conduct himself if he chooses. The younger Fellows, married or single, are very charming in ordinary life out of term time, when there is a lull in their crusade against the vile undergraduate. But although, as he grows old in terms and nears the end of his tether, the undergraduate

may tardily recognise a certain reason for the existence of Dons, yet as pastors and masters these are at the most allowed the title of "fellow creatures." It is very hard to pierce the *robur et aes triplex* of pedantry and high living. I myself, favoured undergraduate, have dined with Dons, and vividly recall how kindly one of them tried to put me at my ease. He commenced by talking of that "wretched animal," "the pass schools man"; which happy phrase he supplemented by saying that almost all undergraduates, fresh from a public school, were either "utterly immoral" or else were "prigs." I was just fresh from a public school, but I forgave him. He himself had never graced such an institution with his presence. Was it with such a person in his mind that the undergraduate first supplemented the New College motto, "Manners makyth Man," by the addition "the want of them the Fellow"?

I have sketched several types of Dons, but would not have my readers think there are no exceptions. No one can appreciate kindness and courtesy more than the Oxford undergraduate; no one can return it better. The spot that is his home for three or four years he worships with an intense affection, and we all know how disconsolately he realizes the approach of his final departure from the great Alma Mater.





A CHESS STORY.

BY H. RUSSELL PRESTON.

DO you mean to say, doctor, that you have introduced chess amongst your patients?"

"Yes. Why not? Some of these poor creatures, although they suffer from various forms of madness, are able at times to exercise certain faculties of mind with a brilliancy that is really remarkable."

"But surely they are not capable of playing a rational and sustained game?"

"Oh, yes! I have myself been beaten by a mad patient. Of course, at times, their play is whimsical and erratic; but even then, if I may say so, there is often a good deal of method in their madness. It is rather curious that, at the present time, I have under my charge a poor fellow whose mental derangement is almost entirely the result of excessive chess-playing. He indulged in his favourite pastime to such an extent that it ultimately affected his mind. We do not now allow him even the sight of a chessboard, because anything to do with the game seems to rouse in him the worst form of his madness. Sometimes he will sit for hours playing with an imaginary opponent, and whenever he has these fits he always ends by exclaiming, 'Mate in six moves!' He then deliberately

counts the six moves aloud, and when in his disordered imagination he has made the final move he becomes very violent, and is then dangerous to himself and other people. He was a remarkably brilliant blindfold player, but whether he actually retains the power of mentally working out a game, I am unable to say."

The speakers were myself and Dr. Chorley, the famous "mad-doctor," whose private asylum was generally recognised as one of the best institutions of the kind in the country. I was staying a few days with the doctor, and we had been spending the evening very pleasantly over a game or two of chess. We had finished our play, and the doctor was telling me a few things concerning his patients, in the course of which he narrated an anecdote about a game of chess played by two of the inmates of his asylum which led to the conversation above recorded.

Shortly afterwards the doctor retired for the night, leaving me alone to write a few letters which I was anxious to get off the first thing the next morning. For several minutes I went on smoking my cigar, turning over in my mind the idea of mad people playing chess, and then settled down to my letters.

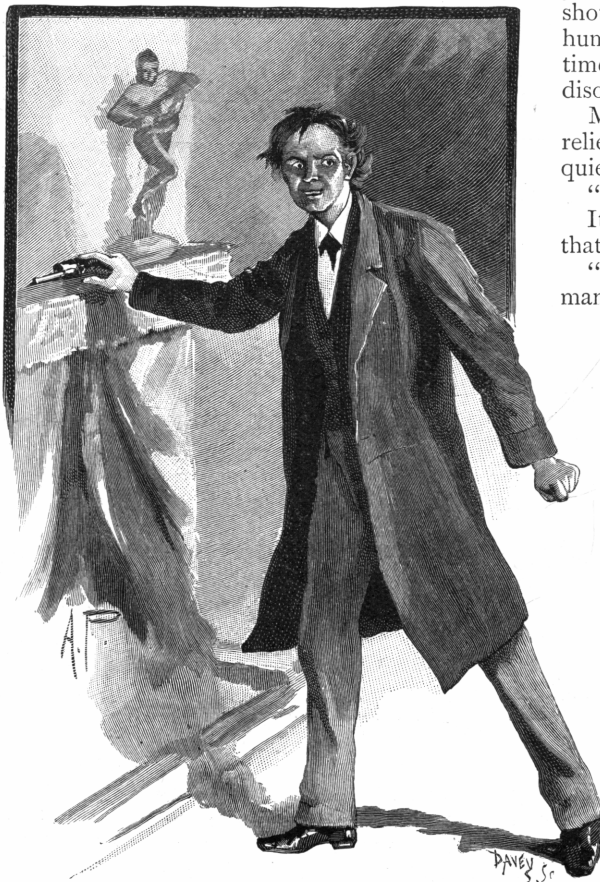
I had not been writing long when I heard

the handle of the door turn, and someone came in. I looked up, expecting to see Dr. Chorley, but to my surprise a complete stranger stood before me. "Oh!" I thought, "one of the doctor's assistants whom I have not happened to meet before," but it certainly struck me as rather strange that he should have entered my host's private study at a time when the rest of the household were in bed, for the doctor on bidding me good-night had told me I was the last up.

I naturally waited a moment for my visitor to speak, expecting that he would apologize for the intrusion, or at any rate explain his presence. To my utter surprise, however, he stood perfectly motionless, fixed his eyes upon me, and remained silent.

"Whoever you are," I thought, "you are a pretty cool customer," and feeling annoyed at what seemed to me the fellow's insolence, I said, with some dignity, "I don't understand——"

"You play chess?" he interrupted, with-



"HE DELIBERATELY TOOK UP THE REVOLVER."

out apparently noticing that I had attempted to speak, and all the time keeping his eyes fixed upon me.

This was certainly extraordinary, and as I looked at my strange visitor the truth all at once seemed to dawn upon me—the man was mad! I am not naturally nervous, but I must confess to feeling something akin to fear when I realized that I was face to face with a man who for all I knew might be a dangerous lunatic.

My worst anticipations were soon realized. Without taking his eyes off me, he walked to the mantelpiece and deliberately took up the large revolver which the doctor always kept at hand in case of a surprise, and which I knew to be loaded.

My unwelcome guest had certainly now the best of the position. What was I to do? To make a bolt of it would be to offer myself a target to this homicidal madman; to shout for help might equally be the signal for him to send a bullet through me; and yet I would not stand still and be shot like a rat in a hole. "I must humour him," I thought, "and so gain time, as his absence must soon be discovered."

My mind, however, was somewhat relieved when he repeated, in the same quiet tone of voice:—

"You play chess?"

It was something, at any rate, to know that I was not to be instantly shot.

"Yes," I replied, in my most winning manner. "Would you like a game?"

Without speaking, he sat down in front of me, carefully placing the pistol on the table near to his right hand.

When the pieces were arranged he looked at me with the most diabolical expression on his face and said:—

"You will play for your life. If I win, I shall shoot you on the spot; if I lose, I shall kill myself," and he deliberately examined the revolver, as if to assure himself that it was loaded.

The reader will imagine what my feelings were on hearing this ultimatum. Imagine sitting down to a chess-table at midnight with an armed lunatic who tells you in terrible earnest that he will murder you if he beats you. What a fiendish whim! Under ordi-

nary circumstances I knew I was liable to make mistakes and lose a game against an inferior player, but it is difficult to describe what I felt at being obliged to play, when a false move might cost me my life. A hundred thoughts flashed through my brain. Could my grim and terrible opponent really play an accurate game? If he could, should I be able to make a stand against him till someone came to my rescue? Even if I could beat him, what guarantee had I that my life would not still be in danger? And besides, I was morally bound to prevent if possible the man taking his own life.

I looked up at him. His eyes were fixed on the board with a terrible stare, and there appeared to be no escape from the awful ordeal of being forced to stake my life on a game of chess.

Without consulting me he selected the white pieces and moved first. He played what chess-players call an irregular opening, but there was nothing very remarkable or fantastic about it. I tried to keep cool, but as I lifted the pieces my hand trembled and my head felt on fire.

I soon discovered that my opponent knew perfectly well what he was doing, and that whatever the particular form his madness might take, it did not prevent him from playing the game accurately and in earnest. He quickly forced an exchange of pieces to his own advantage, and secured a vigorous attack upon my king. The position, no doubt, was a simple one to defend, but my feelings had been wrought up to such a state of excitement that I seemed incapable of analyzing the most ordinary combinations.

Suddenly I was startled by my opponent almost hissing between his teeth, "Mate in six moves!"

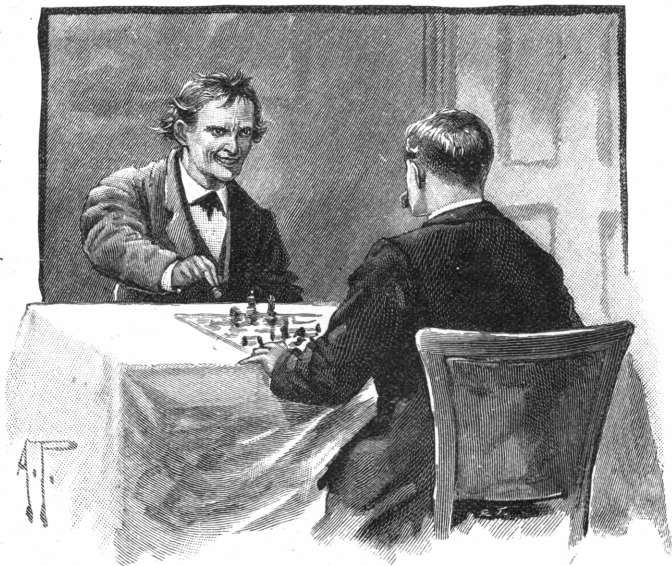
Good heavens! This, then, was the man of whom my host had been talking. A cold shiver ran through me. Those terrible words, "Mate in six moves," sounded in my ears like a death-knell. "What did they mean?" I asked myself. "Did the demented wretch see his way clear to force a mate in six moves in spite of anything I could do? Or was he only uttering an expression he was

in the habit of using, which had no significance for the game we were engaged in?"

I tried to calm myself in order to examine the position on the board. So far as I could make out, it was impossible to force a mate in six moves, and beyond that my opponent had some advantage in the matter of attack, our positions seemed to me about equal.

After uttering the ominous words, "Mate in six moves," my opponent leaned back in his chair and indulged in a series of horrible chuckles which seemed to make my blood run cold. Then resuming his former attitude, he slowly lifted his queen. "One," he cried, as he brought the piece down with a bang which shook the table. By making this move he offered me a piece, which I promptly took, thinking he had made a blunder which would give me the game.

"Two," said my opponent, without a moment's hesitation, as he replaced one of my knights with his own, while I, thinking to be a piece to the good, accepted the exchange, and took the white knight off the board. The moment I had done so I realized that I had fallen into a fatal trap. It was plain that I must be mated in four moves, and



"MATE IN SIX MOVES!"

without doubt this cunning madman had foreseen the mate six moves ahead.

"Three," he cried, the white queen giving check to my king. Great beads of perspiration now began to break out on my forehead. I had lost the game, and unless someone

came to my rescue, I thought I should most assuredly be killed. I pretended to be studying the position, but my head was busy trying to concoct some scheme for my escape from this terrible dilemma. Seeing, however, that my opponent was getting excited, I moved my king to the only available square.

"Four—check!" he almost shouted, as he moved his queen one square back. My position was now desperate. I could only prolong the game by interposing my rook, and as I reluctantly pushed the piece forward, I saw with horror my opponent pick up the pistol.

"Five—check!" and away went my rook. My king had now only one move followed by mate. Never shall I forget what my feelings were at that moment, and now the time for action had come I felt powerless to move hand or foot. My head seemed to reel, and almost mechanically I made my last move.

"Six—mate!" he literally shrieked, and I saw him raise the revolver on a level with my head. Instinctively I closed my eyes, and the next instant there was a loud report, and I fell to the ground unconscious.

"How do you feel now? You have certainly had a very narrow escape."

I opened my eyes and saw Dr. Chorley bending over me.

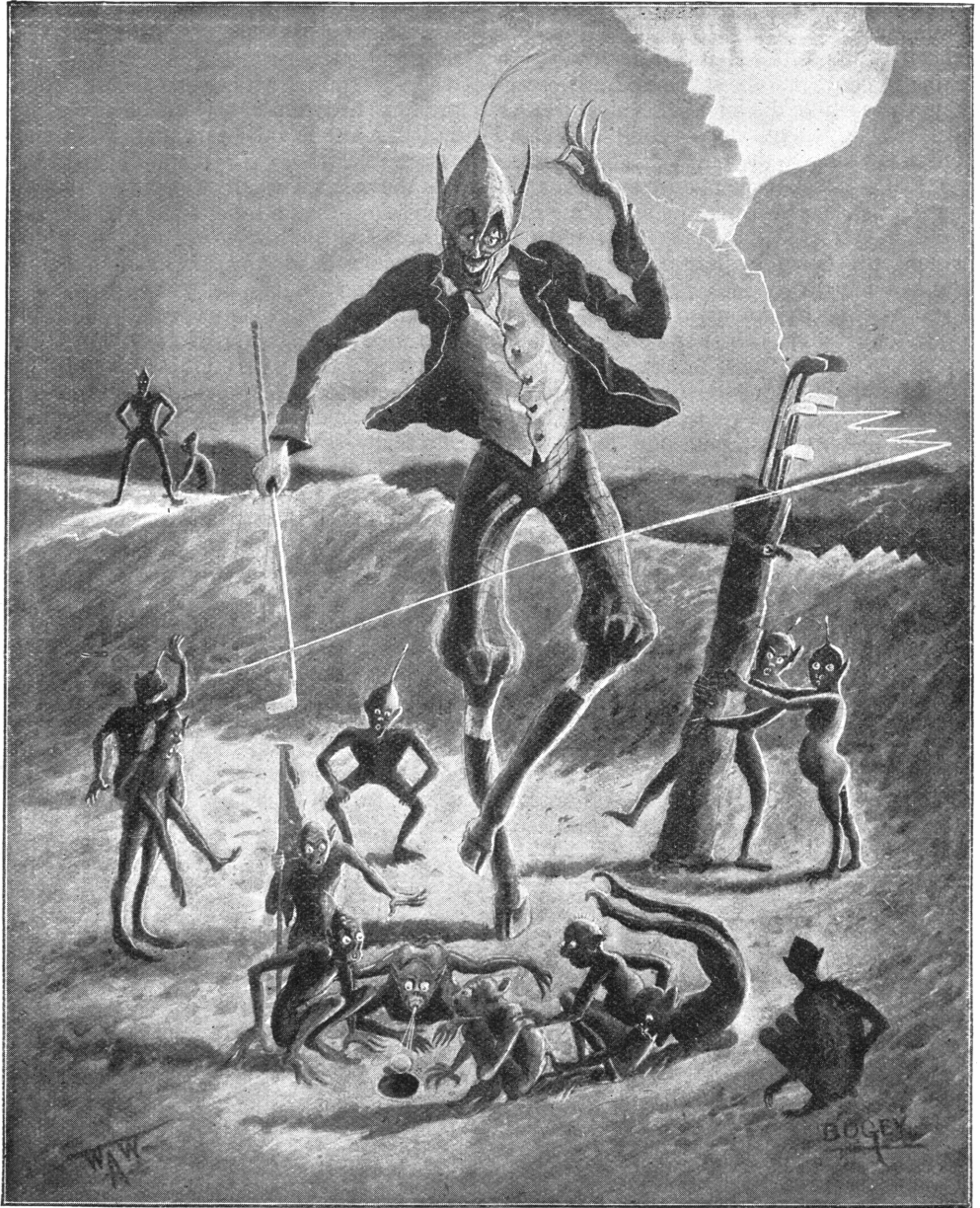
"Is that you, doctor?" I murmured. "Am I really alive? I thought I was dead."

"You are not only alive, but uninjured," was the comforting reply; and then my host told me that at the very moment the madman raised the revolver to fire at me, he had noiselessly entered the room and was just in time to knock the would-be assassin's arm in an upward direction, so that the weapon went off without doing any more harm than a little damage to the room. I had simply been overcome, and fallen down in a dead faint, owing to the mental strain I had undergone. My opponent had been immediately overpowered by the keepers, who were waiting in readiness.

It seems that, after bidding me good-night, the doctor had had occasion to open the sliding-door arrangement, which when closed effectually shut off the house from the asylum. By some means my mad opponent had slipped through unobserved and made his way to the study. His absence had been discovered, and the doctor and his assistants had instituted a quiet and careful search, until at length, hearing a noise in the study, they made all haste there, and arrived just in time, as I believe, to save my life.

When I said good-bye to the doctor next day, I made up my mind that it would be a long time before I paid him another visit, and to this day I never sit down to a game of chess without the terrible experience of that night being vividly recalled to my mind.





BOGEY.

BOGEY is an imaginary golfer who always plays the game as well as it ought to be played. He is the Demon of the Links, whom it is hard to beat. Matches against Bogey are regularly played. Perhaps, in the imagination of different golfers, he takes many shapes. Here is the conception of Mr. W. A. Wickham, who has

presented a large coloured picture to the Chiswick Golf Club, from which the above is reproduced. The picture, 18in. by 22in. (about), is being reproduced in fourteen colours, suitable for framing, and may be obtained for 3s. 6d., post free 3s. 9d., from the offices of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.